2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 2 • 1963 20c

CUBAN PRISONER DEAL

Lawyer Donovan's Story

A new novel by PHILIP WYLIE

TV's Beverly Hillbillies

Cardinal Wyszynski

Catholicism vs. Communism in Poland

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Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

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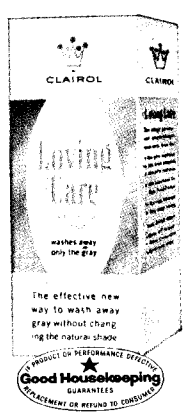

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LONGINES

The World's Most Honored Watch

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Although of the world's finest quality-- a Longines watch actually costs less per year than many ordinary timepieces

A Statement by the Chairman of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

THERE is something about a watch that fascinated us as children and continues to influence us in a personal and sentimental way as grown men and women.

Your watch is, in fact, the heartbeat of your daily routine. May we explain to you the difference between a fine watch and an ordinary one, and why it pays to own and enjoy a truly fine timepiece—above all, a Longines.

Although watch manufacturing is small compared with giant industries such as automobiles or electronics, the art of watchmaking is one of the most difficult. And TIME, our ultimate product, is second to none in importance.

Regrettably, accurate timekeeping, the ultimate purpose of a watch, has been lost sight of by a segment of the industry. Yet, the greater cost of making a watch of highest quality and accuracy, such as Longines, is amply justified by its vastly extended life. Thus, a Longines watch bought today can still be a reliable timekeeper and a fine article of personal jewelry years after most of today's automobiles, televisions and appliances are worn out and discarded.

The Manufacturer Makes His Own Bed

One can buy a watch of a sort for $10 or less, or a Longines for $75 or more. What is the difference? Features like shock-resist, waterproof, antimagnetic, jewels, etc. mean little in themselves. It is a fact that a watch is only as fine as the ideals, integrity and experience of its maker.

Flawless Perfection...the Secret of Quality

A degree in horological engineering is a requisite to understanding the subtleties that distinguish the finest watch from less costly look-alikes. Microscopic differences of a few millionths of an inch in the 120-odd parts of a watch can make or break its accuracy and life expectancy. It needs 17 jewels to avoid wear and friction. But the best jewels can cost 100 times more than the cheapest. The difference in price is the difference in perfection.

Giving a Man's Job to a Man

The Longines watch factory was the first in the world dedicated to the fabrication of watches of ultimate quality with the help of tooling and machines. No precision manufacturing establishment is better equipped with all the marvels of electronically controlled machines or with measuring and testing devices of the highest order. But these alone cannot produce a watch of the quality of Longines. The missing ingredient would be the trained and experienced Longines watchmakers. In the Longines factory as many as three generations of trained watchmakers find employment side by side. As they advance in skills they are advanced to more demanding roles in the fabrication of Longines watches. Throughout the vast establishment there is a dedication to an ideal, the continuing challenge that the Longines watches of today must surpass in quality the Longines watches of yesterday.

The Longines Honors

The Longines watch did not, in its first years, emerge in full splendor like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. In 1867 Longines produced a few hundred watches. Not until 1879 did these pioneers in perfection feel they had approached their goal. In that year a Longines factory-made chronometer was the first of its kind to be classified *First* at Neuchâtel Observatory. In 1883, at the International Exposition at Antwerp, Longines won its first *Grand Prize*. From then on Longines has been in continuous public competitions. At 38 World's Fairs and International Expositions, Longines won highest honors. Through wars and peace, through prosperity and panics, unshaken by the fierceness of competition, Longines kept faith with a world-wide community which had come to expect only the best from a watch marked with the name Longines.

In Observatory Competition

Longines is the only watch ever classified *First* in accuracy competitions of the four government observatories—Washington, Kew Teddington, Geneva and Neuchâtel. In the last three years, to advance into the immediate past, Longines wrist watches won 193 observatory *First Prizes*—a greater number than any other manufacturer. In 1961 alone, Longines wrist watches won 43 *First Prizes*—a record unmatched in chronometric competitions.

In view of this record it is not surprising that Longines is recognized as "Official" by leading national and international sports and contest associations all the world over.

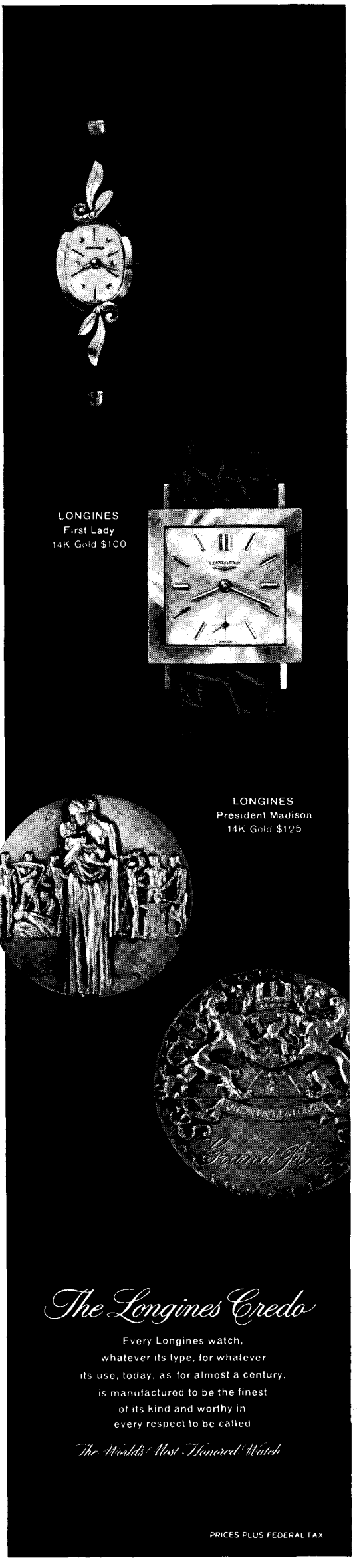
A Longines Is a Democratic Luxury

Longines is the most *costly* watch sold in America in substantial volume. Inside and out it has been made with luxurious perfection. In these days when expensive automobiles are sold by millions, the purchase of a Longines watch at $75, $100, or more can hardly be deemed an extravagance. Awareness of the value of *time* and an appreciation of things fine and beautiful is not limited by boundaries of wealth or position. One buys a Longines to treasure and keep. It repays its price over and over with long years of priceless service. Longines watches are available through authorized quality jewelers large and small in North America and 131 countries of the free world.

Standard of Excellence

Thank you for having read this far. Perhaps apologies are in order for the length of this dissertation. But we wished to place on the record the facts about Longines, *The World's Most Honored Watch*, deservedly, and by virtue of achievement, the world's standard of excellence.

W. Fred Gaertner CHAIRMAN



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In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 4

Articles

Waste in the World of Diplomacy (*Speaking Out*) . . . *By Ellis O. Briggs* 10
Cuban Prisoner Exchange . . . . . *By Bard Lindeman* 15
Americans: At Least 21 Languish in Castro Prisons 18
Hawaii: Where Progress Is the Big Problem 24
The Golden Hillbillies . . . . . *By Richard Warren Lewis* 30
It Hurts to Run . . . . . *By Bill Libby* 54
"Ask Americans to Pray for Us" . . . . . *By Christine Hotchkiss* 58
Innocent's Grim Ordeal . . . . . *By James R. Phelan* 62

Fiction

Triumph (Condensation of a new novel) . . . . . *By Philip Wylie* 37

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 56
Hazel 60
Editorials 68

Cuban Captives taken prisoner after the Bay of Pigs invasion flew to freedom on Christmas Eve. The man who arranged their release from 20 months' confinement in Castro's Isle of Pines prison was James Donovan. As intermediary in the drugs-for-lives swap the New York lawyer ran a substantial personal risk: Castro himself told Donovan he was in danger. When the last prisoner had been united with his family, Donovan flew to Lake Placid to spend Christmas at home. There to record his story was **Bard Lindeman,** the reporter who had exclusively forecast in the New York *World-Telegram*—seven months before the event—the trade of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers for convicted spy Rudolf Abel. Abel's court-appointed attorney and U.S. negotiator in the exchange: James B. Donovan.

Other Bylines. Beverly Hills writer **Richard Warren Lewis** all but gave up shaving in an attempt to feel like one of the clan at the *Hillbillies* studio. He scoured his neighborhood for real hillbillies but found them visible only on Wednesday nights at 9. . . . Famed as the author of such best-selling books as *Generation of Vipers*, **Philip Wylie** also has a vast background in the sciences. An authority on civil defense, he has served as "expert consultant" to Government agencies. In his newest book, condensed in this issue, he combines his talents as a novelist with his extensive knowledge of the effects of nuclear weapons to show what an all-out war would now be like. The novel will be published next week by Doubleday and Company. . . . **Christine Hotchkiss** first met Cardinal Wyszynski when she was a child in her native Poland. Her exclusive article is based upon two interviews with the Polish primate—the first granted to any journalist since the beginning of his uneasy alliance with Premier Gomulka. . . . As this issue goes to press, Airman Gerald Anderson is in an Air Force cell, imprisoned on murder charges which virtually no one really believes. Another man has confessed the crime; civilian authorities adjudged Anderson innocent and set him free. But the Air Force has kept him locked up, inextricably bound by a welter of red tape. Veteran California reporter **James Phelan** gives the story of this unbelievable distortion of justice.

The Cover photograph of the Beverly Hillbillies may seem familiar to some readers. It should. **Allan Grant**'s portrait was inspired by *American Gothic*, painted in 1930 by Grant Wood and now in the museum of the Art Institute of Chicago.

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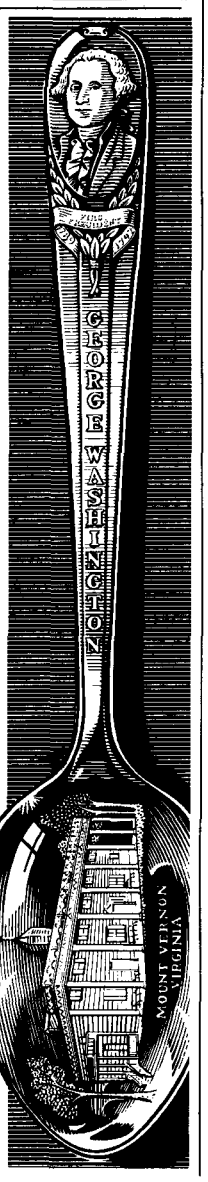

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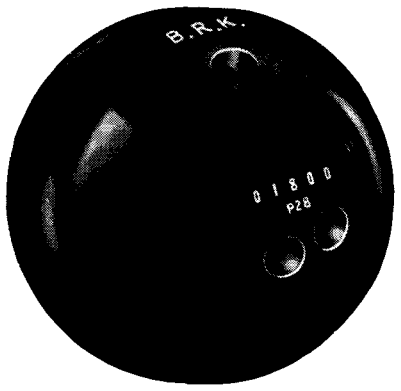

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LETTERS

Marriage Quacks

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on Bill Davidson's careful and thoughtful article, QUACK MARRIAGE COUNSELORS, in your issue of January 5–12. This kind of investigation is in the best traditions of American journalism. Keep it up!

ROSS STAGNER
Chairman, Dept. of Psychology
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you for giving the American public an "eye-opener" on the dangers of quack marriage counselors. Author Bill Davidson is to be congratulated on his fine reporting. I think you did a service to society, and may God bless you for it.

REV. W. R. MENKE, *Pastor*
Good Shepherd Lutheran Church
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

My commendation on the wonderfully written, hard-hitting, exposé. Time will reveal that this article will have helped immeasurably to erase the hurt done by the unqualified in the field.

RABBI ALEX J. GOLDMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

There are plenty of quacks, I'm certain. What is going to be harder to stamp out are the incompetents, the psychiatrists and others who hold the proper degrees but have not, and never will have, the abilities needed to help human beings with their emotional problems.

MARILYN DOUGLASS
San Jose, Calif.

Basketball's Bad Manners

Dear Sirs:

I think that every coach, high-school, college and university athletic-board member who has any respect for sportsmanship should have for required study: BASKETBALL'S BULLIES, by Al Lightner as told to Al Stump, in the January 5–12 issue.

WALT DAGGETT
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

I have seen Lightner work many tournaments and games for many years. I would say, as an acute observer, that Lightner incites most of the riots he is in. He's a showboat, demands the spotlight, runs the game as if it were played for his sake alone. He doesn't referee a game; he directs it.

HACK MILLER
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

I have watched this particular referee work for the past 12 or so years in the Seattle area, and having been associated with basketball and other sports as a participant, coach and referee, I feel that he is entirely justified in the statements that he has made.

W. M. MICHAEL
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Is this the sort of basketball game Dr. James Naismith had in mind when he invented it 71 years ago?

KENYON JORDAN
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Having worked with Coach Jack Gardner at the University of Utah for the past nine years, I was shocked and amazed by your article. It is well established that Lightner is one of the good officials in basketball, but he is also one of the most high-handed. The fact that he has had all of the bad experiences he talks of is proof of his problems.

HARRY R. JAMES
Director of Sports Information
The University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

That is not a picture of John Grayson, University of Washington basketball coach. I am the basketball bully pictured.

Breitzman

Grayson

BILL BREITZMAN
Seattle, Wash.

● *Reader Breitzman was mistakenly identified before we caught and corrected our error.—ED.*

The Man From Oklahoma

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your unwitting but fitting obituary for that great Old Frontiersman, the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr ["KING" OF THE U.S. SENATE, by Joseph Kraft, Jan. 5–12]. The king is dead, long live the king! I imagine he is now on the floor of the Great Senate, stumping for improvements to the pastures of Heaven.

DON RICHIE
Starke, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

How timely can the *Post* get?

LYELL H. CARVER JR.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Kerr's death, coming on the heels of your article, was a startling shock and is an irreparable loss to the nation.

F. J. WORRALL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Women With Chic

Dear Sirs:

Your article, MAKING THE BEST-DRESSED LIST, [Jan. 5–12] leaves me with the feeling that you are misleading your readers as to what makes for greatness in women. It is not the accumulation and display of symbols. It is rather the simple truths of character which cannot be shown by material means.

BETH BLACK
Logan, Utah

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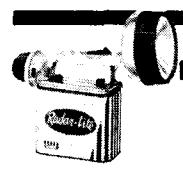

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LETTERS

Foot in the Mouth

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial AN OLD AMERICAN AILMENT (Jan. 5–12) was excellent. Too often American prestige has been damaged by careless utterances. Perhaps the following slogan should be adopted for officials having to do with U.S.

foreign policy: "Be sure brain is engaged before putting mouth in gear!"

WILLIAM A. BENTLEY
Mt. Prospect, Ill.

Laboratory Life Makers

Dear Sirs:

NEW SCIENCE THAT COPIES LIFE, in the Jan. 5–12 issue, is most rewarding. How wonderful it would be if the rattling of sabers would give way to the clinking of laboratory retorts and give us a world of peace.

MRS. G. H. NESEMEIER
Nevis, Minn.

Gambling Fever

Dear Sirs:

The article by Jimmy Breslin [IN DEFENSE OF GAMBLING, Jan. 5–12] almost knocked me off my chair with delight. It is the best comment on gambling that I have ever read.

CHARLES MCLAUGHLIN
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Breslin's IN DEFENSE OF GAMBLING is interesting but not convincing. First, gambling is securing something for nothing. Second, it is securing something *at someone else's expense*. You can only win as others lose. Just because a man is willing to gamble away his family's livelihood is no reason why I am morally justified in taking bread out of his children's mouths. This certainly ought to stir one's conscience with deep moral doubts.

RICHARD G. PRESTON
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to make a brief comment. "Bunk," more "bunk" and just pure "hokum." I am sure he does not speak for the great majority of honest and moral principled citizens of the United States.

REV. B. B. CONNER
West Mifflin, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Bully for Jimmy Breslin! After a week of screaming kids and housework, my husband and I take Saturday night and a $10 bill and whoop and scream it up at our beautiful "Greyhound Racing Park." Win or lose, it is a way of letting off pent-up steam.

MRS. CHARLES ABLES
Phoenix, Ariz.

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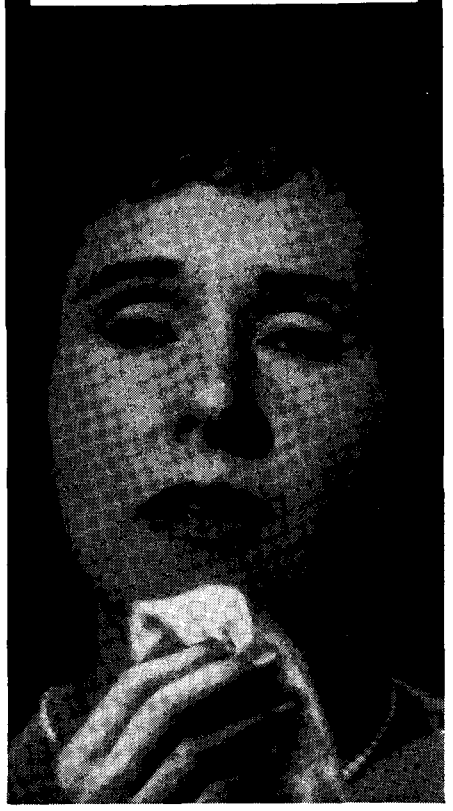
Can't Breathe?
Head-Cold Congestion?
—and still have to keep on the go?



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Ordinary one-stage sprays work inside your head merely as droplets. Of all leading nasal sprays, only Sinex gives *2-stage* relief . . . droplets plus exclusive medicated vapors that *double* the area of relief . . . give relief all the way up—all the way back.

And Sinex contains 4 types of ingredients prescribed by many nose, throat specialists:

Decongestant shrinks swollen membranes so you can breathe freer.
Anti-histamine helps dry up runny nose.
Anti-bacterial. Kills germs on contact.
Antibiotic ingredient, too!

Sinex is easy to carry with you in pocket or handbag. Get long-lasting relief anytime, anywhere. Just squeeze Vicks Sinex Spray —and you'll breathe again!

New VICKS Sinex NASAL SPRAY with medicated vapors

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Now everyone can join the

THROUGH EITHER ONE OF THESE

90. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

6. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *

299. Twelve big hits by one of America's hottest singers

242. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."-High Fid.

44. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.

128. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, A Summer Place, etc.

20. Greenfields, My Tani, Green Leaves of Summer, 9 more

296. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all

23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now?, September Song, 12 in all

258. This is "an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

70. The Peppermint Twist, Love is Like A Twist, 12 in all

33. Everybody Loves A Lover, Be My Love, Volare, 12 in all

286. "A top-notch performance."Amer. Record Guide

12. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.

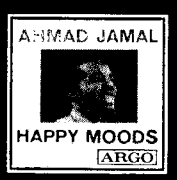
50. "It soars and it swings . . . a breakthrough."—Playboy

284. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times

195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Waterwheel Roll, 10 in all

93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

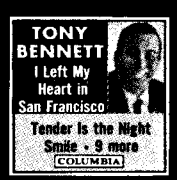
232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



223. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire

129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Morgen, The McCoy, etc.

251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.



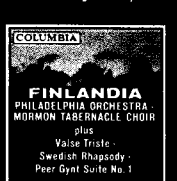
120. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.

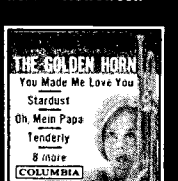
102. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all

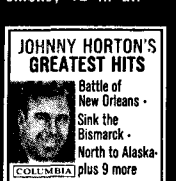
180. Moon River, My Kind of Girl, Teach Me Tonight, 9 more



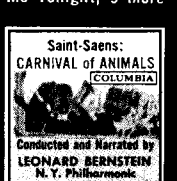
266. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming"-Hi Fi Rev.



190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.

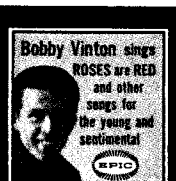


297. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

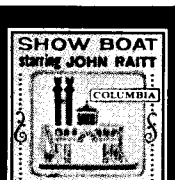


259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra

95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

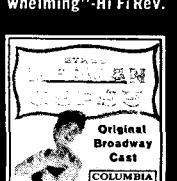


173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more

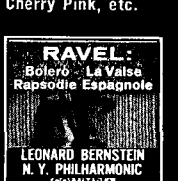


85. Starring William Warfield, Anita Darian, Barbara Cook

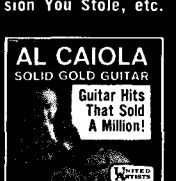
138. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all



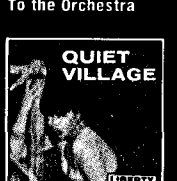
97. Ethel Merman's "most dazzling moment."—N. Y. Times



294. "Exciting . . . compelling." — New York Herald Tribune



170. Vaya Con Dios, Jezebel, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all



145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.

404. "A beautiful album....lovely, lilting style."—Billboard

265. "Fierce impact and momentum"-N.Y. World Telegram

215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.

402. "A rousing performance...verve and vigor."—Billboard

200. Honky Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

246. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."-Hi Fi. Rev.

You may choose ANY 6

of these $3.98 to $6.98 records—in your choice of

REGULAR or STEREO

$1.99

FOR ONLY

RETAIL VALUE UP TO $36.88

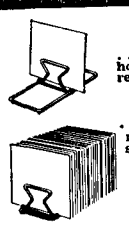
if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be made available in the coming 12 months

FREE IF YOU JOIN NOW

THIS ATTRACTIVE ADJUSTABLE

RECORD RACK

Here's a compact brass-finished rack whose capacity grows as your collection grows. It's adjustable—holds from one to sixty records securely. Folds flat when not in use.



YES . . . IF YOU OWN A PHONOGRAPH you are invited to accept ANY SIX of the outstanding records shown on this page — up to a $36.88 retail value — ALL SIX for only $1.99. What's more, when you join the Club through this offer, you'll also receive a handsome adjustable record rack — absolutely FREE!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR $1.99 — simply fill in and mail the attached postage-paid card. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six records from the more than 400 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy — a 50% dividend!

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the list price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY to receive your 6 records — plus a free adjustable record rack — for only $1.99.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

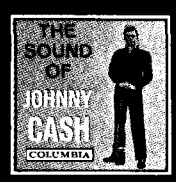
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

*The stereo version of this record is electronically re-channeled

if you have a phonograph

17. Themes from Ben Casey, Dr. Kildare, Intermezzo, etc.

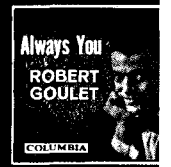
254. "Brilliant performance...lush...rich."-Musical Amer.



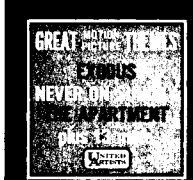
14. Sing It Pretty, Sue; You Remembered Me; 12 in all

91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical triumph."—Kil...

40. Just Walking In the Rain, Bewitched, Chances Are, 9 more



227. It's All In the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more



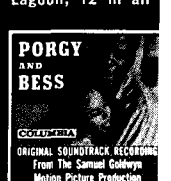
107. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

231. "Relentless motion...excitement." —S.F. Chronicle

53. My One And Only Love, Wait Till You See Him, 12 in all

199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleep Lagoon, 12 in all

268. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.



100. "Superb ... the beauty & no... captured."-HiFi Rev

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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

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r if you want a tereo phonograph

you can own this fine modern COLUMBIA COMPACT

Stereo Phonograph

FOR ONLY **$7.95**

$39.95 VALUE

if you begin your membership with any one of the stereo records shown on the opposite page—and agree to buy a record every four weeks during the coming year

ONE YEAR WARRANTY AGAINST DEFECTS
Columbia Compact Stereo Phonographs come with one-year guarantee on service and parts.

CHECK ALL OF THESE QUALITY FEATURES:

• Feather light tone arm with two jeweled styli and sensitive stereo cartridge • Lock-cornered wood cabinet, covered with washable, pyroxylin treated fabric • 4-speed turret selector which enables you to play all 16, 33, 45 or 78 rpm records • Two powerful speaker units connected by 8-foot cords for maximum stereo effect • It plays BOTH stereophonic AND regular high-fidelity records • UL approved—AC only • Two controls — volume and balance • Luggage style portable with removable speaker units

IF YOU DO NOT NOW OWN A STEREO PHONOGRAPH, here is a unique opportunity to enjoy the newest dimension in recorded music — Stereophonic Sound! If you join under the terms outlined below, you can receive this Columbia Compact Stereo Phonograph — a $39.95 value — for only $7.95 (plus postage).

HOW TO GET YOUR STEREO PHONOGRAPH: you begin your membership by selecting any one of the stereo records shown on the opposite page at the list price of $4.98 (Classical, $5.98; Original Cast recordings, $5.98 or $6.98). Indicate your choice on the attached postage-paid card . . . and at the same time, be sure to indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

Then simply return the postage-paid card — without money — and you will promptly receive the stereo record you have selected, together with a bill for $12.93 (that's $4.98 for the record, $7.95 for the phonograph), plus postage. (If you select a higher priced record, you will be billed accordingly.) Upon receipt of payment, we will immediately ship your phonograph.

FREE STEREO MUSIC MAGAZINE: every four weeks you will receive, free, the Club's music Magazine — which will describe fifty or more stereo recordings from every field of music.

You may choose any of the selections described in the magazine, regardless of which musical Division you have joined. Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record every four weeks during the forthcoming year, at the list price (plus a small mailing and handling charge). You may discontinue membership any time thereafter. If you decide to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you need not purchase any specified number of records — but for every two selections you do accept, you will receive a stereo record of your choice free.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY! The number of phonographs that have been manufactured for this special offer is limited . . . so if you have no phonograph, or desire to have a stereo phonograph, we urge you to act now!

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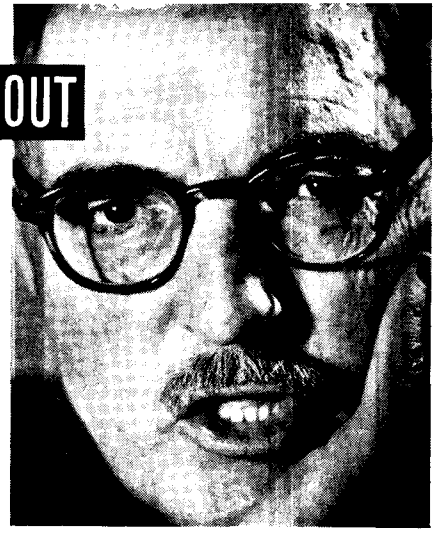
SPEAKING OUT



Ellis O. Briggs served in the Department of State for 37 years. Now retired, he lives in Hanover, New Hampshire, and spends his time writing. A son and a daughter now carry on the Briggs tradition in the U.S. Foreign Service.

Waste in the world of diplomacy

by Ellis O. Briggs

The game of musical chairs impairs our ambassadors' effectiveness.

Having survived seven ambassadorships in 15 years, with corresponding wear on liver, luggage and loved ones, I am prepared to testify that, although such abbreviated tours of duty at each post constitute a stimulating career for the individual, they emphatically do not produce an efficient diplomatic service.

The most important as well as the easiest way to improve the conduct of foreign affairs would be to leave each ambassador at his post long enough for him to become fully effective. That means five or six or more years at a post instead of one or two as at present. The President has the constitutional right to shuffle diplomatic representatives around; successive chief executives, often egged on by the politicians, have succumbed to the temptation to play musical chairs with their envoys, regardless of the effect on the furniture.

Take our recent representation in Brazil, for example. I was sent to Rio de Janeiro after only one year in Peru—an important country that was not flattered by being used as a railway station for an itinerant American representative. I dedicated myself to Portuguese and began traveling within Brazil.

In due course I visited each of Brazil's 22 states and the governors thereof, plus innumerable mayors, legislators, generals, bishops, consuls and even a couple of cardinals. Wherever I went Brazilians inveighed against the rapid turnover in American representation. Old-timers remembered Edwin Morgan, who served from 1912 to 1933 (by far the longest tour of duty ever recorded in the American diplomatic service), and they spoke warmly of the seven years of Jefferson Caffery. But the rest of my predecessors were a blur of envoys who scarcely had time to meet the Brazilian cabinet before they were gone like carnival confetti, leaving as little impression.

Brazilian acquaintances said politely that they hoped I might be around somewhat longer. I answered, by then in pretty good Portuguese, that I hoped so too. And after two years in Brazil I sailed north for a few weeks of vacation.

In Washington, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles volunteered that no change in American representation was contemplated by the Eisenhower Administration, which still had more than two years to run. I returned to my post, where shortly I had a letter from Mr. Dulles.

The net of his communication was that my successor as ambassador to Brazil would be Clare Boothe Luce. She would probably be arriving in Rio the following April (1959). It was then February, and the inevitable White House leak occurred almost immediately. Once the report becomes current that an envoy is being replaced, his local position is undermined, and his usefulness diminishes. No longer can he speak with the authority of his government behind him. Thus the effectiveness of our representation is impaired for some months every time a transfer is scheduled.

As historians and a few Senators may recall, Mrs. Luce never did get to Rio de Janeiro as American ambassador.

For envoys, travel can be narrowing.

After stormy debate in the Senate she was confirmed by a comfortable margin, but then she threw a horse at her principal senatorial inquisitor. In the ensuing uproar she resigned.

Secretary Herter, who by then had replaced the ailing John Foster Dulles, plucked from Bogotá the able and experienced Jack Cabot, who had been in Colombia for two years, and sent *him* to Brazil. Cabot was in turn succeeded two years later by Lincoln Gordon, the tenth American representative appointed to Brazil in the 17 years since World War II ended.

By moving our ambassadors around every year or two in this way we not only fritter away their talents but we give other governments the impression that we lack serious or consistent purpose.

Our behavior toward Chile further illustrates what our friends can regard only as frivolous representational activity. In 1956 we sent Cecil Lyon to Santiago—a popular choice, for the Lyons had been in Chile as junior members of the staff of the well-remembered Norman Armour. Cecil and his wife had scores of Chilean friends who rejoiced at his assignment and hoped for long years for the couple in the shadow of Aconcagua.

I first knew of their transfer when my Chilean colleague in Rio de Janeiro telephoned me in distress. "What terrible thing has Cecil done?" the ambassador asked. "Your Government is sending him to France, demoted to be counselor."

The story as I had it later from Washington was that the incumbent deputy in our Paris Embassy could no longer survive the inescapable expenses of the post and had made an urgent plea to be moved before he became bankrupt. The State Department, searching for a replacement, propositioned Lyon, assuring him that if he would step down and take the No. 2 spot in Paris he would be reappointed ambassador as soon as a suitable opening occurred.

To the Chileans this transfer was a double irritation. First we removed an effective and popular representative, just as he was getting started and, secondly,

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The red and green lights to look for

when investing in stocks and bonds

You never argue (we hope) with a red light when you roll up to one on the highway.

We'd like to suggest no less respect for the following Red and Green lights that always shine for the wise investor:

Red light: When you expect to get rich speedily.

Green light: When you've worked out long-term goals. What's most important to you? A second income from dividends? Growth of your money through part-ownership of some thriving company? Interest on your money with the relative safety of principal that good bonds can provide? Draw up a chair beside your broker, explain your goals and together plan investments that seem most likely to fit them.

Red light: When you are convinced any broker will do.

Green light: When you know it's important to choose a broker with care. If you select a broker with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, you know that his firm has had to meet many requirements for membership and is expected to follow all the rules of the Exchange. Individual brokers in these firms also have had to measure up to Exchange qualifications before becoming Registered Representatives.

You will not find clairvoyant powers there —or anywhere else. What you will find in a Member Firm is the kind of information helpful in making wise investment decisions.

Red light: When you're pretty sure a hot tip is all you need.

Green light: When you are a stickler for facts. They're not too hard to get. And how important they are! Stock and bond prices, like all other prices, go down as well as up. A company may not make a profit or continue to pay a dividend or interest. But facts about a company's earnings and dividends and prospects can help you choose more wisely. Your Member Firm broker will gladly share his facts with you. He can get a lot of them.

Red light: When you plan to invest all the money you can raise.

Green light: When you've taken care of all your regular living expenses. And made provision for serious emergencies. Then you might look into the advantages of investing for income or growth opportunities.

Why not send the coupon for our information-filled free booklet, "Dividends Over The Years." Among other things it describes the Monthly Investment Plan through which you can invest with as little as $40 every three months ($3.08 a week).

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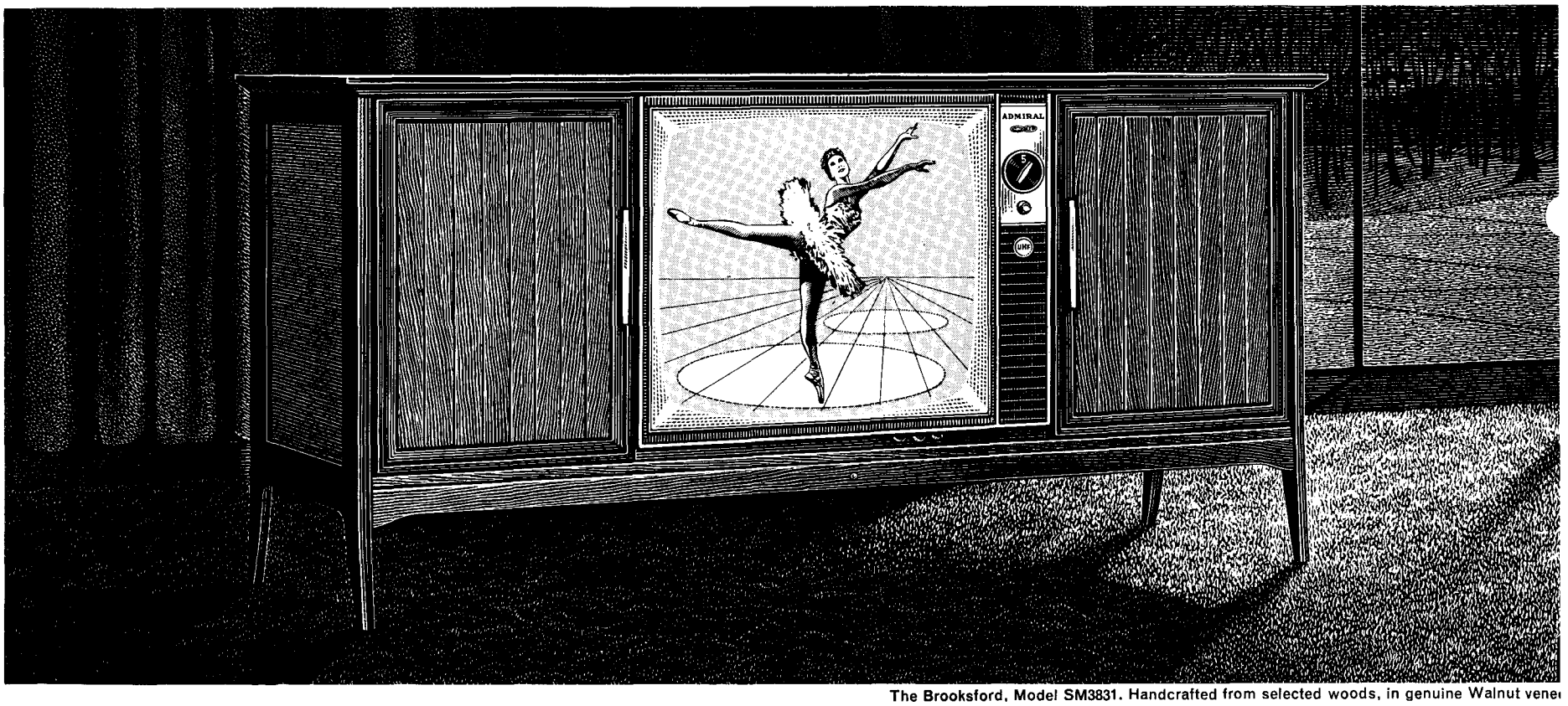
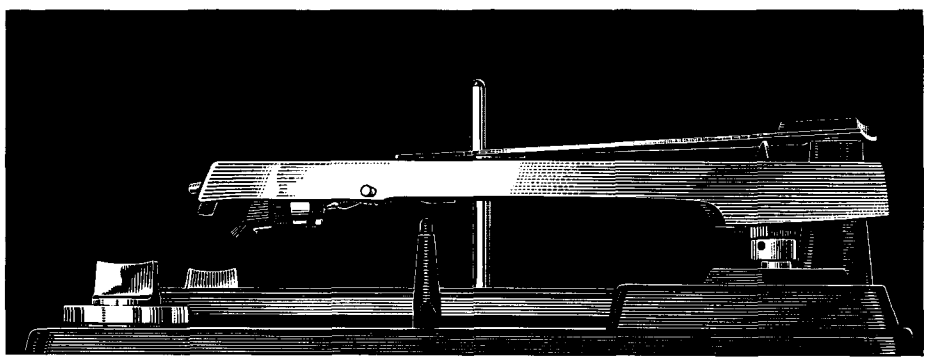


The Brooksford, Model SM3831. Handcrafted from selected woods, in genuine Walnut venee

Read why this Admiral Stereo-Theatre is the most advanced home entertainment center of them all!



Admiral gives you all that's new in home entertainment—quality TV, Stereo Phonograph, complete with FM/AM/FM Stereo Radio —in one beautiful, handcrafted all-wood cabinet.

Touch a dial on this furniture showpiece and the entire world of entertainment comes alive in your living room.

Watch the finest picture in television. Listen to an extra dimension in Stereo from records or from FM Multiplex Radio. And relax knowing this instrument gives you the unmatched dependability of Admiral's precision craftsmanship.

Most Advanced Stereo Phonograph!

Admiral gives you the finest Stereo Phonograph ever made—with the new patented Admiral Custom Eleven automatic 4-speed Stereo changer.

It has Admiral's amazing new 2-gram Tone Arm with the Floating Cartridge... the lightest needle touch of any home phonograph. It actually floats in the record groove, with a mere 2 grams of needle pressure—just 1/14 of an ounce! Virtually no record wear... no sound distortion. Your records can last a lifetime. Yes, up to 3,000 plays!

And the Tone Arm isn't all that's new. The Admiral Custom Eleven 4-speed changer has a precision-balanced, high inertia 11″ turntable to give records greater support, eliminate mechanical vibration and rumble. It even plays warped records!

FM Stereo Radio, too!

Admiral builds in FM Stereo Multiplex and *unifies* it with the FM/AM tuner into one compact, precision unit to eliminate distortion and interference, even in fringe and difficult areas.

You'll find Admiral FM Stereo is easier to tune, too. There's a new Admiral automatic Beacon Light to tell you when the station you're listening to is broadcasting in Stereo. And with Automatic Frequency Control (AFC) you get drift-free FM reception. It actually locks in the station.

Matched and Balanced System!

Two amplifiers with power to spare are carefully balanced and matched to insure the most precise response from six quality speakers: Two 12″ cone-type woofers with heavy Alnico V magnets and four 3½″ tweeters.

Admiral's precision Master Audio Control Center lets you create the sound you like best. It has the sam important features you'll find i professional studios.

Handcrafted cabinets! Selected woods!

Like a fine piano, the sound o Admiral Stereo-Theatres is enriche by the use of fine wood cabinets They are handcrafted from wood *specially* selected to give you th

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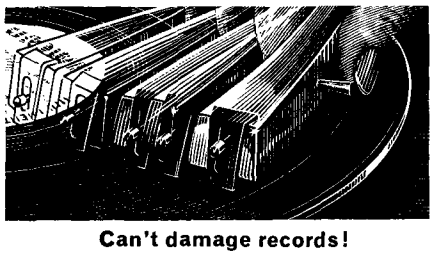

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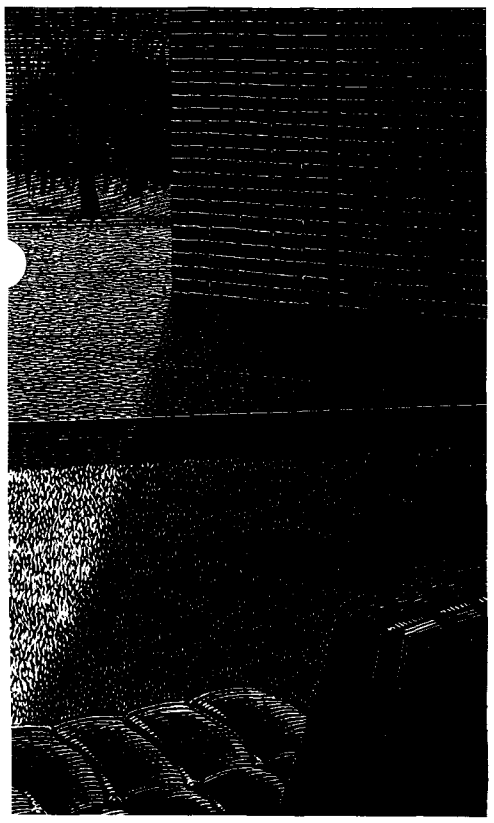

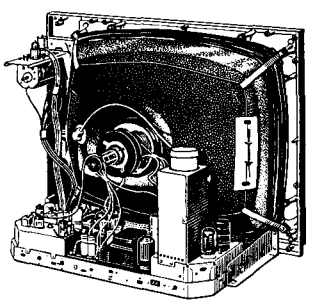

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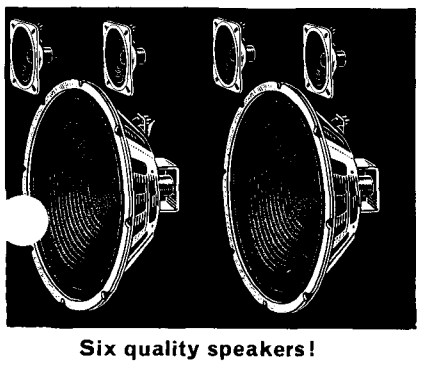

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SPEAKING OUT

we created the impression that we considered the deputy position in France more important than the ambassadorial grade in Chile. The Lyon transfer supported the contention of our Latin American critics that we regard the Southern Hemisphere as a second-class area.

And in the meantime the new Kennedy Administration in 1961 kicked the Chileans on the same bruised shin by appointing Bob Woodward to Santiago as ambassador and then transferring him to the post of Assistant Secretary of State only four weeks after his arrival in Chile.

It takes at least one year in a new country for even the most diligent and experienced professional to dominate the immensely complicated job of modern ambassador. Performance results from confidence in the character, intentions and ability of the new American envoy, and confidence cannot be achieved without developing personal relationships with the key foreign officials concerned: president, prime minister, industrialist, monarch, labor leader, prelate—whoever the leaders of the country may be. Even the smallest country has a complete set of officials, both national and local, whom the new foreign representative must meet and know.

Several years ago in a European capital I had occasion to remark on the activities of my Soviet colleague, who was throwing his weight around and apparently getting away with it. The Russian representative was neither prepossessing nor personally attractive. On the contrary. A ridge of fat bulged over the back of his collar, and his eyes—shiny as moist currants—were set close together. He was a noisy and untidy eater. The ambassador was not, but for other reasons, a popular table companion among the ladies of the capital.

And yet in some raffish, unlaundered way the Soviet representative seemed to have an influence that bore little or no relation to his behavior. I asked a fellow ambassador how he accounted for this.

"Our Yuri," explained my friend, "may not be smart but he has been here so long that automatically he does not make mistakes. He knows this country, and he knows the people in it. Under the table Comrade Yuri may pinch the wife of the minister of posts and telegraphs, but you will notice he does not pinch the wife of the minister of national defense. In diplomacy there is no substitute for experience."

Experience takes time. There is no substitute for time at a post, a circumstance which is of course well known within the operating areas of the Department of State—the geographic bureaus where nine tenths of the substantive work in foreign affairs is accomplished in Washington.

It is equally well known in foreign chanceries, which find it excessively tedious to break in new American envoys and then to have each one—on the verge of reaching useful performance—packed off to his next assignment.

Since the American Foreign Service was reorganized in 1924 under the Rogers Act only a small scattering of envoys have served long enough to be truly at home in the countries of their assignment. Joe Grew in Tokyo, his contemporary Nelson Johnson in China, Hugh Wilson and his successor Leland Harrison in Switzerland, plus such men as Myron Herrick in Paris, Claude Bowers in Chile and Lincoln MacVeagh in Greece, all remained long enough to have an intelligible impact on their respective environments.

But among the literally hundreds of American representatives who have gone abroad in the past 38 years those mentioned above—each of whom served a decade or more at his post—are in almost microscopic proportion to the short-order cooks (and fireless cookers), many of whom never stayed in their diplomatic kitchens long enough to identify the ingredients of foreign affairs, let alone cook anything worthy of record. And some, like the luckless Woodward in Santiago in 1961, have not been permitted to remain long enough to light the stove.

American Presidents ought to be reminded of the importance of time-at-a-post by contemplating the foreign diplomatic corps in Washington, where country after country facilitates its operations and multiplies its influence by leaving its representative beside the Potomac long enough to join the Metropolitan Club and post a modest golf handicap at Chevy Chase, and sometimes even long enough to learn how the American Government operates and who can be helpful to a foreign envoy.

Old hands in Washington

There are, for example, 16 foreign ambassadors who have been in Washington for five years or more. The dean of the corps has been there for nearly 20 years. His Peruvian colleague, who is the next-ranking envoy, has been in our capital since 1949; he has witnessed the swearing-in at the State Department of no fewer than six American ambassadors to Peru.

In contrast, since the recent departure of Llewellyn Thompson from Moscow, not a single American ambassador in the entire world has been at his post for as long as five years. Only one has been in his country of assignment for as long as four years. The average tenure of the 56 professionals serving as ambassadors on June 30, 1962, was just over 17 months.

That is to say, American diplomats have always been uprooted and transplanted, and replanted and uprooted again, more rapidly by far than the representatives of any other country.

This never-ending shuffling of American representatives (and equally of senior Foreign Service personnel assigned as deputy chiefs of missions or as ministers and counselors) is a frivolous and wasteful misuse of trained manpower.

Assuredly there are factors other than longevity that contribute to the success or failure of an American diplomatic mission. Knowledge of a foreign country's history, its culture and (sometimes) its language may be important. A flair for inconspicuous operations is nearly always useful. Since they now travel abroad at the rate of several hundred per year, a deft hand at the care and feeding of Congressmen is becoming essential. So is ambassadorial fortitude to ride herd on the Great American Double-Breasted Do-Gooder, as well as on the multifarious and persistent retainers of agencies other than the Department of State with which every American embassy is now afflicted.

All these and many other ingredients are relevant to diplomatic performance, but not all of them taken together can equal in importance the experience gained at a post, which comes only from having lived and worked there. **THE END**

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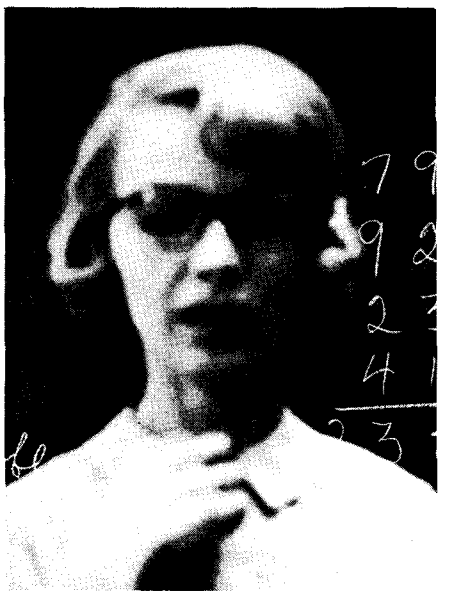

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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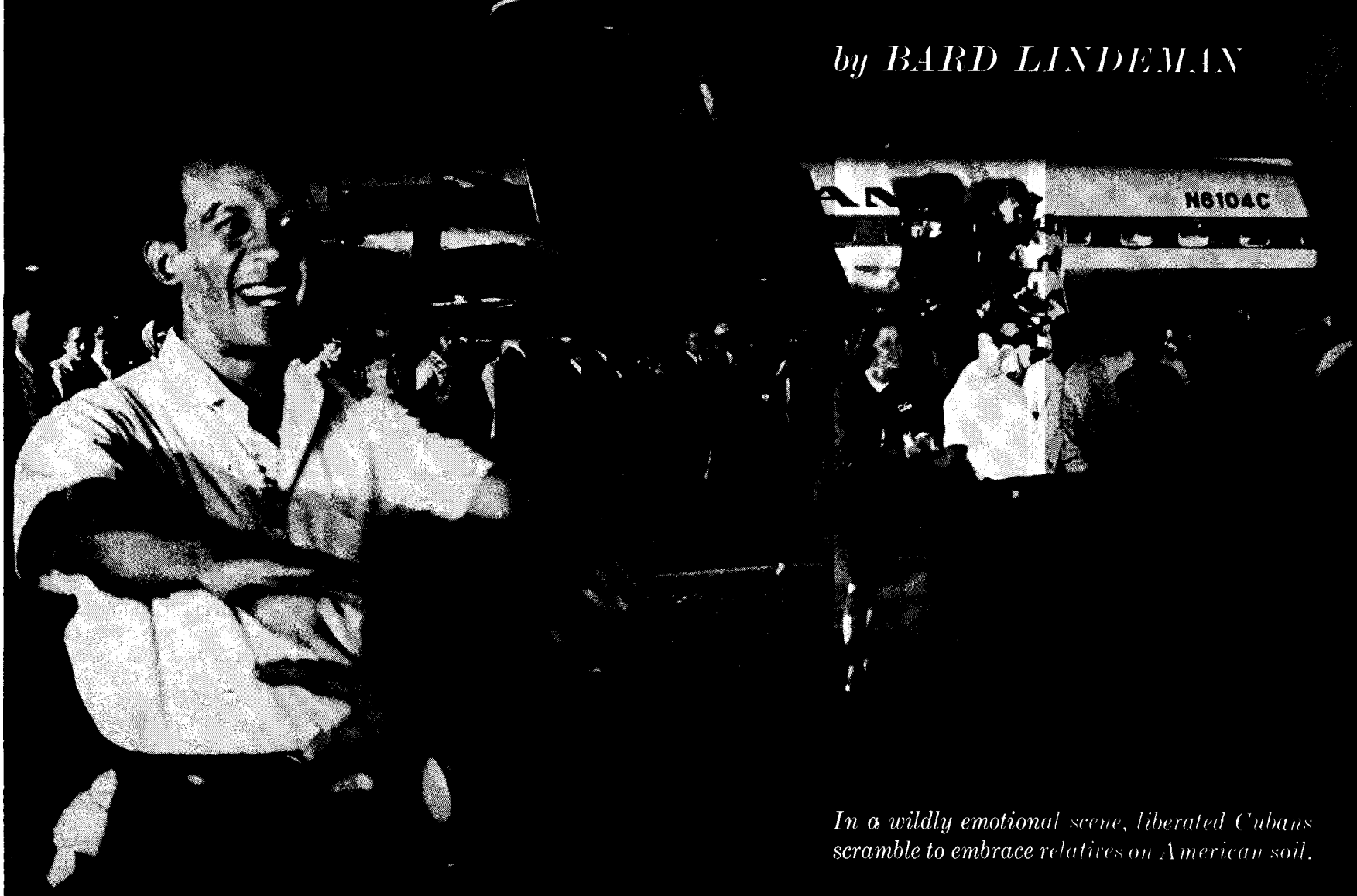
CUBAN PRISONER EXCHANGE

After winning freedom for the Bay of Pigs captives, lawyer James Donovan relaxes with a Post writer to tell the inside story of how it was done.

by BARD LINDEMAN



In a wildly emotional scene, liberated Cubans scramble to embrace relatives on American soil.

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Weary Donovan, with refugee leader Miró Cardona, speaks to prisoners in Miami.

Castro told Donovan, "You have been in even more danger than the prisoners."

Less than 48 hours after the last of Fidel Castro's 1,113 Bay of Pigs prisoners flew to freedom, the man who had negotiated their release was on the telephone facing his next challenge. It came, of all things, from the dean of his daughter's college, who had ordered the 19-year-old girl confined to campus for a year for drinking a glass of beer. "The punishment doesn't fit the crime," snapped the lawyer-father. This case, still "under litigation," is a measure of James B. Donovan.

The 46-year-old attorney, a stocky, prematurely white-haired Brooklyn Irishman, is quick to meet a challenge, and he loves a hard fight. He has found plenty of both. During World War II he served as general counsel for the Office of Strategic Services, then as an assistant prosecutor at the Nuremberg war-crime trials. And during the past year he has emerged as America's most successful intermediary in delicate and complex cold-war negotiations.

Donovan's extraordinary year of diplomacy began last February when he negotiated the exchange of his court-assigned client, the Russian spy, Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, for American U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers. It ended at Christmas, after four months of hard bargaining, when Donovan won the release of the Bay of Pigs prisoners. For his efforts, often carried on when the lawyer was sick and in pain, Donovan has received no money and much abuse. Before he left Cuba, Fidel Castro even warned him, "You have been in more danger than the prisoners."

Despite this threat Donovan is prepared to return to Havana to bargain with Castro for the release of at least 21 Americans still imprisoned in Cuba. He asked Castro for their release as a "personal Christmas present," and he believes Castro will grant an amnesty once the Bay of Pigs prisoners' deal is completed.

Donovan's Cuban adventure began last June when the Cuban Families Committee, trying to liberate the prisoners whom Castro had fined $62,000,000, asked Donovan to become its general counsel (without fee). Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had recommended Donovan for the job, and he urged the lawyer to accept it.

Donovan said nothing about his new assignment to anyone. He even made light of it when he broke the news to his wife. Mary McKenna Donovan, a patient woman, has grown accustomed to her husband's flip explanations for prolonged absences. "I've got a little case out of town," he told her.

"I prepared for the Cuban assignment the way you would for any trial," Donovan says. "I did background reading on the Cuban revolution, the invasion, and read extracts from all of Castro's speeches. I tried to get to know the man."

But his biggest problem was getting to Castro quickly. Already there were frightening reports that some of the men were near death on the Isle of Pines. Donovan decided his best course was to write a letter to the Cuban government.

"I wrote that it was unthinkable that Castro would execute any of the prisoners," the lawyer said, "because the court had fixed their sentences and I knew Dr. Castro was not a butcher. Then I threw in a last line which some on the committee told me was dangerous.

More Cuban than Marxist

"I wrote, 'I am certain the prisoners will be given excellent treatment because, after all, Premier Castro is more Cuban than Marxist.'"

Several weeks after Donovan wrote, Castro granted him permission to visit Havana. In the last week of August he set off, together with committee chairman Alvaro Sánchez Jr., Mrs. Barreto de los Heros of the committee and secretary Ernesto Freyre. Havana, recently raided by a band of anti-Castro student exiles, was tense and full of armed militia. The group stayed in the home of Mrs. Barreto de los Heros, whose husband, Jesús, continued to live in Havana while his son was a prisoner.

Their once-beautiful white stone villa in Miramar, overlooking the Almendares River, was typical of conditions prevailing throughout Cuba. The plaster was peeling, there was no hot water (Donovan once fixed the toilet himself), and some of the furniture was splitting and sagging. Outside, surrounding the villa's fruit trees and tropical flowers, there was a high wall with iron gates, which were locked night and day. Armed sentries were everywhere, and the committee felt itself under virtual arrest.

When Donovan turned on a television set in the living room he saw his own picture on the screen. An excitable commentator warned the Cuban people that this was an evil man, a "decoy who has come to cover another Kennedy invasion." Through the window the negotiators could see the sentries turn in their sidearms for machine guns and rifles.

"The timing of the mission was brilliantly conceived for a relaxed atmosphere," says Donovan.

Castro ignored the committee the first day but sent the Cuban attorney general, who had prosecuted the prisoners, to call at the villa. Donovan kept him waiting an hour but then proceeded to treat him "as if he were Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes." Flattered by the attention, the attorney general told Donovan he had been a shoemaker before Castro came to power.

Donovan sent back only one message for Castro: He came to do business with the premier and no one else.

The following afternoon the two principal negotiators met for the first time in the cabinet room of the Presidential Palace. They were introduced at the door, shook hands and sat down across from each other. Castro was alone; Donovan was flanked by the three leaders of the committee. The meeting lasted four hours. Describing his reaction to Castro, Donovan says, "I had to feel my way."

To Donovan, Fidel Castro was entirely different from the caricature so often presented. "He was, in a Latin way, quite handsome," says Donovan. "His beard and moustache were trimmed and even singed. His fatigues were freshly pressed and looked as though they came from Brooks Brothers. In every sense of the word he was, at least on this day, a chief of state.

"Of course," he adds, "I saw Castro under many different circumstances after that. Frankly, I concluded that he is a consummate actor. Under other conditions he would have played hell out of Hamlet."

Castro seemed to like Donovan from the outset. But before they could get down to serious bargaining there was one matter that had to be cleared up, and that was Donovan's status as private counsel to a private committee. Castro began by unleashing a torrent of abuse against the United States. "I explained I wasn't there to speak for the United States," Donovan recalls. "I told Fidel, in effect, that he was wasting his time when he said things about the United States." Donovan bluntly added that there was no love lost on Castro in the United States either, and that any negotiations would be difficult to justify to the American people.

"Not so," Castro said. "Americans like heroics, and the freeing of the prisoners will be a heroic act. The State Department couldn't do it, and it would cost many thousands of American lives for the Army to try it.

"In fact," he added, "your coming down here was heroic."

With the arms of her "lost" son around her, ecstatic Cuban mother screams with joy.▶

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Americans

At least 21 languish in Castro's prisons.

Eduardo Suárez Rivas (right), who shared prison hardships with Americans, is reunited with his brothers and their father.

The United States has won freedom for 1,113 Cuban war prisoners, but there are at least 21 Americans still lying in Fidel Castro's prisons. They live under incredible hardships—hunger, beatings, filth—enough to have driven one of them to the brink of insanity.

He is a thin, dark man who keeps to himself, talks to himself and occasionally breaks out in sudden rages. Once, the American became so frantic that it took a dozen men to hold him down until a sedative could be injected. Another time, he attempted to escape. His fellow prisoners told him he didn't have a chance. But when he insisted, they tried to help. He climbed into a garbage can, and they threw garbage on top of him. One of the guards began wheeling the garbage can away, but it overturned before he was out of the cavernous prison hall. Suffocating inside the garbage can, counting every minute as an hour, the American apparently thought he had already passed the prison gate. He scrambled to his feet and started to run. It took him only a few moments to realize that there was nowhere to run. He stopped, looked around in confusion, then began walking dejectedly back to his cell. The garbage dripped off his dirty khakis, but nobody laughed.

Who are these American prisoners? The State Department has a list of them:

Baker, Thomas L.	Bardley, Leslie Norman
Beane, James D.	Carswell, Daniel L.
Beck, George R.	Danbrunt, Eustace H.
Gibson, Alford Eugene	Taransky, Edmund Konrad
Greene, Donald Joe	Gentile, John Robert
Schmidt, Leonard L.	Lambton, Peter John
Del Pino, Rafael S.	Pecoraro, Richard Allen
Prohias Bello, Dario F.	Sánchez, Alberto German
Koop, Juan Pedro	O'Jalvo, Jack
Williams, Ramon	Morales, Vidal Guillermo
O'Neal, Mrs. Martha	

But the details of their confinement and hardship became known only after the release of two Cuban political prisoners who shared their captivity and were freed with the Bay of Pigs brigade. One of them is Eduardo Suárez Rivas, a 27-year-old businessman, who was educated in the United States and speaks fluent English. He described their conditions, but he doesn't want to specify which victims are involved, because "Castro is unpredictable and might execute them." Suárez Rivas himself suffered for his friendship with the Americans. During one of the hated *requisas* (shakedown inspections) Suárez Rivas said something in English, and a guard suddenly began beating him across his naked back. A dozen or more blows with the flat of a bayonet left angry welts.

Suárez Rivas and 15 of the Americans were imprisoned in "Circular No. 1" of Castro's Isle of Pines penal colony. It is a circular stone building, about 60 yards in diameter, built in 1930. In the center there's a control tower manned by guards with machine guns. Around the edge of the circle there are six tiers of cells, 93 cells on each tier. Each cell is five by seven feet, with a barred window, outfitted with a crude canvas bunk, a wooden bench and a hole in the floor that serves as a toilet. Each cell holds one, two, sometimes four prisoners, and the rats come and go at night.

One big-boned American, who arrived in 1961, has ulcers and has lost 80 pounds, so the guards let him have powdered milk. He used to play a clarinet that another prisoner had left behind. But during one *requisa* a guard spitefully broke the clarinet across his knee. Still the American remains cheerful and devoted to Cuba. He talks of his plans for a waffle shop that he hopes to own someday in Havana.

Another American, in prison since 1959, saw a black-and-white female mongrel appear at the prison gate one day. When a guard kicked at her, she ran inside, and the American scooped her up. The guards finally let the American keep the dog, and he fed her out of his meager rations. She even learned to eat orange peels. But she also roamed around and the American was dismayed when it became obvious that his little friend was pregnant. "By now," laughs Suárez Rivas, "she may have presented him with a Christmas gift of little mouths to feed."

Then there is the American who was shot down after dropping leaflets over Havana. The wound in his back kept draining long after he was imprisoned in 1959, but it gradually healed. The guards had given him pain-killing drugs. He became addicted and was in agony when they were withdrawn. He still hobbles painfully about.

The youngest American prisoner is only about 20, a quiet, sandy-haired youth who loves to play chess. He laboriously made a chess set out of old scraps of wood. Other prisoners spent a month making a set of dominoes. They rubbed each piece against the wall until it was smooth, then heated a piece of metal in a candle and burned out the spots. One American made a whole deck of cards by pasting pieces of colored paper on cardboard, but he won't risk it in games of poker or gin rummy. He keeps it to himself, playing solitaire by the hour.

Suárez Rivas remembers others too. There was an engineer in his mid-30's, now "a walking skeleton." "There's a sad-faced man from Baltimore who still wants to go back to work as a bartender in Havana. He's been in jail for two years. There's a flier who dreams of going to Tahiti. He talks of coconuts, palms and beautiful girls.

Shortly before Christmas word spread that all non-Cuban prisoners would be released. The Americans began giving away their few possessions to the other prisoners.

At 11 A.M. on December 24, Suárez Rivas himself was ordered to pack and get ready to leave in 15 minutes. He had no idea where he was going, but before he left he gave back the gifts he had received from the Americans. Seven hours later he was reunited with two brothers, both Bay of Pigs prisoners, then flown to another reunion with his father in Miami. The Americans he left behind are still there.

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"Why not make soap out of the prisoners?"

Donovan looked around the room in the heavily guarded palace and thought of the militia with machine guns back at the villa. "On the contrary," he remarked, "with the private army you've been kind enough to provide for us, I regard myself safer here than back in Brooklyn."

Castro digested this, puffed on his long cigar and replied, "Maybe you're right. There's a lot of traffic in Brooklyn."

Translator's knuckles whiten

Before the talks started, Donovan had determined he would not allow Castro to make long speeches but would throw him off stride by calling for an interpretation after every paragraph. Castro spoke English only when the two men met informally. Sánchez, once a wealthy rancher whose own son was one of Castro's prisoners, acted as Donovan's interpreter. "It must have been tough for him to sit there, not knowing what I'd say next," the lawyer says. "He's spent all his life outdoors, and his hands are dark brown from the sun, but when the give-and-take across the table got rough he would make a fist and his knuckles would turn white."

In spite of the rough moments, the first meetings went well. Donovan convinced Castro there could be no deal for cash. If Castro insisted on money, Donovan told him, "World opinion will place you in the role of a slave trader."

"I need not care for world opinion," Castro replied. But Donovan feels he was persuaded.

Instead of money Donovan offered the idea of an exchange based on surplus food. Castro agreed to consider it. By the third day Castro was telling the American, "I can do business with you—not with your Government, but you." Donovan flew home then, confident that he could make a deal.

During the weeks ahead, however, relations between the two countries worsened, and the United States Government cooled on the idea of sending food. The lawyer then hit on the idea of a deal for drugs and medicines. He explored the idea with friends in the drug business. Several of them seemed interested. With this encouragement he decided to go to Havana with a new proposal to Castro.

"How long are you going to be gone this time?" Mary Donovan asked. "That man talks so long. Are you going to talk too?"

"I have a few things to say," said Donovan.

"Then it could take months," said his wife.

But Donovan was suffering from a painful attack of bursitis in his right shoulder. By the time he reached Havana on October 2 it had become inflamed. A doctor gave him an injection, but the pain only got worse. His host, Jesús Barreto de los Heros, tried to help by taking charge of his treatment. Barreto is a lawyer, but he is also a former owner of race horses. From a nearby veterinarian he obtained a needle and medication, which prompted Donovan to tag him "my horse doctor." Every four hours, on a local physician's instructions, the host gave Donovan an injection in the rear. The area soon became infected, and the long-suffering patient could not sit down.

There was nothing to do but get him to a doctor in Miami. There, hiding under the name of "Sam Fitch," Donovan visited an unsuspecting

A wounded invader proudly marches with the liberated brigade at the Orange Bowl.

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In Orange Bowl ceremonies, President Kennedy tells cheering Cubans that their flag one day will fly in a "free Havana."

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The President said he was "very sympathetic" to the deal.

With Miró Cardona and Kennedy, Manuel Artime, political leader of invasion, returns brigade salute. Artime has vowed to return to Cuba.

general practitioner who announced, "This man has got to be hospitalized. In addition to bursitis, he has a general infection, a fever of 102 and a baseball-sized lump on the buttocks."

Donovan apologized for disregarding the professional advice. "Don't worry, Doctor," he said. "Where I've been all I've had is a general pain in the rear end."

He accepted some antibiotics and returned to Havana. Still in pain and carrying his arm in a sling to minimize the movement of the lame shoulder, Donovan simply let the bursitis run its course over the next few days.

It was during this time, too, that the lawyer went through his toughest negotiating session. The ordeal began at noon. Captain José Abrahantes of the Cuban security police, an embittered man who had lost several relatives fighting off the Bay of Pigs invasion, arrived at the villa in an open car. He had orders to take Donovan to Castro. Donovan climbed in and the car roared away, reaching a speed of 90 miles an hour.

"I bounced around in the car with the bursitis killing me," Donovan recalls. "Because we were going so fast and I had only one arm I couldn't even light a cigarette. I didn't say a thing, but Abrahantes was obviously enjoying himself."

The destination was Varadero Beach, about 100 miles away. When they reached the beach Castro was waiting. They went by boat to Cactus Key, an island off the coast, and talked through the afternoon and into the evening.

The American, who had not been well to start with, had no lunch and was given only one demitasse of sweet, black Cuban coffee all day.

Under these handicaps he began the negotiations. When Donovan explained that the exchange must now be for drugs and not food, Castro balked. He reminded Donovan he had already shifted from cash to food and "now you want me to leave food for drugs." The lawyer then held out an offer of baby food, which he now believes "helped to swing the deal."

On the Cuban side there developed a new bitterness in the talks, apparently resulting from demands by dedicated Communists around Castro that the leaders of the brigade be held until all the drugs had reached Cuba. Donovan rejected this, saying he would have nothing to do with a deal which used human beings as guarantees. All the brigade must go free at the same time or the deal was off.

The negotiation bogged down

Next morning Abrahantes renewed the same argument, and Donovan lost his temper.

"Why don't you make soap out of the prisoners like the Nazis did in World War II?" he asked Abrahantes. "They might even put you in charge of the operation. You'd be good for it."

By this time the talks had bogged down. Without further ado Donovan packed up and went home, leaving Castro a message: "Make a list of the drugs you want, and then call me but remember I'm your only market for the prisoners."

This was a shrewd step. It left Castro still talking and, in effect, forced him to make the next move. Actually Donovan had a good excuse for getting back to New York. He was the Democratic candidate for United States Senator, and with the election only three weeks off he had yet to make a major speech, name a campaign manager or kiss his first baby. His political debut was spectacularly unsuccessful. He lost to Republican Sen. Jacob K. Javits by nearly 1,000,000 votes. The loss clearly was due to Javits's popularity. But it would be uncharitable not to ascribe some of Donovan's poor showing to the distraction of his work on the prisoner exchange.

On October 19, when the election campaign was at its height, the Castro government sent Donovan a 250-page list of drugs, medical supplies and baby food that it would accept in return for release of the brigade. As soon as Donovan saw the list he knew that "an agreement in principle" was at hand. But three days later, while the new Cuban list was being analyzed, President Kennedy announced to the world that the Russians had armed Cuba with offensive missiles. The crisis was on; the prisoner deal was off. "We thought the heavens would come down over Cuba now," says one committee leader.

But as soon as the President convinced the Soviets they had to remove the missiles, the negotiators were ready to try again. Castro indicated he, too, was willing to talk. Late in November he sent a revised list of drugs and baby foods to Donovan. At this point Project X (also known as Operation Mercy) went into high gear. Donovan needed a staff. Attorney General Kennedy assigned his varsity to the operation: Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and Assistant Attorney General Louis F. Oberdorfer. They organized a staff of lawyers who immediately began soliciting the drugs, medical supplies and transportation necessary for the exchange. "Money wouldn't buy such talent," says Donovan.

The need for urgency was great. Committee Chairman Alvaro Sánchez, who had just come back from Havana after visiting the Isle of Pines prison, warned that some prisoners were so weak they might die if they weren't freed soon. "I'm a cattleman, not a doctor," he said, "but I have seen starvation in cattle, and I think it must be the same for humans too. The neck muscles go, and you cannot hold your head up."

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"Where there is hatred, let me sow love."

In December the Red Cross entered the picture as middleman and to carry out the actual payment of the supplies. Now all the contributions, tax-deductible, could be made to the American Red Cross. By law, corporations can deduct 5 percent of their gross income as charity contributions, and some 40 firms contributed the drugs. But Castro would not release the prisoners unless the delivery of American goods was guaranteed. The Government team approached J. Victor Herd, chairman of the board of the America Fore insurance group and an old friend of Donovan's, to get him to issue them a "performance bond." He was skeptical until they told him, "This is for Jim Donovan."

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Herd, beginning to write.

With this document in hand, the Government team then secured a $53,000,000 letter of credit guaranteeing the cash if the Families Committee and Red Cross were unable to meet the full commitment by the cutoff date Castro was demanding—July 1, 1963. Standing behind the letter of credit were the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. and the Bank of America.

To the Cuban Families Committee all this was stunning. For 20 months it had knocked on doors in vain. It had collected gold wedding rings (which were never cashed in and are to be returned). It had fought against indifference and callousness. Now, in a matter of days, mountains were being moved.

Sánchez couldn't believe it was happening: "It's a rosary of miracles—that's what it is."

Part of the miracle was pure geography. Living above Donovan in a cooperative apartment house at 35 Prospect Park West in Brooklyn was John McKeen, president and chairman of the board of Charles Pfizer and Co., the drug company. Over gin rummy one Saturday, Donovan convinced McKeen that a large gift of drugs from the American people to the Cuban people would be sheer public-relations genius.

Negotiations near the climax

Donovan, not much of a believer in miracles, was a little surprised when McKeen agreed. The drug company president explained that he had made a similar donation 15 years ago when an epidemic threatened Cuba.

Now the long negotiations were nearing their climax. In his press conference on December 13, President Kennedy gave the signal that all parties had been waiting for. He said he was "very sympathetic" to the exchange.

Four days later Donovan, Sánchez, Mrs. Barreto de los Heros and Mrs. Virginia Betancourt, whose husband was a prisoner, flew back to Havana. It took six days to hammer out the last details. Then at the eleventh hour the deal almost foundered on a debt of $2,900,000 which the committee owed Castro for 60 wounded and sick POW's freed last April.

Donovan got on the phone to Washington and insisted that the money be raised. The Families Committee, which was broke most of the time, said it once had the money in pledges but they had evaporated during the October missile crisis. As soon as Donovan phoned, Robert Kennedy went into action. The Attorney General phoned Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, who pledged to raise $1,000,000. General Lucius Clay raised the rest. And so the deal finally worked.

When Donovan presented the formal agreement to Castro, the premier made several editorial changes and then handed it back, saying smugly, "I, too, am a lawyer, you know."

"No comment," said Donovan.

After their business was finished the negotiators returned to the de los Heros villa. Castro told Donovan his being in Cuba then was not unlike December, 1941, when the Japanese peacemakers visited Washington just before Pearl Harbor.

"We would have dealt with your situation very differently," Castro said. Then, looking straight at Donovan, he added, "You were in more danger here than the prisoners."

Castro listens to a prayer

The atmosphere was somewhat different on the night of December 23. During the day four big Pan American planes had lifted 426 prisoners to Miami. The remainder of the brigade was to go out the following day. Castro stopped at the villa, and Donovan broke out a bottle of champagne.

"This was a night to remember," Donovan says. "Castro asked me what my philosophy was. I told him that none of us is sufficiently humble, and I read him Saint Francis's prayer." Standing above the Cuban dictator he read:

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy . . . for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

Castro listened closely, thought for a moment and then said, "Those are fine ideals. The only trouble is that, while I may share your objectives, my means are entirely different."

At 10:32 P.M. on Christmas Eve the Pan Am Clipper *Sam Houston* landed at Miami with the final load of anti-Castro soldier-prisoners. Lawyer Donovan, his face red with sunburn and his thin white hair shining under the spotlights, was the last man down out of the big plane.

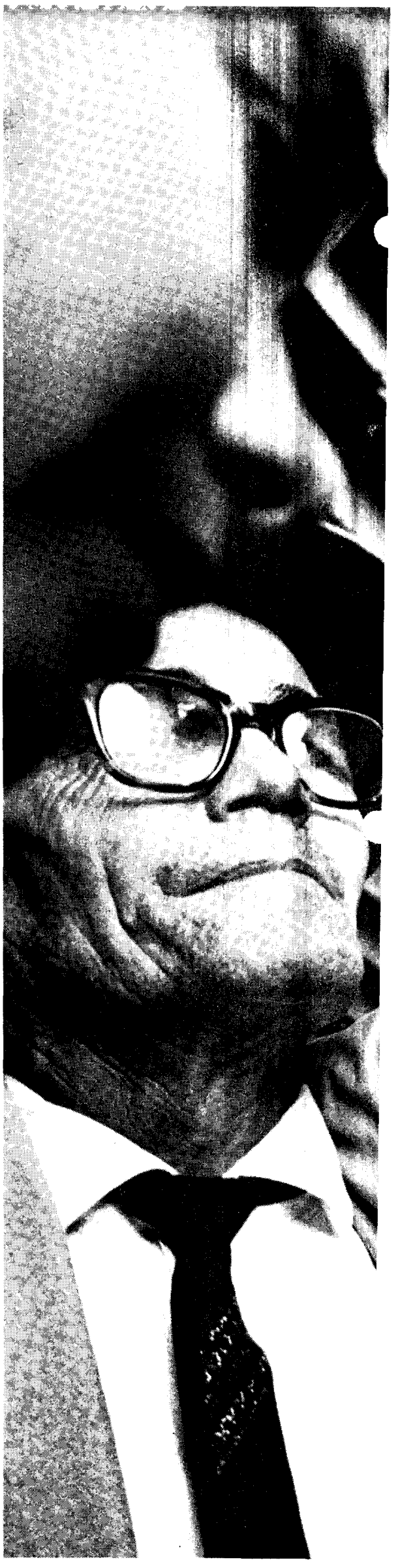
He stepped to the microphones and made a little speech ending with, "Merry Christmas to all." He was steered into an Air Force car then and sank back in the seat, exhausted. "I didn't think we were going to make it," he said.

Much later, in a quiet moment, he spoke of his most profound memory, a mental image of the prisoners as they boarded the planes to leave Cuba: "It was like pictures I've seen of the old slave trade. They were just kids, each carrying his pathetic little bag of things he was able to hang onto or make in prison.

"I remember calling Mary that night and telling her some of those boys were younger than our John, who's 17. When that first plane took off it compensated for the whole thing."

And, as the last plane made ready, Castro jokingly complained to Donovan that the night before he had taken advantage of him by reading a prayer and preaching a sermon.

"That's true," Donovan said, "but the question is: Did I save any souls?" **THE END**



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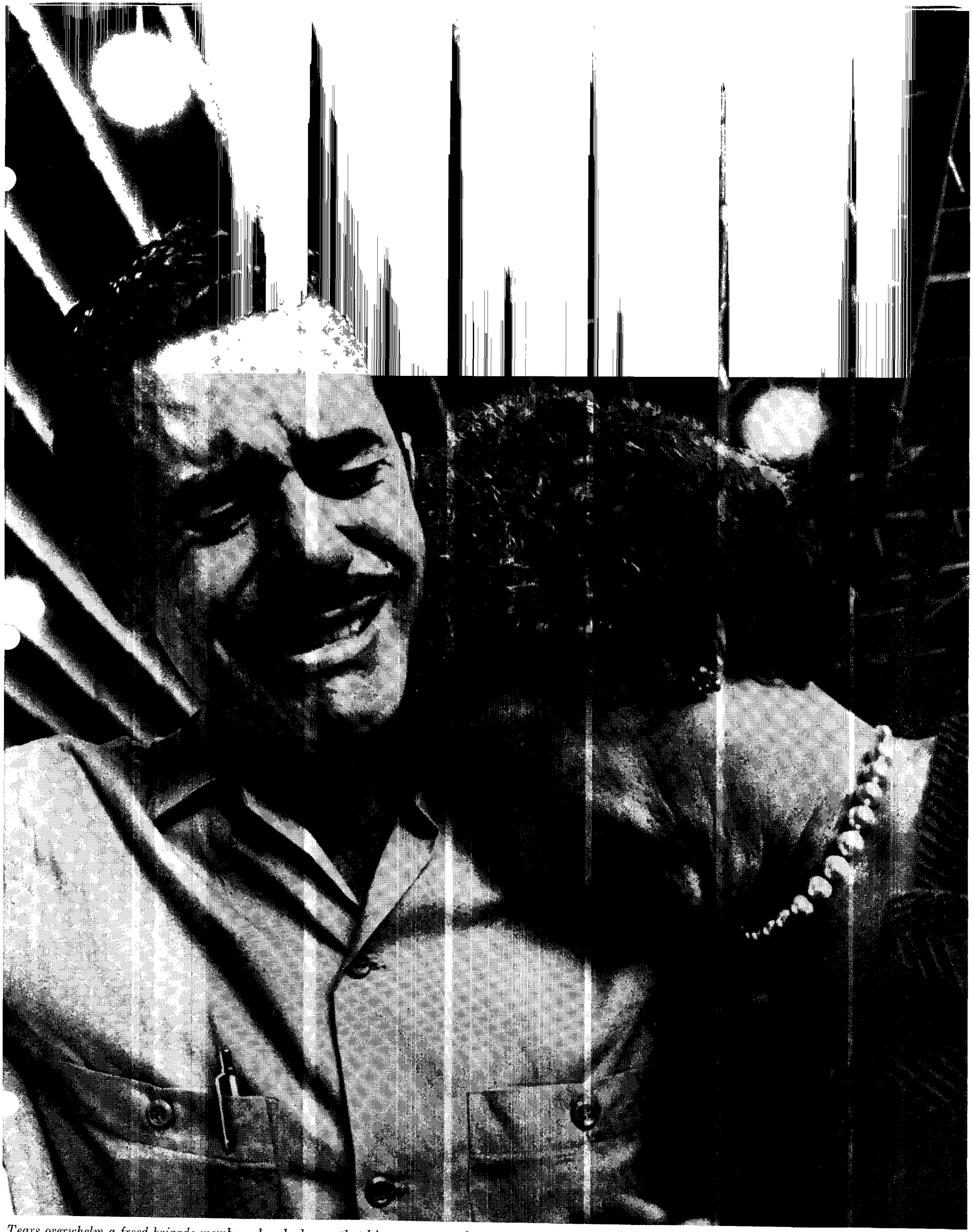

Tears overwhelm a freed brigade member when he learns that his parents, too, have reached sanctuary in the United States.

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In public class at Waikiki, students are initiated into the mysteries of the hula.

Towering new buildings edge toward Diamond Head, Oahu's landmark.

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Hawaii

Where progress is the big problem.

A booming tourist industry and a burgeoning population are forcing the lush land of travel-folder romance to yield more and more of its beauty and charm. Honolulu and Oahu are brimming over, and already builders are eying the outer isles to find room for still more tourists.

Photographs by Jack Fields

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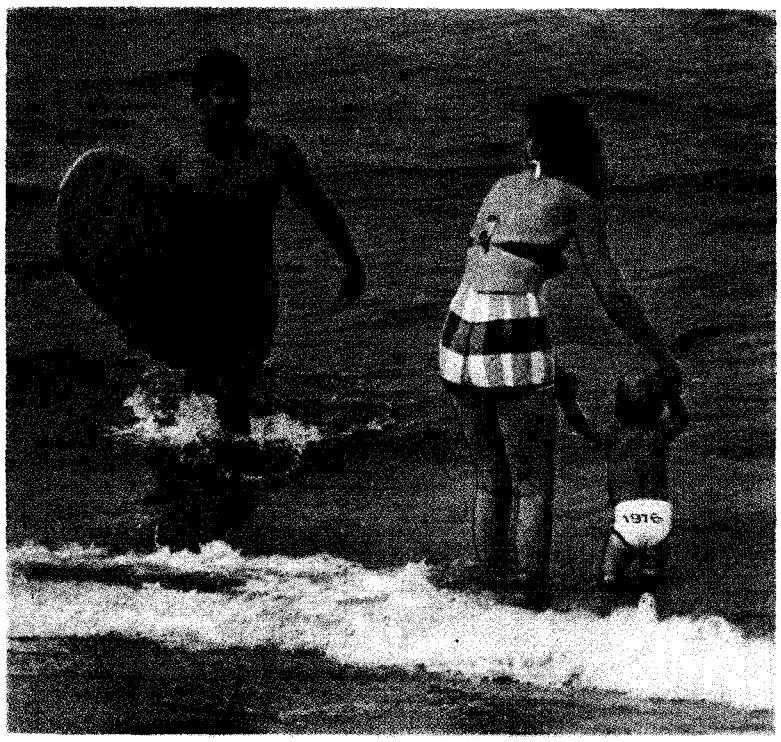
"We don't want another
Miami Beach on Waikiki."



An expert introduces tourists to Waikiki surfing.

One of the best views of the change that threatens the carefully cultivated paradise of Hawaii is from a slowly revolving circular restaurant atop a skyscraper that rises above the huge new Ala Moana Shopping Center in Honolulu. A visitor lolling in this artificial perch can see the island's exotic landscape—and the serpent in the garden.

In the distance stand lush, green mountains. To the south the sparkling Pacific rolls in to Waikiki Beach and washes the rim of the island from Diamond Head to Pearl Harbor. But down below are bold ribbons of concrete, the new expressways, slicing harshly through a landscape that once was a luxuriant spread of flowering shade trees. Towering hotels and balconied apartment buildings spring into the sky. Beyond them, housing developments spread out and out, consuming the countryside.

Hawaii, now in its fourth year of statehood, is in ferment, bursting with a growth that is overrunning Oahu, where populous Honolulu is located, and menacing the outer islands. For Hawaii, lush land of tropical romance, growth presents an especially baffling problem—how to preserve, amid all the burgeoning and tumult, the carefree illusion of the South Seas that visitors have always loved.

Tourists are so bemused by the illusion that they spend enough money to make the difference between good times and hard for Hawaii residents. And tourist dollars are so eagerly coveted that the Hawaii Visitors Bureau spends $1,500,000 a year luring more vacationers to spend more money. Visitors to Hawaii now come in at a rate of about 300,000 a year, and the bureau aims to boost that figure to 1,000,000 a year by 1970.

"Hawaii's visitors," says cheerful Lyle Guslander, head of the Hawaii Hotel Association, "don't come out here to see skyscrapers.

"Body surfing"—wave riding without boards—draws youngsters to the blue waters of Makapuu beach.

Bikini-clad visitor from San Francisco applies lotion for smooth tan on Waikiki Beach.

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"Tourists come here to live in a coconut grove with plumbing."

What they yearn for is a coconut grove with modern plumbing. And that's what we want to give them. We don't want another Miami Beach on Waikiki."

Guslander's sentiments are shared by most of the residents and old-time visitors who knew Waikiki—a narrow crescent of sand about two miles long—when native serenaders strummed their ukuleles and sang at dusk beneath the palms on the grounds of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. But it is to such famed attractions as Waikiki that the hordes of tourists invariably are drawn. Honolulu's resort and tourist activity is centered there, and hundreds of swimmers, amateur sailors and surfboarders frolic on and off the beach the year round. A reef lying about a mile offshore spawns the huge rolling waves on which the surfboards are borne during their long, exhilarating glide to the shore. Other Hawaiian beaches have crashing waves, but at most of them, surfing is too dangerous to attract more than a handful of enthusiasts.

At Waikiki the difference between Hawaii residents and tourists becomes distinct. The tanned bodies that swarm in the surf on weekends and holidays are the locals. The pale white and the pink ones are tourists. Away from the beach, visitors merge into the wildly heterogeneous populace. At a place like Honolulu's Ala Moana Shopping Center visitors see a cross-section of Hawaii's diverse population. On Saturday afternoon the upper-deck esplanade of the center's main structure boils with humanity. There are dark-skinned mothers, herding darting small fry, and white-skinned Caucasians or *haoles*—pronounced "howlees"—toting shopping bags. There are Japanese, Hawaiian, Caucasian, Chinese faces, plus Cosmopolitans, as the islanders of mixed blood are called. There are business suits, aloha shirts, colorful *muumuus* and swim suits.

Ala Moana's double-decked structure, with rangy coconut palms poking their long necks through holes in the concrete, is the kind of ultramodern mart one would expect to find in the environs of Dallas or Los Angeles, but hardly on a tropical island in mid-Pacific. It was reared on coral dumped years ago into a swamp halfway between downtown Honolulu and Waikiki Beach by Hawaii's industrious land-makers, the Dillingham family, and it stands as a striking example of the change sweeping over Hawaii's languorous isles.

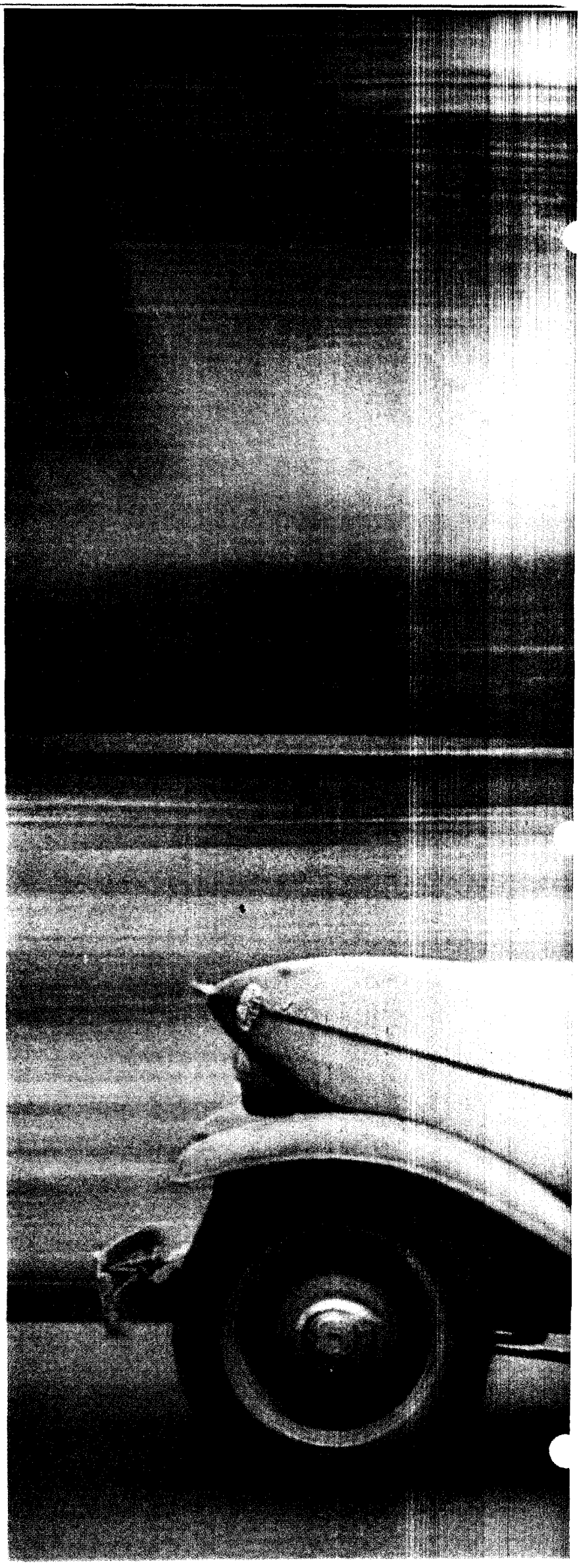
The island of Oahu, dominated by Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, is bursting with people. Four fifths of Hawaii's 632,000 residents live on Oahu, and two thirds of them live in metropolitan Honolulu. By 1975 Honolulu is expected to gain another 250,000 people, raising the state's population to an anticipated 1,000,000. Finding living room for all those new residents and, at the same time, accommodating the growing stream of tourists means that more and more of Hawaii's lush, travel-folder landscape will be sacrificed to what in other states would be called "progress."

Many leading Hawaiian businessmen, like Lyle Guslander, realize that satisfying the demands of growth can mar the picturesqueness of their unusual state that draws the needed tourists to Hawaii.

"When statehood jumped travel to Hawaii forty percent the first year," says Guslander, "we built hotels like crazy. Now we need even more tourists." At that, he pauses to contemplate his state's dilemma.

"To give the tourists what they're looking for," he concludes, "I guess we're going to have to build again and lure them to the unspoiled outer islands."

And so the problems of progress multiply. **THE END**



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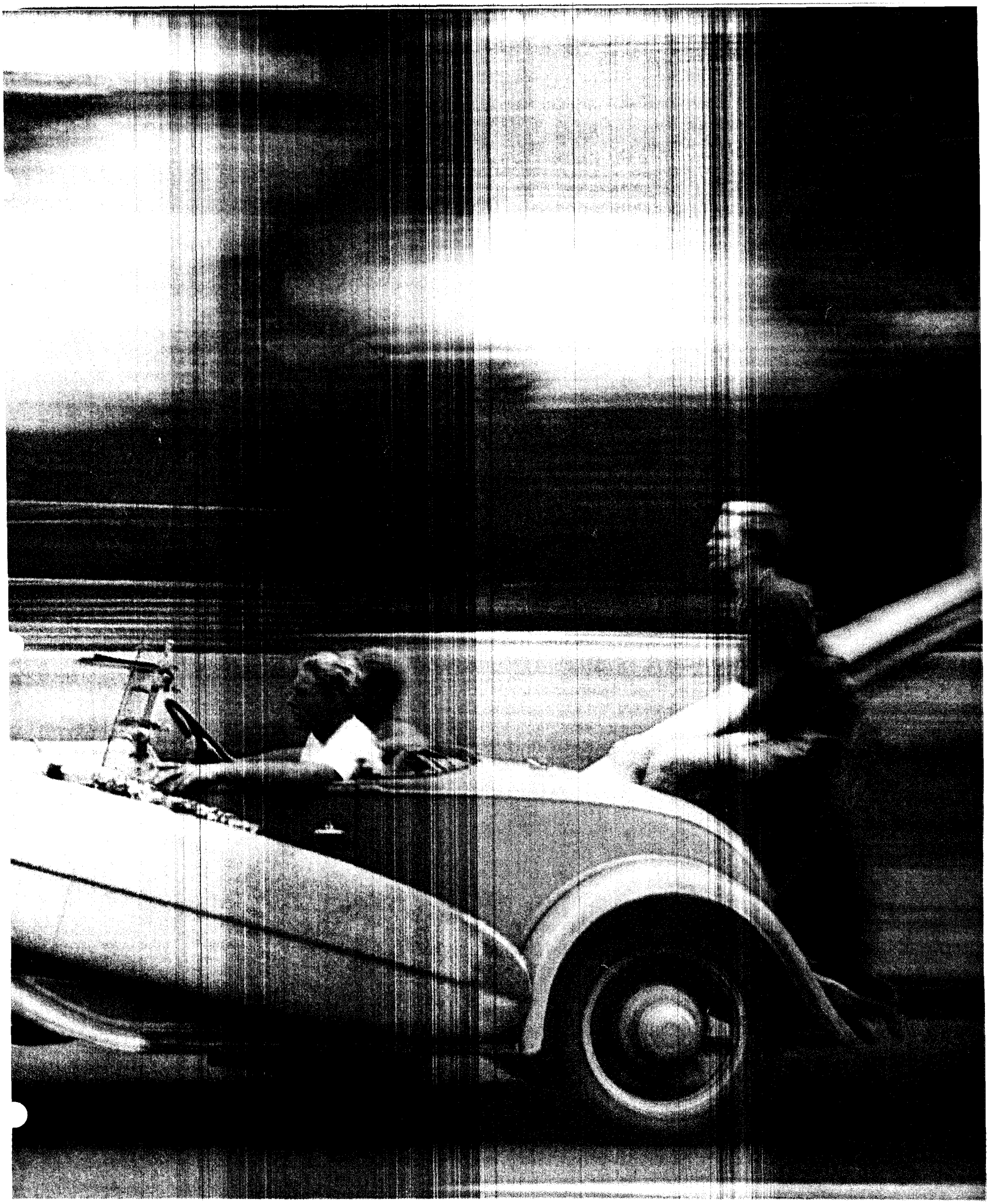

Young surfboarders in a jalopy speed to the beach and the exhilaration of riding the mountainous waves.

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THE GOLDEN HILLBILLIES

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

With a shopworn formula of stock characters and hoary jokes, TV's Beverly Hillbillies is proving that corn is evergreen.

On set, Donna Douglas and Max Baer Jr. admire dancing of two other members of show's improbable cast.

Within the history of TV it had never happened before. *The Beverly Hillbillies*, a comedy series dedicated to the proposition that FCC Chairman Newton Minow's wasteland was really a cornfield, zoomed to No. 1 in the ratings only one month after its debut. Some 36,000,000 votaries of the TV tube were feeding weekly on a canned succotash made up of the adventures of a rube family that strikes it rich and moves to the majestic lawns of Beverly Hills.

Taking their first look at the stereotyped characters and contrived situations, most critics gagged. "The series aimed low and hit its target," said UPI's Rick DuBrow. "*The Beverly Hillbillies* is steeped in enough twanging guitar, polka-dot gingham, deliberate drawl, prolific cousins and rural no-think to make each half hour seem like sixty minutes," growled Jack Gould of *The New York Times*. Nevertheless the *Hillbillies* rolled on. In short order the CBS series, a home-brewed mash of malapropisms, clichés and vintage gags, had mangled its cross-channel competitors, freshman priest Gene Kelly of ABC's *Going My Way* and NBC's once-invincible crooner Perry Como. Around the nation, as *Hillbillies* madness spread, juke boxes began blaring the show's banjo theme, army-and-navy stores reported a boom in plaid-shirt and blue-jean sales, and network executives started ordering similar pastorales for future airing.

Schnook in doghouse

"We're designing entertainment for the people, not for the damned critics," is the way one of the program's executives put it. And indeed that may be the explanation for the success of this monumental essay in flapdoodle. Like a Mickey Spillane bestseller, *Hillbillies* was deliberately concocted for mass tastelessness. The prime ingredients were four improbable protagonists—Jed Clampett (Buddy Ebsen), Elly May (Donna Douglas), Cousin Jethro (Max Baer Jr.) and Granny (Irene Ryan)—who prevail by their efforts to be folks just as plain as, if not simpler than, those who control the TV dials. "I like to call it the Chaplin-Lloyd factor," says Marty Ransohoff, board chairman of Filmways TV Productions Inc., the firm which manufactures the show. "Everyone who went to see Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin felt as though the schnook they were watching was much further in the doghouse than they were."

For the schnook looking for a slightly warped father image, *Hillbillies* offers lanky Buddy Ebsen as the widowed patriarch Jed Clampett, on whose Ozark

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

It took 98 years of work to get these five beauties

An example of how Campbell keeps at it to make good foods even better

Here you see five prime examples of what Campbell scientists have done to help bring you ever-better quality in foods. And, it's important to add, *quality at the lowest possible prices,* for their work also has helped outstandingly to produce the bigger crop yields that always help keep food prices low.

All told, they have put in over 32 years in improving the yield, taste, color, and meatiness of the Campbell Tomato.

It took 14 years to find the new 70-2 mushroom, and perfect it for commercial use.

As for the okra, Campbell scientists did everything from changing the shape of the pod (so it has better cooking qualities) to developing a new leaf that doesn't hide the pods when they're at their tender best for picking—all this over a period of 22 years.

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And 12 years were spent creating the new sweet pepper that was such a wonder that it was named the "Yolo Wonder."

Totaling it all up, this was 98 years of work, and the work still goes on, every day, all the time, to improve the good things that go into Campbell cooking. It's all part of that promise we work by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

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We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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Bespectacled Paul Henning, who created Beverly Hillbillies *and wrote the first 11 episodes, previews film with show's film editor Stan Frazen.*

"We're liable to be Beverly Hillbillied

GOLDEN HILLBILLIES

land $25,000,000 in oil is discovered. Like other TV male householders, he serves as a target for an occasional frying pan, but he also functions as a hand-me-down philosopher, repository of wisdom and backwoods humorist. Seeing a backless sundress, for example, Jed says; "I wouldn't let no son o' mine wear it."

Until Paul Henning, the show's creator rescued Ebsen from a lukewarm career, the 54-year-old ex-hoofer and actor was considering permanent refuge on his 36-foot sloop, *Turquoise*, or a fling at house designing. His previous notoriety resulted from a lucrative stint on TV as George Russell, Davy Crockett's sidekick, and a memorable entrance at last year's Oscar ceremonies. Amid fleets of Cadillacs and Continentals, Ebsen arrived at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in a half-ton pickup truck that gained almost as much attention as the starlets.

Ebsen attracted Henning, however, more for screen performances as Audrey Hepburn's forgotten husband in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and as hospital den father to *The Interns*. Still, Christian L. Ebsen Jr. was less than enthusiastic when he lugged his attaché case into Henning's office. "My agent had mentioned hillbillies," he recalls, "and I wanted to run the other way. I had played a lot of hillbillies, and I just didn't want to get trapped again in that kind of a getup with long hair and whiskers." Ebsen took the part but first won an important concession. "It sounded like everyone was going to be very funny," he says; "everybody except me. Which was fine, provided I was still the pivotal character. I told Paul, 'I've gotta have control of the twenty-five million dollars. If I do I'll be the responsible member of the family and not merely the guy who's the butt of all the jokes!' So he said sure."

Pepper-eating champ

For lonely young hayseeds and city slickers pining for electronic sex, creator Henning also penciled in a tomboy daughter, Elly May, for Jed. Elly May not only serves as a hip-swinging endorsement of mountain life but also as proof that it pays a TV writer to read Al Capp in the funny papers. After trying out 100 prospective Elly Mays, including one candidate who played the fiddle and coaxed sounds from rubber bands, the producers settled on blonde Donna Douglas, who was born Doris Smith and has worked under such other aliases as Tina Baron and Dot Bourgeois. Miss Douglas, the former hot-pepper-eating champion of Baywood, Louisiana, since has proved a pretty hot number in a pair of tight-fitting Levis. Her personal arsenal includes a seductive drawl, such tomboy skills as relief pitching for the Paramount Studio softball team and whistling through her teeth for cabs. In *Hillbillies* she bathes in lye soap, applies judo to suitors intent on kissing her hand, slides down banisters and once used a brassiere as a double-barreled slingshot. "I was a little red-faced about that bit," admits Henning. "I just thought it was a little overboard. I still wish we hadn't done it."

"The character is not too far away from me," Donna says, blinking large blue eyes. "There's part of Elly May with me all the time. But I did have to forget a heap of livin' and learnin' to do this part." Elly May's attraction lies in her intriguing combination of a 36–23–36 figure and her pose of virgin-pure sexual innocence. For the time being Miss Douglas, a former mailbag attendant on the Perry Como show and romance-magazine cover girl, doesn't mind being someone else's sex image. "I may be window dressing," she says, "but I'd like to see a lot of people do some of the things I have to do."

Grits and hog jowls

In Elly's Cousin Jethro, females yearning for beefcake can savor one of the biggest hunks since Li'l Abner. His feats of strength are Bunyanesque; his mental prowess by hill-country standards is also renowned—he spent three years in the fourth grade. In Californy, where the corn is as high as a scriptwriter's eye, he saws telephone poles for firewood, shoots fur capes off women's shoulders, identifies golf balls as albino field mice, complains about the lack of flavor in wax fruit, and makes a futile search for the source of door chimes. "It ain't no use to look for that music," shrugged Jethro on the last occasion. "Before you kin find it somebody's come a-bangin' at the door."

In the role of Jethro, Max Baer Jr., 25, son of the ex-heavyweight boxing champion, leather-jacketed motorcycle buff and sometime escort of stripteasers, is endowed with all the plowboy requirements. He is six feet four inches tall, weighs more than 200 pounds and has a cleft chin on the end of a lantern jaw. These dimensions can get in the way, however, when Baer is asked to play Jethro's twin TV sister Jethrine. For this impersonation Baer dons lipstick, skirts and Mary Pickford wig and stands with arms akimbo. He mimes Jethrine's dialogue, and a sweet female voice is attached. "I have never really understood Jethrine," Baer says solemnly.

The mother figure of the show is a bespectacled, choleric old hen named Granny. When she's not tending to her corn-liquor still, she whiles away her TV time cooking up grits and hog jowls or adapting to western civilization. Her system for working the telephone provides a clue to her made-in-Hollywood adaptability: "You gotta stick your finger in them holes an' spin it." She also spoons out a mash of rural homilies. "Whenever you read about these mountain areas," says Paul Henning, who says he consulted out-of-print volumes on Ozark customs, potions and superstitions to get the proper background for his TV charade, "you always find a granny woman who is arbitrator, midwife and herb doctor. She has the accumulated wisdom of self-sufficient generations."

It took a measure of Irene Ryan's own self-sufficiency to become Granny. A

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to death," a critic warns.

radio headliner in the 1930's, Las Vegas nightclub comedienne and versatile character actress, the 95-pound Miss Ryan was first rejected by Henning as too young. "I'm older than Shirley Temple and younger than Sophie Tucker," Miss Ryan now declares coyly.

Subsequently Irene visited Henning, her hair in curlers and a bath towel wrapped around her head, and reminisced about the Mount Idy dialogue he had once written for her on the Dennis Day show. Henning was so impressed that he arranged a screen test, one of 37 run off in casting the four principals.

Miss Ryan, taking note of her umpteenth metamorphosis in show business, says, "It's like dyin' and goin' to heaven." Against such a calamity the producers have insured her and the other actors for a total of $550,000, at a $20,000-a-year premium.

Two old pros, the series's creator and director, are not covered by the policy, though they are vital to the show's success. Henning, who conjured up the series, rode herd on its production and wrote the first 11 episodes solo, has spent 25 years in broadcasting, laboring for a string of comedy shows ranging from radio's *Fibber McGee and Molly* to TV's Bob Cummings show. His first crack at films resulted in an Academy Award nomination (with collaborator Stanley Shapiro) for the screenplay of *Lover Come Back*, a sophisticated farce which resembles the *Hillbillies* about as much as the Clampetts resemble the Armstrong-Joneses.

The Hillbillies' erudite director, Richard Whorf, is a respected Shakespearean actor (*Richard III*, *Taming of the Shrew*), a talented artist who gets up to $500 a canvas and proven television craftsman (Mary Martin's *Peter Pan*, 39 episodes of *My Three Sons*, 20 *Gunsmokes*). Not even that much experience could equip him for some of the peculiar frustrations of his present job. The set at various times is overrun with dogs, goats, horses, deer, pigs, cows, chickens, a mule, a bull and a pink flamingo. Whorf has learned to keep a stiff upper lip. "Truthfully, it's not as energizing as Shakespeare," he confesses. "But it *is* kind of a minor thrill. The biggest restriction is that you must stay in a predictable pattern with this kind of show."

Get rid of the eagle

The pattern Whorf has adroitly adopted in dealing with poodles which won't walk on their hind legs and cats which refuse to swim is one of expediency. To cajole a goat named Nuisance, Whorf instructed Elly May, who had been using one hand in a milking scene, to employ all 10 fingers on the animal, an inspired bit of direction which produced nearly a pint while the cameras rolled. With shooting time dwindling, Whorf suffered over a bald eagle commissioned by a sponsor to hold a cigarette package in its beak. "The damn eagle keeps throwing the cigarettes away," groaned Whorf. "Get rid of the eagle." He then went on to more intricate traumas, such as that caused by Stretch, a 12-year-old bloodhound cast as Duke, the Clampett pet. Stretch gets $150 an episode, but he prefers on-set siestas to following stage directions. One script called for Duke to howl, but after hours of prodding he couldn't even muster a whimper. Another dog's cry had to be dubbed into the sound track.

Besides the menagerie, the show boasts one of the costliest physical sets built specifically for a TV series. Construction expenses for the interiors of the Clampett California mansion and a one-room *pied-à-terre* in the hills reached $60,000. Biggest chunk went into a $15,000 bogus swimming pool, 27 inches in depth, with Doric columns and Psyche dispensing water from a jug.

But a Beverly Hills-type mansion was also needed for exterior photography. After reconnoitering the surrounding territory in his stick-shift Mercedes, Henning finally picked the Bel-Air hideaway of Mrs. Arnold Kirkeby, widow of a Chicago hotel magnate. She donates her token retainer fee to charity.

Granny looks beat-up

In contrast to all this splendor, the vehicle which transports the hillbillies from the sticks to the mansion is a 1921 flatbed truck. Despite the presence of auto addict Baer at the controls, it is difficult to shift and steer, it often fails to start, and carbon-monoxide fumes envelop the passengers. Its owner receives a union-stipulated $25 a day for shuttling it to and from the studio.

Henning seeks the same ancient authenticity in the clothes his characters wear. "It's so damn visual that people have identified with it literally overnight," says Ted Switzer, one of the program's seven press agents. "There's an awful lot of identification in America with old clothes and old things. Look at Chaplin and Emmett Kelly. Take Ed Wynn and his ragged outfits and beat-up shoes. Now Granny certainly looks beat-up, and so does Jed. Maybe it's just the 'I wish I could go around like that' feeling."

Keeping pace with most other TV enterprises, *The Hillbillies* had a gestation period almost as long as that of an elephant, a beast of similarly lumpy construction. The show's rise to the top began 15 months ago at Hollywood's Brown Derby Restaurant, where Henning, 51, thoughtfully teased the bacon, chopped egg and chives in his Cobb salad and related the incredible story line. His rapt audience: the executives of Filmways, the television producers who had hit the TV jackpot with *Mister Ed*, a hackneyed comedy about a talking horse, right off the Hollywood assembly line. "We all said, 'Let's go,'" says Filmways executive Al Simon. "TV runs in cycles. We felt the cycle was right for fun."

With only Henning's verbal outline, Filmways Board Chairman Martin Ransohoff negotiated a deal on the spot and picked up the luncheon tab. "Right from scratch we promised $100,000 of the company's money, without a sponsor or anything else," he says.

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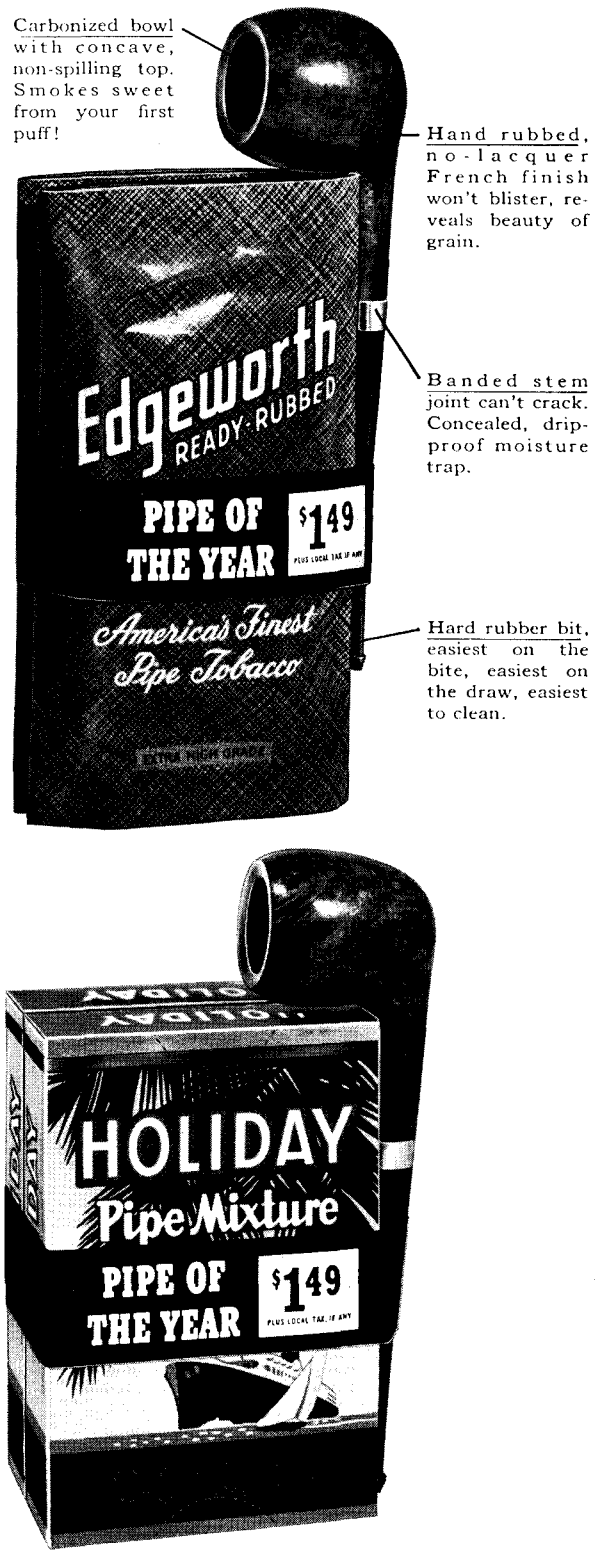
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Miss Ryan, who plays Granny, poses for her version of "Whistler's Mammy."

"The word 'hillbilly' will ultimately take on a new meaning in the U. S. as a result of our television program."

GOLDEN HILLBILLIES

While Henning worked on the first script, toiling from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily, Ransohoff went out selling. His first stop was the 19th-floor suite of CBS-TV President James T. Aubrey Jr. in New York. "I told him what we were doing," Ransohoff recalls, "and he laughed like hell." Aubrey agreed to take over the pilot's financing on the strength of a handshake.

Back in Hollywood, Henning haunted barn dances, country-music hoedowns and dingy coffeehouses for atmosphere. He interviewed 150 prospective actors and gorged himself on a radio diet of guitars and hillbilly singers. The cacophony inspired him to compose *The Ballad of Jed Clampett*, which country musicians Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs recorded for the show's opening. The disk has sold more than 150,000 copies for Columbia Records.

Network brass balked

Not everything went smoothly. For one thing, Henning had to fence with a jumpy CBS executive who wanted to inject lots of "heart" into the script. "I flatly rejected this thinking," says Henning. "I saw this show as just pure escape fun, entertainment, release from tension. I thought any heart should come from the characters, not from any manufactured situations or speeches. I can't stand treacly comedy. I haven't heard from the CBS guy since the rating came out."

Network brass balked at the show's title, once used by a depression-era country-music band. CBS favored *Head for the Hills* or *The Hillbillies*. Henning's holdout choice was approved only a few weeks before air date.

Filmways was chagrined when CBS assigned the new show to TV purgatory, Wednesday night opposite NBC's powerhouse Perry Como. "We didn't think we were getting much help from CBS in bringing in viewers," says Ransohoff. "So we decided to just promote the pants off the thing."

The *Hillbillies* company, bypassing the network, cranked out a series of 20-to-60-second filmed promotional messages for television stations. The plugs incorporated the same corny one-liners and prehistoric puns used on the show. Filmways estimates it reached 35,000,000 people in 85 cities during this crash exploitation program that began six weeks before the initial telecast. "We wanted to excite and interest viewers in our property," points out one Filmways spokesman. "Our whole purpose in everything we did for three solid months of the summer was to let people know the show was going to be on the air."

Laugh track is ersatz

On the other hand, ballyhoo in the nation's press was drastically limited in a Henning memo dated last June 28. "For the present," it read, "I would prefer that Buddy Ebsen, Irene Ryan, Donna Douglas and Max Baer *cease to exist as themselves*. The dissemination and publication of personal biographies, idiosyncrasies, so-called squibs, blurbs, plants in columns and photographic layouts of them at home *are to be discouraged by every means at our disposal!* NO STORY IS BETTER THAN THE WRONG STORY! . . . and a wrong story is one that damages the television image of our hillbilly characters." The seven press agents obeyed this edict, later amplified by Henning, who said, "Seeing publicity layouts of Buddy Ebsen on his yacht or Max Baer attending a nightclub dressed in a tuxedo with some starlet is not conducive to believing in the characters."

The publicity that did trickle out was accompanied by approved tintype-styled photographs of the characters in costume. In interviews the actors were encouraged to slant conversation toward "the credibility of the show" and "the basic integrity" of the roles they played. Personal appearances by the stars on other TV programs where they would have to appear as themselves were restricted. Advance press screenings of the pilot film were prohibited until the laugh sound track, recorded before an overly effusive live audience, was replaced with ersatz but controllable laughter and applause.

Another high-level concern was that potential viewers might mistake *The Beverly Hillbillies* for bearded, vermin-infested Jukes. "Our hillbillies are charming, delightful, wonderful, clean, wholesome people," says Filmways executive Al Simon. "The word 'hillbilly' will ultimately have a new meaning in the United States as a result of our show."

That seems doubtful, but the show is a smashing success. First inkling that the fumigated hillbillies have beaten television's numbers racket came with the very first show, which captured 50 percent of the sets turned on across the U.S. By the second show *Hillbillies* was doubling Perry Como's nationwide audience and soundly thrashing him in New York, his own encampment. Two weeks later, on location at the Bel-Air mansion, the cast members got word of their ascension to the top. Impulsively they formed a serpentine conga line and improvised a locomotive chant that went, "We're Number One, We're Number One, We're Number One."

Elly May paper dolls

Who made *The Beverly Hillbillies* Number One? "These are the same mass of people who vote for President and Senators," Henning explains in an awesome demonstration of reasoning. "I don't agree with the expression that you have to reach a twelve-year-old mental level in television. President Eisenhower used to like to relax with a murder mystery. This show is exactly like reading a murder mystery. You can forget your troubles."

To assure adequate distractions from the troublesome world for the fans of *Hillbillies*, CBS has plotted a $500,000 merchandising campaign. Currently retail stores are gearing up for another profitable—and drearisome—Davy Crockett-type craze. They are producing a *Beverly Hillbillies* board game, a comic book, a coloring book, a toy replica of the old Clampett car, Elly May paper-doll cutouts, a jigsaw puzzle, miniature plastic figures of all the characters, and a crayon-by-the-numbers portrait kit of Jed, Jethro, Elly May and Granny. T-shirts and pajamas plugging the show should be ready shortly, and rope belts, jeans and battered headgear are on the planning boards. A Philadelphia merchant is considering the manufacture of a life-sized Elly May doll, the perfect companion for long winter nights in the hills. "This looks like the hottest merchandising property in a long time," gloats Murray Benson, CBS director of licensing.

Family with elephant

If television decides to play follow-the-leader, as it has in the past with westerns, doctors and private eyes, we can expect to be engulfed in new rural themes. "We're liable to be Beverly Hillbillied to death," warns TV Conscience David Susskind. "Please write your Congressman." Already owners of the entombed *Ma and Pa Kettle* are encouraging the networks to resuscitate those movie characters. On the nightclub circuit, comics are thumbing Joe Miller's joke book for usable rube humor.

Meanwhile Filmways has a contract with CBS calling for pilots of two more new series. Hopefully, one of the two, a Henning invention about a likable, believable, typical family which owns an elephant, will be ready this year. While hatching these golden eggs, Henning continues to minister to the series that is certain to provide elaborate dowries for his two pretty daughters. He spends as many as 18 hours a day supervising dubbing and splicing, typing hillbilly dialogue and charting future Clampett adventures. As director Dick Whorf puts it, "This show can go any way Paul wants it to. He could run them for Congress. The basic situation, the *Alice in Wonderland* thing, will still remain the same. You'd be surprised how many millions look into that television set and believe every damn thing that comes out of it. You'd be surprised how gullible they are." **THE END**

At wheel of 1921 rattletrap, Baer chauffeurs Buddy Ebsen, blonde Donna Douglas, Irene Ryan.

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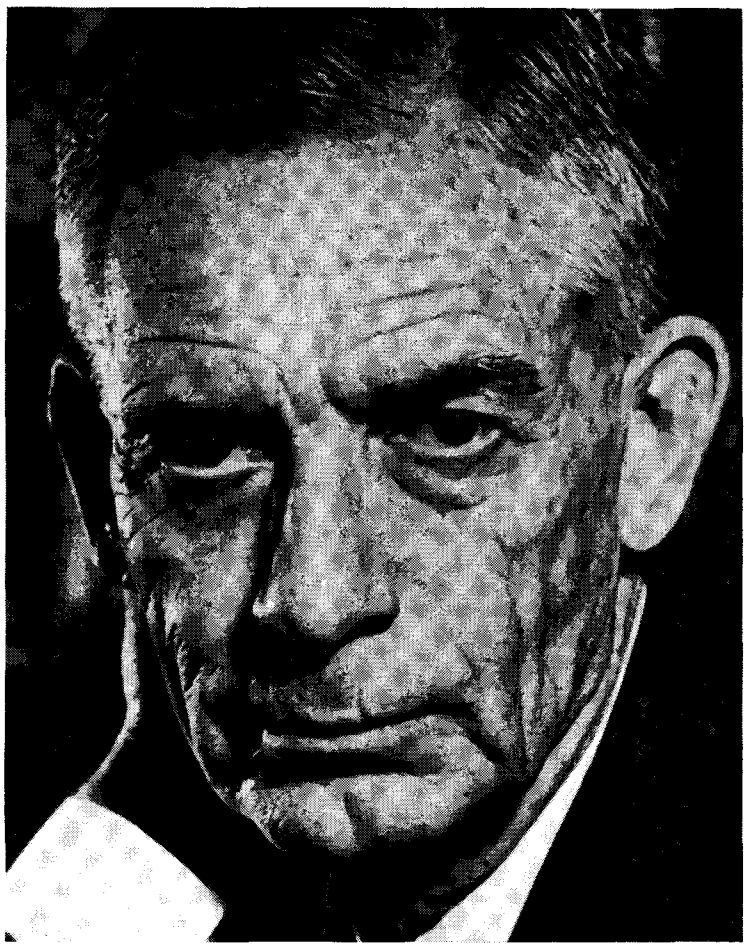
POST / FICTION

This week The Post proudly presents

TRIUMPH



A condensation of a new novel by

PHILIP WYLIE

Novelist, essayist and short-story writer, Philip Wylie has 34 books to his credit, among them the famed polemical classic, **Generation of Vipers.** In another role, that of general scientist, he is often consulted by government agencies. His great concern with the biological effects of radiation prompted the writing of **Triumph.**

EUGENE BURDICK, coauthor of Fail-Safe, *writes:* "Triumph *is a powerful novel about love, drunkenness, the racial problem—above all, a hair-raising story of worldwide nuclear warfare. The pages describing what an atomic war will look like are unique; there is nothing like them in literature. What happens to the handful of people that survive World War III is fascinating in a nightmarish way. I know of no other book quite like* Triumph. *It could have been written at no other time. It is irresistible; it may be tomorrow's reality.*"

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TRIUMPH

by Philip Wylie

The commander of the weather satellite urgently requested instructions, but there was no word from the burning pyre that had been the United States.

The young scientist driving the car interrupted a question about mathematics to whistle. "Brother! Is that the one?" He stared at a private, 10-place jet plane standing at the head of the airstrip.

Ben Bernman grinned. "Belongs to Vance Farr, my weekend host."

The young man whistled again. "He must own all the tea in China *and* the coffee in Brazil!"

Bernman chuckled. "Maybe he does. He's in the import-export business."

"Oh." The driver braked his car. "That Farr! Wasn't it his daughter you rescued last winter?"

The older scientist was extricating two pieces of luggage from the rear seat. "Faith Farr. Yes. I happened to be the first person to pass the place where she'd skidded off the road in a blizzard."

© 1963 by Philip Wylie

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Young Doctor Swenson smiled in recollection. "Not the way I read it," he said. "I remember that plenty of cars had missed seeing the drifted signs of that wreck. It took—and I quote—the brilliant Doctor Bernman to make the deduction, stop, wander in the snowstorm till he found the freezing damsel, hoist her unconscious form to his brawny shoulder and race to a hospital."

Ben cuffed Doctor Swenson lightly.

But Swenson went on, eyes twinkling. "A coppery-haired blonde, right? Brains too; or was that press-agent stuff?"

"Faith's plenty bright," Bernman answered. He picked up his luggage and for an instant eyed his assistant with embarrassment. For a man of his reputation, a man who'd won the Fermi Prize at 26 and now, 10 years later, headed a department at Brookhaven, Ben Bernman was too modest.

Swenson watched his chief move toward the plane in the staggering heat of the last Thursday of that July, wondering if any very rich girl was bright enough truly to appreciate Doc Bernman. He decided not and turned the car.

Minutes later the jet was airborne. Ben watched the atomic-research facility at Brookhaven as it diminished in the shimmering air to a toylike marvel: bizarre buildings that contained reactors and particle accelerators, shielded earth-rises beneath which plasmas, sun-center-hot, stormed in magnetic "bottles."

The pilot said, "Be over the Connecticut shore in a sec. Then it's only a few minutes to Uxmal."

"Ooshmal?"

"The Farr place. Spelled U-X-M-A-L. Named after a Mayan town in Yucatán. Ever been there before?"

"Never have."

"Quite a sight." The pilot listened briefly to talk from a control tower. "It's on a hilltop called Sachem's Watch. In the family since before the Revolution. One of those Victorian jobs stood on it—all gables and porches—until Mrs. Farr built the new place ten years ago. Just after I signed on as Farr's pilot." He grinned. "You probably fly a lot, being in the H-bomb business, eh, doctor?"

"Some. Though I'm not really in the bomb end now. We're trying to turn H-bomb power into cheap electricity."

Illustrated by NEIL BOYLE

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TRIUMPH

"Hope you do! Anyhow, about Uxmal: They built a very modern house. Then Mr. Farr sold off a hunk of the hilltop land for apartment houses. Mrs. Farr raised Cain about that. The Farr place has a lot of history. Big caves under Sachem's Watch. Farr's great-grandfather used 'em, so it goes, to hide runaway slaves. Thing called the Underground Railway."

"Yes," Ben said.

"Don't suppose your folks had reached America yet." The pilot said that casually, not meaning to be hurtful, and hardly aware of indicating that Dr. Ben C. Bernman was a Jew.

"Still in Germany," Ben replied pleasantly. "And points east. Estonia. The Ukraine."

"Sure. Well, there were Farrs here before the Revolution. Funny, how those big families can dwindle down to—well, even to just one person. A girl. Faith."

Ben said nothing.

The pilot shook his head. "Imagine having a name as celebrated as 'Farr' and realizing it's going to disappear, the minute a lone gal becomes Mrs. So-and-So!" He glanced innocently at the scientist. "Say! *You're* the man saved her last winter!"

"Mere chance."

"Saw you on TV! In the papers!"

He listened again to talk from the unknown tower and spoke briefly into his mike. The jet tilted for a slow turn. Ben looked down and saw the house—if a rectangular set of buildings with a flashing moat, surrounding a vast interior "patio," could be called a house. A spiral highway, visible through giant trees, gave the hill a terraced look, suggesting the step pyramids of ancient Mayans.

"Uxmal" was a good name for the place, Ben thought.

One side of Sachem's Watch had been sheared away. Ben saw a mighty slope of raw limestone that had evidently been quarried from the area in recent times, for it lay in blocks of enormous size. Beyond it were the church steeples of Fenwich Village.

The plane straightened, descended, bumped. Ben had a flashing sight of a tall young woman with copper-gold hair, in a light-brown dress, standing beside a cream-and-scarlet automobile. *Faith.*

The pilot swung the plane around and cut the engines. Doors opened automatically, and hot air rushed in, bringing the aroma of baking concrete and grass perishing.

Faith ran toward him from the shade.

"Welcome, *Ben!*" she called.

"Hi, Faith!"

They were almost within handclasp distance when he saw the flare on her ring finger. He stopped. "You should read the society pages, darling," Faith said softly. "Happened a week ago. Kit Barlow. I'd assumed you knew."

He smiled then and strode forward. "Lucky guy!" he said. His ugly-solemn face bent down, and he kissed her firmly. "I'm glad for both of you," he said.

She looked at him, her gold-dappled, hazel eyes alive and truthful. "I'll bet you are!"

It was cool in the air-conditioned car: 75 degrees. Outside it was probably 100 in the shade. Faith turned onto a sweep of access road that put them on the Yankee Turnpike. Cars swept north in all three lanes. *Only Thursday.* But everyone who could sped outward to escape the brick-kiln walls of Greater New York.

A last turn, and Faith had the car rising on the spirals that terraced Sachem's Watch: sheer stone on the inside of the rising turns, treetops below. A random sunray set color flying from her engagement ring.

"Mother," Faith said, "is ecstatic. She's favored Kit since he was eight and I was six—when the Barlow family built their place nearby. Dad's indignant."

"Indignant?" Ben's voice showed surprise.

"Why not? He knows Kit and I have bored each other for ages."

"People do," he responded gently. "Even married people."

"Oh . . . that. Sure. But dad thinks Kit is a 'lightweight' mentally." The wide eyes cut toward him.

"I'm anxious to meet Kit."

"I'll bet!" Faith's laughter was short. "Why didn't *you* ever ask me to marry you?"

A joke? Did she mean it? Ben felt shocked, but he took an attitude seemingly, at first, very solemn:

"Let's consider that question, Faith. First, my looks. I have been called 'the Israelite Ichabod Crane.' My ears have been described as squashed paper cups set at right angles to a head that is often said to be more equine than human. Horselike. As for this beaky and elongated nose. . . ."

She gurgled with mirth. "*Homely*," she agreed. "Yet, when you smile, it's like a Christmas tree coming on in the dark! And all the people who work for you, with you, over you—everybody I ever heard of—love you. Including me."

He nodded soberly. "You are Money, Miss Farr. Also, Society, *and* Blue Blood. My old man is a Jewish shopowner in Newark. Then there are my plans. In October I'm leaving for Antarctica ——"

"Ben! You're *not!*"

"Some special studies down there, the magnetosphere, new missiles and communications. Some low-temperature work: laser phenomena at near-absolute zero."

"Near-absolute zero is right! How long will you be gone?"

"Two years," he said quietly.

"Oh, *Ben!*"

Ahead he saw a sort of plaza surrounded by the edifices of stone, timber and glass which were living rooms, dining chambers and guest quarters, connected by closed passageways and looking out, on all four faces, across a moat-swimming pool.

From a doorway came a slender, white-uniformed Negro of middle age. "This," Faith said, "is Paulus, Doctor Bernman. Paulus Davey, our butler. Lord! It's hot!"

To Ben's surprise the butler held out a confident hand. Ben took it, aware that Faith had watched to see what he would do. Paulus Davey said, "Pleased to meet you, Doctor," and picked up the luggage.

Faith had already started for a near door. She turned. "Wear a bathing suit if you like. Swim down to the terrace. Mamma'll be in the front room"—she pointed—"and I'll meet you in a mo'."

The butler moved toward a different door. Ben followed. It was cool, mercifully so: air-conditioned even in the passageways.

He was led into a suite—living room, writing alcove, library alcove, bedroom and bath. The prevailing color scheme was yellow and brown; but blue-green ornaments, bath towels and mats, curtains and small rugs cooled that rather too-warm combination. It was the sort of place in which you knew exactly where to find the phone, extract ice cubes, turn on the 50-inch screen of a color television set.

Paulus Davey adjusted an air-conditioning control. After Ben had thanked him and said he needed nothing more, the butler departed. Ben walked to the exterior wall and pulled cords which drew back traverse curtains. Through a glass wall he could see far, far away, a black-brown opacity where the air was smoky, and, vaguely, the faint edges of Manhattan skyscrapers. On a table he saw a map marked with ruled lines pointing from Sachem's Watch to the Empire State Building, Bridgeport and other objects and places.

Distances were marked on the lines:

Forty-three and seven tenths miles to the Empire State, a mere shimmer in the heated smog now, a bit less than 10 to the bluish haze of Long Island Sound.

His eyes moved among the steeples and trees and flashing clapboard walls of Fenwich Village. Five and three tenths miles to the steeple of the Congregational Church. Nearer still was the titanic downslide of limestone blocks new-blasted from the cliff on Sachem's Watch.

What were they mining? Mining, because this was not evidence of quarrying; the rock lay unused.

When he entered the Farr living room he heard Faith's mother somewhere, talking on the phone. A fountain was making cascade noises and music was issuing from an unseen loudspeaker.

"Too bad, Vance!" Valerie said. "Of course, I understand. You'll be late. And bring Mr. Lee with you. . . .What's that?"

Mrs. Farr's cultured voice was a good deal like her daughter's, but she talked rapidly and slurred an occasional word.

It was, Ben reflected, after five. And the sun went over the yardarm for Mrs. Valerie Farr about four, he knew. All day long the tall, attractive woman who didn't look her 50 years would be integrated, busy, sober. But by six o'clock she would be a bit squiffy. By midnight every night, plain drunk. Valerie was an alcoholic, as he'd learned in the days after the accident, when Faith had been mending in the hospital on Long Island, near the spot where he'd found her under the snow.

He knew Mrs. Farr that well, and her husband too, for they had liked him from the first. After Faith had been discharged, Ben had seen her several times in New York City. He'd had a lunch or two with Vance Farr. However, this invitation to the Connecticut place was Ben's first, and the first time he'd seen any of the family since late May. Still, he knew about Valerie Farr—and her drinking.

"All right, dear," she was saying. "We'll expect Miss Lee for dinner. And I'll have a room ready for her father, whenever you come in." She added, not quite sincerely, "Have fun, you and your Mr. Lee!" and hung up.

Ben had located her by then.

The living room in Uxmal had an oval pit of the sort that had grown popular recently. Valerie Farr was sitting on a banquette that ran around the "well," with a telephone in one hand and a drink in the other.

She saw him. "Ben, darling! Join me!"

She surveyed him, holding his hand, standing—tall, graceful and glad to see him, plainly. More glad, he thought, than usual; and he perceived the obvious reason: Faith was engaged to Barlow, so Ben was no longer a potential peril.

"You look, Ben," she finally said, "as pale as an oyster; you need to get outdoors more. Meantime, how about a slalom?"

"Slalom?"

Valerie lifted her glass and rattled the ice. "A little drinkee I concocted."

Ben shook his head. "Iced coffee?"

Valerie pressed a button, spoke into an intercom, and ordered another slalom with his iced coffee.

"Vance just phoned," she said. "He's still in New York, at the office. Meeting with his Far East manager, he says, who was to be out here too. And has a daughter. The girl's driving down from Maine—should be here any minute. I haven't met these Lee people." She waited while Paulus Davey brought the drinks. After quick swallows, her "Thank you, Paulus!" was a trifle too vigorous. The Negro bowed and left.

Valerie mused, "I wonder if they're related to the Robert E. Lee family. I know people who are."

Faith appeared, then, in a dress like amber mist. She was smiling and her eyes danced. "Imagine!" she exclaimed. "I've just had a long talk with Kit. And he's not coming for dinner! He made a bet he could swim from the yacht club to Savin Rock—must be three miles. The idiot is starting right now!"

"We're being abandoned right and left." Mrs. Farr's eyes gleamed with temper. "But a Miss Lee is due here soon. And she may find the Great Scientist as fascinating as you do, dear."

Faith ordered a Martini on the intercom, which eventually Paulus Davey brought. He had changed to a mauve dinner jacket, black trousers and a purple bow tie.

The faint sound of door chimes made Paulus change his course. Presently they heard his gentle voice say, "Oh, Miss Lee. Of course! I'll take your luggage. You'll want Mrs. Farr."

An alien but American voice said, "Yes, of course. I'll unpack and change soon, though. So ——"

Then she appeared. She had black, shining hair and dark eyes. She was exquisitely made up and dressed in a soft, rosy suit. She came in smiling a little, walking with a very straight carriage. She was—at Ben's guess—a little younger than Faith Farr. Her cheekbones were high, her eyes sloped and almond-shaped, her skin a golden-tan color—the ensemble, Ben thought, as beautiful as water lilies. Miss Lee was not related to Robert E., or any such Lee. Indeed, the lovely young woman spelled her name *L-i.* Lotus Li.

She was Chinese, a fact Vance Farr had neglected to tell his wife. Valerie smiled and went to greet the girl. "You're Miss Li! How perfectly charming, my dear! We're delighted to have you—though we're also a bit disappointed! Did you know your father and my husband won't be here for dinner? Not till late, in fact."

Miss Li took Valerie's hand. "I'm not delaying you?"

"Of course not."

Introductions. Faith was first. She said to Miss Li, "I think the Chinese are the most lovely women on earth—and you are one of the loveliest I ever saw!"

"Thank you," said the Chinese girl, looking straight at Faith. "*You* can easily afford to say such a thing! And please call me Lodi."

Ben sat on a terrace after dinner with Lodi and Faith, in sling chairs, beside coffee cups on low tables. Valerie had made her apologies at the end of the meal and vanished unsteadily.

The last sun fell on the roofs of Fenwich Village and the long, sloping, hazed

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land that led to Long Island Sound. Far to the south a thunderstorm retreated, leaving them in sultry calm.

Another girl—as different and, in her way, as lovely as Lodi Li—appeared, briefly. A Negress; tall, tawny-skinned, lithe, and striding with feral smoothness. In white shorts and sneakers, with a white halter, carrying a tennis racket which made Ben realize he'd been dimly aware of the *thonk* of tennis balls. The girl's long black hair was worn in a pony-tail. She raised her tennis racket. "Hello, Faith! 'Evening, people!"

"Hi, Connie!" Faith's response was warm and clear and, otherwise, unexplained.

By and by Lodi Li stood up. "If you two will forgive me, I'm going to my"—she smiled at Faith—"*very* elegant rooms. They gave me a farewell party up in Maine last night. And then I started driving. So ——"

"You mean you didn't sleep at *all?*" Faith exclaimed.

Lodi Li nodded. "Not any."

"Lord! You must tell me how you managed not to show a trace of it!"

"That's easy! I managed by telling myself the whole afternoon and evening that I'd soon be asleep!"

"Zen!" Faith cried.

"Yoga," the Chinese girl chuckled. "But it doesn't work endlessly. If you'll forgive me ——"

When she'd gone, Ben said, "What's that giant rockslide down below Sachem's Watch? You quarry limestone here?"

"Papa's Panic Palace," Faith answered—sharply, he thought. "Hasn't he told you about it?"

"Panic Palace?" He sounded puzzled. "You mean a bomb shelter?"

Faith nodded. "He'll take you on the grand tour tomorrow, that's for sure." She smiled gently. "I'm going in. Letters to write—then bed."

He had the sudden thought that she expected he'd kiss her good night. *Maybe*. And then she was gone.

At 4:15 A.M. on that hot end-of-July Friday a phone rang in the bedroom of the President of the United States. He woke instantly. Lights went on automatically with the phone's jangle. The President knew from the sound it was not the red phone—the dreadful one. This was the less-loud but still-portentous green phone.

"The President"—he had to clear his throat—"speaking."

"Ralph Hager, here." His Secretary of State—and, as the President knew, the phone he held would also be connected with others: his Chief of Staff; the Missile Center commander, General Torrence; the Vice President.

"Yes, Ralph?"

"Sorry about waking you, but it's pretty bad." The Secretary of State seemed to have trouble with words. If Hager had lost his poise, this crisis call was more serious than those other appalling night alarms he and his predecessors had so often received. Conner tried for an initial easement.

"I suppose," he said, rubbing a hand over his white hair, "Costa Rica has just tested a neutron bomb?"

The chuckle of the listening men ran from hollow to admiring. The Secretary of State put it bluntly: "A so-called 'volunteer' army is crossing the borders of Hungary into Yugoslavia. The Reds have apparently been setting this up for years. Now with Tito gone ——"

"What's the NATO reaction?"

"To wait for word from you. Because this one's tough! Moscow and Peking have sent a joint ultimatum to London, Paris and us. If anybody tries to prevent this 'liberation' of Yugoslavia, Grovsky threatens to wipe out Paris and London. Of course, both capitals are frantic. We have two hours—less about ten minutes, now—to decide."

The President was breaking into a sweat. All he knew was that he had to concentrate his whole being—brain, heart, soul and body—on the problem.

"OK," he said to the men who waited. "Get Moscow and Peking right away. Tell them we have to have *six* hours. Say that I'm taking a secret rest and can't be reached except by helicopter—better yet, by *horseback*."

"Yes," Smythe said. David Conner, President of the United States, caught on fast, he thought.

The President spoke. "Right, gentlemen. Try for a six-hour delay. Get the latest London-Paris reactions. Remind Moscow and Peking we are ready and—if we must be—willing. Say that Yugoslavia recently chose, in a UN-supervised election, to side with the West, and the West stands for that freedom of determination, *with* or *without* London and Paris. Alert the retaliatory and defense system. And for the love of God, you who will talk to the Reds—sound *calm!* Even *bored!* The way you're panting now is *not* how to do it! If Grovsky in Moscow or any of his top men, or if Tsin-tsu in Peking, wants to talk to me, put them

The stranger could not believe that a nuclear war had started. Thinking he was captured, he shouted, "You want to torture me!"

Gen. Eade McClung, Chief of Staff, said in his deep, roaring tone, "We won't *get* six hours, Mr. President."

"No. But we'll get four. Better than two."

Another voice entered the discussion, the light voice of Purdy Smythe, intelligence coordinator: "It is possible, Mr. President ——"

"Oh, 'morning, Purd!"

"'Morning, sir. Certain information makes us wonder, here at Intelligence, if this time they really mean to pull the plug."

"The stuff you sent over yesterday?" the President asked. "Subs sneaking around? The presumed 'wreck' the Navy just located off Boston? Have they looked it over?"

"No, Mr. President. The Navy feels that even an undersea approach might—well ——"

"Detonate it? If it's what they fear?" through—*after* you've arranged a longer stretch of time."

Admiral Boone's worried voice came on. "Mr. President, you and Mrs. Conner and the children ought to fly at once for the Maryland post. I mean—if this thing warmed up ——"

"Nonsense!" the President said. "I'm going to get breakfast." And he hung up, grinning at the murmurs of dismay.

Now his grin faded. It had been the best he could do. Was it good enough? It had always worked before. Threat, counterthreat, compromise and—usually—some slight retreat of the free world that, as time passed, showed itself to be greater than expected.

Ben woke in the predawn hours surprised that he had slept so deeply. He'd expected a night of insomnia. One small question had altered his insight, even battered his basic concept of himself: "Why didn't you ever ask me to marry you?"

Faith had meant that—almost. Faith had meant, anyhow, that her engagement to Kit Barlow was not the whelming joy an engagement ought to be. She had meant she found him—Ben Bernman—attractive. With that he realized how his feelings for her had grown in recent weeks.

Ben wished he had asked her, wished he'd taken the chance, even though the outcome would have been—what? Faith's eventual disillusionment? A love affair, broken off eventually? Or would she just have laughed at him?

He looked at his watch. It was close to daybreak. He lay still, wondering what alarm had roused him so early.

The hot dark outdoors was silent.

Was someone in danger? Had there been some devilish calamity at Brookhaven? Why did he feel, for an instant, a cold surge of fear?

Now it was light. He heard splashing sounds beyond his curtained glass wall. He rose, donned a dressing gown, and drew the curtains.

Vance Farr was swimming in the moat, his short, sturdy body in easy motion. Moat—or pool, or whatever they called it. Farr's red hair was darkened by the water, and his face, square, solid, amiable, turned toward the watching man with every other stroke.

Ben stepped outside. Farr waved.

"Hi!" Ben felt cheerful. Liked Farr. Thinking about him, as Ben often had done, he felt Farr did not quite fit the big-business mold. He was too imaginative, too learned, too observant.

Farr pulled himself out of the moat at the terrace.

"Get in last night?" Ben asked.

"Around two this morning." Farr took a huge towel from a waiting stack. "Miss Li arrive?"

"She did. Charming girl!"

"M'm-m-m! Her dad's quite a guy too. He stayed in town, though."

Paulus Davey appeared soundlessly and said, "Telephone, Mr. Farr."

The businessman excused himself. He was gone for some time—time enough for Ben to decide to have breakfast on the terrace. He was eating an omelet with strawberry jam when Farr returned.

A different Farr. Pale. Stiff. Remote. Silent. A Farr who rang for the butler and said, "The usual," and then sat in silence broken only by quickened breathing. Finally he gave Ben a partial explanation. "Friend of mine, a Senator, phoned just now from Washington. New crisis blew up last night."

Ben met the other man's blue gaze. "Serious?"

Farr was scowling. "'Liberation army' marched into Yugoslavia yesterday. Still under wraps, Ben. But, I daresay, you're a bank vault of much greater secrets."

"A few," Ben agreed. "Though since I left Los Alamos ——"

Farr nodded curtly and excused himself. "Think I better put in a call or two."

Ben completed his meal, entered the house and dressed quickly in his coolest slacks and sport shirt. From the library corner of his chambers he selected a new novel, *The Laser of Lemuel Lett*. It concerned, Ben knew, the imaginary events following establishment of communications with an earthbound space ship, coming in from one of the planets in a system around Proxima Centauri.

Ben went back to the terrace and read until 10:30. Music from somewhere in the house suggested that others were awake, perhaps breakfasting in bed. A

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TRIUMPH

sensible way, Ben thought, of starting a day that was sure to be another scorcher.

Later the sound of tennis reached him and, faintly, the voices of a woman (Connie?) and a man, calling scores.

He also heard a motorcycle approach but did not catch sight of its rider.

Eleven o'clock. The novel had captured Ben. He scarcely noticed as Paulus Davey made quiet trips to clear the breakfast table. Once or twice he heard Farr's voice. By the sound, he was still on the phone. And plainly, still agitated.

Eleven-nine. The tennis had stopped. There was relative silence: only a faint hum from the distant turnpike; the chirping of birds; the remote sky scuffle of a commercial jet carrying passengers toward Europe. Aside from that, almost nothing. The hottening, whitening sunlight made shadows constantly blacker and sharper.

Eleven-ten. Some further seconds.

And hell broke loose.

Ben leaped to his feet, dropping his book, as an ear-splitting scream blasted over the hilltop. It stopped and came again, migrainously, enormously. In the interval Ben had heard the wail of Fenwich Village sirens.

For seconds he stood still, startled, uncertain. For seconds he insisted this clangor could not possibly be what it seemed. It must be a mistake, or at most a practice alert.

But then he saw people streaking toward the place where he stood, galvanized, half-crouched, with a dropped book at his feet.

A moment later, eyes dilated, voice hoarse, Paulus Davey appeared. He said with a sort of crazed urgency, "This way, Doctor Bernman! This way, please!"

Ben finally croaked, "Shelter?" The butler nodded, took his arm, made him run.

He went, with the shaking butler, through the house—the sunroom, the great living room with its recessed area, and the hall. Outdoors next: the quadrangle. Then through a rose garden toward a paved area beyond the garage.

Arriving there, the frantic butler told him to wait. "Don't go *anywhere* else! Just wait!" Paulus Davey ran back toward the house.

Ben waited.

The courtyard rang and bellowed with the electric alarms, a battery of hooting horns. In the concrete area beside which Ben had been ordered to wait two portals rolled apart. They were, Ben saw in a sort of popeyed wonder, thick steel. Very thick steel, like battleship plating. And huge. They opened to reveal a vertical shaft that went—Ben walked nearer, his muscles leaping—down and out of sight: bottomless, it would seem, and big enough to swallow a house.

Then, people.

Mrs. Farr first, in a morning coat and slippers, clutching a large lavender case to her bosom, dough-pale and sweating.

Then Lotus Li, sprinting lightly, wearing a rose-beige tennis dress. Behind her, running hard, Faith. She saw Ben. "I looked in your rooms but you weren't there!" She took his hands. "God! I'm scared!"

The Negro girl called Connie ran into view half-dragging a tall, apparently dumbfounded young man whom Ben had not seen before. He wore no jacket and his blue shirt had an open collar; his trousers were clipped to his ankles. Ben noticed the clips and remembered the motorcycle he'd recently heard. Paulus Davey was next, sobbing. And carrying a light, automatic rifle. Then Farr, also with an automatic weapon and a belt of grenades.

Farr stopped and called their names. Then he turned raging eyes on his wife and yelled, "Maids? Sam Hyama? Mrs. Davey?"

Valerie answered in a moan. "Gone to Fenwich."

"Good God!"

Ben heard a rumble of machinery and turned. A railed platform, an elevator bigger than Ben had seen anywhere, was rising to pavement level. Farr bellowed, "Get aboard, damn it! Everybody!"

They got on.

A sports car thundered into view and crashed through the rose-bed. A handsome, big, blond man vaulted out and called, "Cheerio, people! It's *it!* Right?"

Vance shouted, "Didn't you *bring* anybody?"

"Tried to. My folks are in Maine. Servants took the weekend off. Saw some women and kids as I came up. Stopped. Offered 'em shelter. They just kept running. Panic."

The hoot of Farr's sirens suddenly stopped. In a shuddery aftermath the ping. Ben found that Faith was holding his hand. He did not notice she was holding Kit Barlow's hand too.

The President had thought, earlier in the morning of that hot Friday in July, that the new menace would, at worst, end in the loss of Yugoslavia. He'd asked for an extension of the Soviet "ultimatum" and a halt of the invaders for six hours. To his surprise, the delay was granted.

In Washington and in New York political leaders began a telecast "conference" with their opposite numbers in London, Paris, Moscow and Peking. Satellite-repeaters enabled all participants to see as well as hear each other. The talk dragged on until almost six inconclusive hours of "armistice" had passed. President Conner had reports that the invading "volunteers" were swiftly fanning out in Yugoslavia.

Charging Grovsky, the Soviet Premier, with treachery, he received a not-unexpected reply: "These freedom fighters, Mr. President, are not to be controlled, I regret to say." He stroked his waxed and elegant moustache and gave the free-world leaders his familiar, pantherlike

Destruction blanketed the United States. The capital lay in rubble.

Fenwich Village sirens sounded plainly. Davey stepped off the elevator, saying, "Guess I'll wait for mother."

Vance yanked the Negro back on the platform.

"No use! They'll find shelter where they are. Listen, people! It's eleven-nineteen! If there's nobody on the premises—if you're *sure*, down we go!"

He was answered only by far-off sirens and the butler's sobbing. Farr moved a lever on the elevator rail, and Ben, like the rest, felt it begin to sink. His eyes raised as the descent accelerated, and he took a final look at the sky, swiftly narrowing to a slot that was soon wiped out, as the two portals of incredible size closed together.

The platform went faster and faster, down and down, not quite in darkness, because dim lights had come on, above the railing, as a pair of horizontal portals crashed together.

Vance Farr murmured, "Five thousand p.s.i." When they passed a yard-thick slot that extruded another pair of doors, he repeated the same figure. "Five thousand p.s.i."

It happened a third time, with a third pair of doors. The elevator kept dropsmile. Grovsky was the first Russian premier to be an out-and-out dandy—a tall, handsome, well-tailored man; his moustache had endlessly beguiled cartoonists.

Grudgingly, at 9:45 A.M., Eastern Daylight Time, Grovsky agreed to send Red troops into Yugoslavia to check the "volunteers" so that a new "free election" could be held. The pledge was considered empty. He would not, Grovsky said, "annihilate London and Paris," so long as no outside power interfered with his promised endeavor to "restore order in Yugoslavia." Soviet troops, navy and weapons teams would nevertheless engage in practice alerts "just in case" the Western powers *did* start "meddling." This decision was hardly ideal but, to the President of the United States and to the heads of government in England and France, it was welcome.

A little later the giant radar receptors in Greenland, northern Canada and Alaska began to show ever-increasing blips that indicated planes winging toward North America and, minutes later, the upsurge of swarms of what seemed to be missiles. In Nebraska, where the information was collected and computer-analyzed, there was a period of hesitancy, because Grovsky had said some such "maneuvers" could be expected. Many precious minutes were lost before the warning system made its electronic knowledge certain: *This was an attack aimed at America.*

And now, as the red phone rang at President Conner's White House desk and the nightmare of three Presidents became imminent reality, he gave coded orders in a steady voice, while tears ran down his cheeks. Then, with his wife and three daughters, he entered the helicopter on the lawn. It took off swiftly toward the prepared cavern in a Maryland hill.

The helicopter did not reach its goal.

The delaying confusion as to whether the Soviets were merely staging maneuvers or starting assault had cut the time left to a margin not quite sufficient.

Of the salvo of 23 missiles launched at the Washington-Baltimore area, seven were precisely on target and eight burst within 25 miles of their aiming-place. Most of them burst on or near the ground. One of them opened in the hot, clear sky almost directly over the green field where the President and his party were about to descend.

The missile exploded at 18,000 feet. Its effects were characteristic of most intercontinental warheads in the current Soviet arsenal.

The burst of a nuclear weapon is curiously different from an ordinary explosion. An observer, providing he is far enough away to survive, at first merely senses some tremendous event in the air. There occurs a not-really-seen but shocking awareness, as if the air itself had been smitten by a colossal fist.

This shock, from a weapon like the one that annihilated the presidential party, swells to engulf a circle two to three miles in diameter. Where it touches the earth, it melts it, rends it, converts millions of tons of it to gas, and only then, heaved upward by a rebound force of its own making, the fireball climbs and flickers, in vast churnings of white light mixed with enormities of darknesses.

When the noise comes, it is infinite, enduring and more a compression than thunder—thunder augmented beyond belief. Radiation will already have sluiced in every direction at light's speed. That, alone, will have destroyed all life within miles. Heat, too, hundreds of thousands of degrees of out-charging temperature, will have reduced everything to gases, alive or not, within a comparable range.

In a roughly circular area, miles across, all buildings will have been vaporized. Farther out, for more miles, the thrusting ram of steel-hard air will topple the mightiest structures and sweep lesser edifices to earth; and far, far away, in hundreds of square miles of farther-out regions, the blast marches, tearing, rending, breaking and splintering.

And still the capacity for ruin of just one such weapon is but fractionally spent. Its light alone has peculiar horror. In clear weather all persons with unprotected eyes will be blinded—their retinas scorched—if they glance at such a thing, even from 20 miles away.

Next, the *heat* of the thing will ignite every flammable object over an area of 1,000 square miles or more. Soon those fires will coalesce and become one great pyre, city-wide and suburbs-wrapping. This blaze will rise for miles into the sky. And air will come hurtling to supply oxygen for that firestorm—air sucked at the speed of a hurricane.

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People in shelters under these holocausts, people in subways, even miners, will soon die hideously, deprived of oxygen, as every breath of underground air is pulled out to nourish every Everest-tall blaze.

By that time each mushroom cloud will have lofted itself to the upper atmosphere. Later, particles will fall on a great oval tract, downwind. That is fallout, highly radioactive, even if invisible, and it may cover an area of 5,000 square miles per bomb. A man exposed for 15 minutes, anywhere, will likely die in days, or a week, or perhaps two.

Fifteen such warheads, then, exploded over and around Baltimore and Washington within 19 seconds. But these were two areas only, of hundreds under attack.

Weapons aimed at hardened missile bases in America destroyed 65 percent of these retaliatory installations before they could be used for a single launch. The remaining 35 percent of bases flung up missiles. The U.S.S.R. intercepted only a third of them. The rest were enough to saturate their targets—and more than enough.

In all, during the initial hour of attack, approximately 1,000 enemy missiles of an average yield of five megatons reached their targets, or a nearby area, in the United States.

Few airfields were left, but many American planes were already on the way to the enemy. These carried 20-megaton bombs, three to a plane. When enemy rockets rose toward them, their pilots launched long-range missiles. Then, one by one, like giant descendants of the Kamikazes, the planes dived toward their attackers, and sent their rockets hurtling toward the enemy bases. Plane by plane, as crews died in the prodigious bursts, corridors were cut through the Soviet defenses until bombers somewhere in each strung-out squadron could penetrate the last defenses and reach the Red military bases and Russia's cities.

These, for the most part, had already been turned into mountains of fire by American missiles. The bombers blasted fire deeper into the gigantic nation, seeking out the hidden industrial complexes in Siberia, and leaving them in conflagrations that towered higher than the night-hung Ural Mountains.

By midafternoon that Friday two thirds of the surface of the United States had become so radioactive it might as well have been molten rock. Not one major city remained standing; nearly all were in fire storm.

In those command posts undestroyed by nuclear fire, in many naval vessels, and in certain deep-secreted, retaliatory bases, haggard commanding officers waited, aware that their nation had been reduced to a fraction of its population.

Most commanders waiting for orders shared the common military view of potential thermonuclear assault: that it would be designed to limit America's reaction, and to destroy only enough of America's industrial power to prevent speedy recovery. No other enemy intent had seemed sane. Mere city-smashing had been declared senseless, because any conqueror would spare populations that could be put to work for their masters.

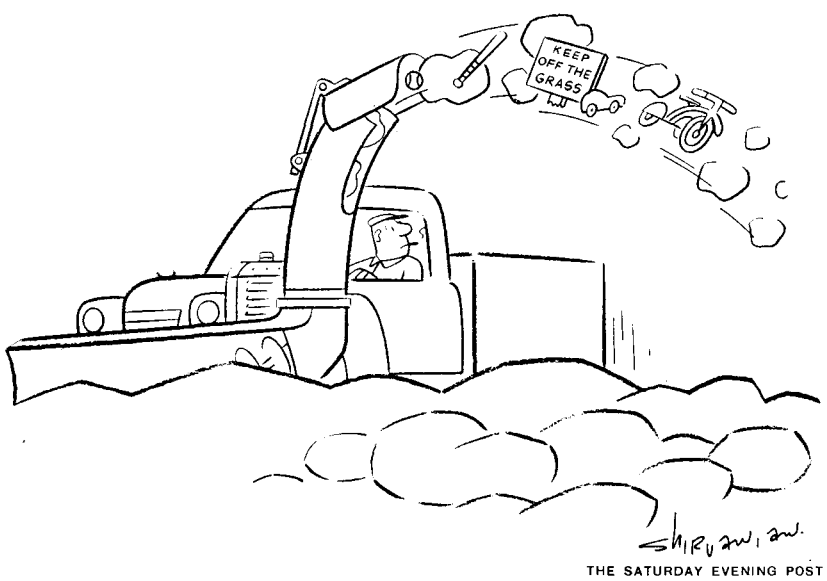
What the free-world leaders had never understood was that the Russian Communist leaders had always been willing to pay *any* price whatever to conquer the world, so long as *some* world remained to be ruled in slavery, and so long as some of the Soviet elite survived to be its rulers.

So, as that lethal Friday night fell over a Russia illumined everywhere by flames, in certain carefully selected areas, thousands of Soviet men and women and children, hand-chosen, waited in safe shelters. Top political echelons waited in safety. So did the most versatile, talented, and politically "reliable" scientists and technologists, along with metalworkers, agriculturists and other essential cadres.

They constituted the complete human material for ruling a planet, in whatever great part mere ruins. And they were occupied with myriad tasks, in their gigantic catacombs, built under the Ural Mountains, the Caucasus and the highlands around Lake Baikal. They knew where stores of nuclear bombs were safely hidden against the day when all enemy bombs had been expended. And yet other Soviet groups, with other storage facilities, waited in two areas hundreds of feet beneath the sea, in myriad caissons.

No one in the free world even knew of this program, or of the timing of the first strike, on that day of Armageddon, to match complex arrangements for the survival of these selected "fittest."

To the personnel of the still-effective American redoubts and to those on ships and submarines—where valorous men waited to learn whether a second retaliatory strike would be ordered—the fact that all the United States was lighted by fire was not enough to cause waiting commanders to expend America's remaining weapons. No orders to fire had come.



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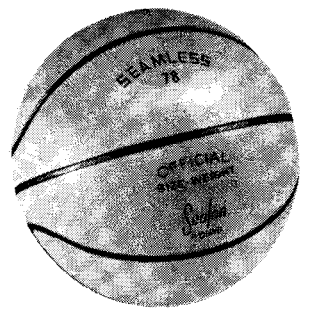

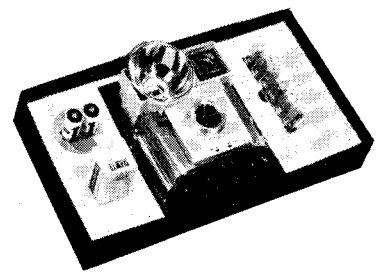

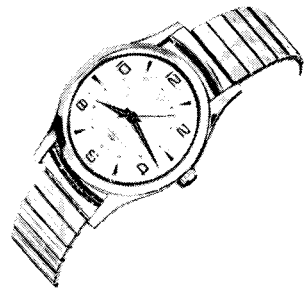

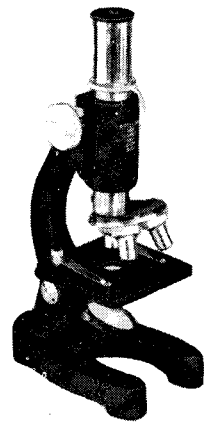

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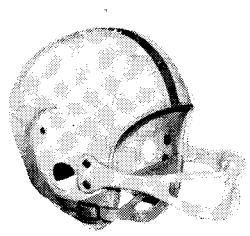

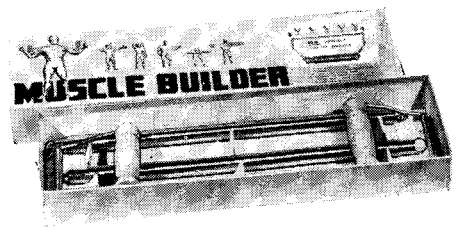

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TRIUMPH

They knew what the American strike had done to the enemy. So they waited, on land or at sea, for the weeks they were capable of surviving. A few very secret naval vessels, indeed, had intended no immediate attack.

By midnight, then, after the surge and countersurge of missiles, rockets and planes, scattered commanders of deep, land-based rocket batteries and the captains of naval remnants were certain the enemy had been saturated. They knew that every important mile of the U.S.S.R. lay under a cloak of radiation at the level of 3,000 roentgens or more, that the enemy's cites were in fire storm and that the rest of Europe, like much of China, had been drowned in solar temperatures and coated with deadly isotopes. These military men assumed the war was finished, and the victory, however Pyrrhic, America's.

To the Soviets, however, what had occurred was merely the completion of Phase One of a long-range plan.

As the elevator slowed, Ben held tightly to Faith Farr's hand, thinking of the enormous slide of huge, blast-riven boulders outside the cliff-face of Sachem's Watch. Their significance was now plain: they had been removed to make this rectangular shaft, and whatever lay beyond.

"We're only nine," Vance Farr said. "Ten, if George is on the job."

The beautiful colored girl, Connie, interrupted: "He went down—*came* down—a little while ago. We were playing tennis. He said he had to check something."

"Great!" There was relief in Vance's tone. "Fine! In seconds a door will let us into the main chamber of an air-raid shelter that I've had crews working on for years. The tragedy is that we're so few. I have accommodations for fifteen people—for ample time."

Ben looked at Farr with surprise. "Air?"

"Plenty! Plenty of everything. You'll see. And I'm glad you're with us, Ben. This is a mighty complex establishment. We can use your skills here." The elevator bumped to a stop. Farr said, "Now."

A wall opened.

They were standing in a prodigious, man-made cavern. Seventy-five feet long, Ben thought, about 50 feet in width and almost that high. A cavern carved from naked limestone, lighted by hanging fixtures and furnished with a long, bare table and plain chairs. Five dimly lighted tunnels led from the chamber.

A man stood in the room, a muscular young Japanese, frozen-faced.

"I think," Farr said, "everybody knows George Hyama except you, Ben." Farr had overlooked the stranger in the blue shirt.

George Hyama came forward lithely. He was wearing tennis shoes, gray slacks, a collarless shirt. He shook Ben's hand. "I've read your papers, Doctor Bernman. This is an honor."

Ben felt baffled.

"George Hyama," Farr explained, "is the son of our gardener. George was graduated from M.I.T. He's been my standby technical man, ready to run the place if the balloon ever went up.

"Valerie, Faith—you and Connie can show Miss Li a room. I'll take Ben. I suppose that when it starts we'll want to be here. That could be any moment now. Meantime, Ben ——"

He got no further.

"It" started.

The day just past, Ben Bernman reflected, had surely been the most catastrophic any human being had ever endured.

At midnight, and as a new morning approached the boiling world above, Ben sat in the communications chamber of Vance Farr's magnificent stronghold. Headphones were clamped to his ears. Off and on, that evening, he had tried to reach through the ionized air above and, from the chaos of static, catch some signal. Now Ben disgustedly threw down his headphones.

He stared unseeing at the high walls above the batteries of electronic equipment—stone walls, naked, gray, showing the marks of jackhammer drills. Identical limestone walls enclosed every chamber and corridor in the complex he inhabited, including the lofty central room and the small rooms for sleeping, as well as vast chambers that contained diesels, generators, fuel, endless ranks of storage cabinets, standby apparatus, prodigious "tanks" of oxygen, lakes of water, the huge air-regeneration and air-filtration systems, a machine shop and other unknown devices for maintaining life 500 feet below the earth's surface.

"Hi! Coffee?" George Hyama was at the door, grinning. He put down two cups.

"What's going on?" Ben asked.

"There's a bridge game still, in the main hall. Miss Farr and Miss Li against the boss and his wife."

"How about Pete?"

The name of the stranger who had been taken into the shelter was by then known to be Peter Williams. An examination of his wallet had disclosed that much. It had also revealed he was an electric company's meter reader, age 28, and that he had a hobby: collecting rocks and minerals. His satchel, at any rate, contained rock samples. Presumably he had been knocking on the door of the Daveys' cottage, when Paulus's daughter Connie encountered him.

The sirens had blown. No one had had time to question him. He had been *there*. So the young man had been rushed underground. Then the naked rock walls had begun to shake. Stone chips spattered about. Young Mr. Williams fainted. When he came to, he asked, "Where's this? What happened?"

Ben helped Farr in trying to lift the stranger to his feet. And Lodi Li attempted to explain: "The atomic war happened," she said, stepping in front of the wobbling man. "But you're all right. This is a very deep shelter."

"Atomic war!" the man bellowed. "I've got to get to Hartford! My mom's there—alone!"

Farr said quietly, "You can't get anywhere, fellow."

The distraught man stared at Lodi Li. Fantastically he yelled, pointing a finger. "You're Chinese!"

She snapped, "I can't help it!"

"I've been captured!" he shouted. "You want to torture me!" And he began to struggle so violently that it took Ben and Kit Barlow and George Hyama to convey him by force to one of the bedrooms. A hypodermic shot had put him to sleep for some hours.

Recollection made the Japanese youth grin. "Pete's still out cold. Funny, how it hit him!"

Ben picked up the headphones. "The others OK?"

"Asleep—or reading in bed, I think. Getting anything on the radio?"

Ben shook his head. "Nothing intelligible."

They exchanged an unselfconscious gaze, each reflecting on the change in the other—the hollow-eyed look, the paleness, the tendency to perspire. George asked, "Tried every possible frequency?"

"Everything but satellites."

"Let's try them." George's eyes gleamed. "The weather-station people might still be sending."

Ben said, "Damn! Never thought!" He took a chair beside George and assisted in a complex tuning. "Wish we had more aerial than the pair of antennas we could extrude."

"Get more pushed out later," George replied. "Hey!"

They heard the voice, faintly. Words came in with a faraway sound that at times faded to near-inaudibility. A tired voice with a Yankee accent was speaking:

"Repeat. This is Station Three, Project Icarus, United States of America. Commander Clyde speaking. We are still in position, over the equator, at longitude seventy-five degrees west, altitude seven hundred eighteen miles. Arrived on station at midnight, day before yesterday, Thursday." The words faded and came again. "Gather that there has been an all-out nuclear attack. Entire midsection of North America is covered with dust and smoke, through which we see hundreds of glowing dots. Assume these to be fire storms in American cities and southern Canada. Brilliant flaring, and subsequent occlusion, direction of China and on British Isles and France, indicated thermonuclear strikes those areas. Nocturnal glow now visible, in massive haze, to east, in direction of Soviet Union, indicating retaliatory weapons have taken effect. Clyde reporting. Smoller, Dale and self OK. Request orders! Shall we move station? Shall we return to earth? If so, what landing place? No answer, these signals, past twelve hours. Will repeat updated message in one hour. This is Commander Clyde. Weather Station Three." The space vehicle's location was restated, also its receiving frequencies. "All A-OK and go, here. But *please reply!* Repeat. Urgent. Reply—*anybody!*"

After the sign-off Ben saw that George Hyama had been copying the message in shorthand. A singularly cool young man, Ben thought.

George looked up, grinning. "They have a box seat, eh?" He turned to a typewriter.

Ben left the communications room and looked into a smaller chamber where seismographs inked a record of the day's shocks. At the moment they were setting forth, in wavery, saw-toothed lines, proof of new tremors.

As Ben studied the coded data, he realized that a continuous series of multi-megaton explosions were occurring along the East Coast, offshore. There were signs, too, of heavy chain bursts at sea off the West Coast. After half an hour Ben left the seismographic chamber and walked to the long hall. He found Vance Farr, alone, sitting at the bridge table. Briefly Ben told of the message from the space vehicle, and his newer findings.

"What's your guess?" Farr asked.

"I'd say the enemy mined the offshore waters with hundreds of devices this side, and in the Pacific, which they are exploding in sequence. These ocean bursts won't rise high. Much of the hot material, in consequence, will be captured in the troposphere."

"I read, years back, that sodium-24 would be 'ideal.' "

The scientist's mouth tightened. "Sodium-24 has a half-life of fifteen hours. It's just a guess. If we watch the counters outdoors—the few that still send readings—we can be pretty sure in a couple of hours. You see, the metropolitan areas—forests, too, along both coasts and inland—are in fire storm, or in its red-hot aftermath, so rising heat will be pulling air inland from coastal areas. Carrying the radioactive sodium."

"I'd expected something of the sort." Farr drew a breath, expelled it in a sigh. "All hands have turned in at my suggestion. Barlow wanted to sit out a night watch, but I appointed him to hit the sack early and set his alarm for four A.M. Do you realize we'd been milling around here for five hours before anybody even remembered we'd missed lunch?"

Ben smiled. "And Davey and that gorgeous daughter of his jumped to the kitchen."

"And that," Farr replied, "is a thing we've got to change. There can't be any servant-master setup down here! We're all going to stand shifts. Cooking. Laundry. Dishwashing. All other chores." He sighed deeply. "My wife won't like it."

Ben shook his head. "How long, with the number of people here, can the place hold out?"

"Long enough for the bunch of us," Farr answered. "Long enough." He leaned back in his chair. "Funny to get that Pete Williams in the grab! Do you suppose we're going to have a maniac on our hands?"

"I don't know," Ben said. "I've been thinking of other things—like the people outside."

"Me too." The redheaded man sighed. "I had moments of hoping some friends, relations—people on ranches, say—were all right. If those miserable tricksters hadn't poured that secondary dusting into the American air, a good many might have come through!"

Ben nodded. He had been thinking of his father in Newark, his sister in Chicago, of her husband and kids, and of his other sister in Detroit. Of his friends at Brookhaven, Cambridge, Caltech, the Livermore Lab and Los Alamos.

Farr said, "We may not be able to leave here in any three weeks, Ben. Or even three months."

"Three months ought to do it. If we're careful when we get outside."

"Suppose they attack again in a month? And again in three?"

"From what I know of our retaliatory power, the Reds won't attack anybody, even a month from now."

Farr seemed surprised. "Could you guarantee it?"

"I'm pretty sure. After two weeks the enemy will be dead."

"You mean," Vance whispered, "there won't be *anybody left anywhere on earth?*"

"Lord, no! People below the equator should come through in good shape. The air doesn't exchange across the equator fast enough to endanger them. What I mean is, the U.S.S.R. will be a graveyard. Europe too. The North Temperate Zone pretty much clear around the globe."

Farr's expression showed his effort to visualize a circumstance he had, in fact, prepared against. Yet even he, Ben decided, even this man who had so imaginatively constructed a suitable refuge, could not conceive of the northern half of his planet, from near its pole to its tropic seas, girdled with radioactive air and spread with universal death, on hot-

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dusted plains, valleys, mountains, seas, deserts and tundra. Half a world turned hell, and nearly everybody dead in that infernal belt. Who *could* conceive of it?

"Assume we may spend months here," Farr said. "We'll have some sticky trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Kit Barlow. Possibly that Williams man, if he recovers. Even you. Or myself! George—absolutely!"

Ben was frowning. "The *men?*"

"Not just them. But think it over. We have five men in their prime—only Paulus is in his sixties. And three attractive, young females."

Ben said, "Oh!"

Farr went on. "George Hyama, who went to high school in Fenwich, was a persistent wooer of girls. Kit Barlow, by the time he was eighteen, had an intercollegiate reputation. Now it's a café-society reputation—woman's dream come true. I know nothing about Lotus Li's life. Born in Hawaii, came here to finish at Radcliffe. As for Paulus's Connie—real name's Heliconia."

"She's very beautiful."

"You should see Connie in a bathing suit! From the time she was sixteen, I often thought—*even I*, a married man ——" He broke off and laughed. Ben detected a false note.

"I'm trying to be honest with you," Farr said. "I'm assuming you have self-control the rest may not have. Anyhow, Connie went to Fenwich High when George did. She was chased after as a high-school girl, and many pursuers were older men—also white, rich. Her parents thought their only child would end up a grade-A bum. But almost overnight, in her senior year at high, Connie stopped even talking to white men. So far as I know she's never dated since."

Ben said nothing.

That discomfited Farr. "Perhaps I should be a bit more explicit, Ben. I'm a broad-minded man. I'd have to be, married these near-thirty years to Valerie. Understand, I love my wife. But drink is destroying Valerie. Drink. A wonderful woman, too."

Ben said quietly, "She'll get a chance, *here*. I mean ——"

Vance Farr shook his head. "No. I didn't want Valerie to suffer the misery of being without a drink. There's plenty of liquor! If she ever finds herself, she'll have to do it by herself. I won't try a forcible reform."

Farr waited, drumming fingers on the bridge table. Finally, with a shrug, he said, "I merely meant to explain that if we're entombed here for month after month, there are going to be some romances, jealousies. Could be dangerous."

"I'm sure," Ben answered, "you're needlessly worried." He looked at his watch. "I'm going to look at the gauges, see what the radiation is like outside."

"Come back then," Farr said. "I'll wait for you."

Ben was absent for 15 minutes. When he returned, Farr was smoking a cigar. Ben had wanted a cigarette all day, all this night, but everyone had assumed that their air supply wouldn't permit smoking. Now, seeing the burning cigar in Farr's fingers, Ben snatched a pack of cigarettes from a pocket and greedily lighted up.

Farr looked at his cigar. "Funny. I smoke a dozen of these a day. And hadn't thought to—till just now."

"And it's OK?"

"Of course. The air's filtered constantly. We clean it, dry it, take out the carbon dioxide, add oxygen as required, and re-use it. Like a submarine. What were the readings?"

Ben hesitated. "First gauge I read made me think the system had blown. Reading was so high. Second one, in your north property, in a special well, confirmed the first. *All* the gauges agree, more or less."

"High, I take it?"

"The level outside seems close to one million roentgens."

"A million!" Farr blanched. "A million! Impossible!"

"Not if the enemy set off enough devices rigged to spill radioactive sodium over the American landscape."

"But a million roentgens! Six hundred is fatal, if you take it over your whole body for minutes!"

Connie helped Kit into the flame-proof suit. How many people would he find alive at the end of the blazing passage?

"Sure. And if you stepped into a million roentgens, you'd—I don't exactly know! Sort of wilt, start to go black and die, standing."

"How far inland would it ——"

"Clear across the United States in the next few days."

"Crazy! A million roentgens! And even if half of the amount fades in—what?"

"Fifteen hours, if it's sodium."

"Will anybody survive it?"

"I'd imagine not," Ben answered listlessly. "Unless they're airtight, like us, and heavily barricaded. Small leaks of air that hot would be enough to do the job. In the best of civilian shelters."

At four o'clock Kit Barlow's alarm watch woke him. It took him seconds to remember where he was. Slowly, as if in pain, the tall, rugged playboy dressed in the standard shelter outfit: coveralls, socks, shirt and loafers. He went to the kitchen, filled a kettle, turned a switch and minutes later carried a vacuum bottle of coffee into the vast main chamber.

Later he made such rounds as he could. All doors to private rooms were shut. Nobody was about. In the remote chambers where diesels throbbed and generators spun, the machinery seemed all right to Kit's inexpert eye.

He returned to the Hall and drank more coffee. If there was a breakdown, he thought, he could wake somebody—George Hyama? If he had sense enough to notice the breakdown.

Something was happening. He listened, and decided his ears had tricked him.

Then it came again.

Three far-off, nearly inaudible taps, a pause, three more, and so on, until a series ended. An interval followed. Then the sounds were repeated.

Something, or maybe somebody, apparently outside, was making that distant, repetitive noise. It could not be true, but there it was.

Kit Barlow simply stood in the center of the room. He thrust a hand now and again through his short, dust-hued hair. His broad shoulders boxed up. Was it possible that anyone had survived up above? That they were, even now, signaling for rescue?

He pressed an ear to a naked, stone wall. When the chinking came again, it had the ring of metal hitting stone. And now the rhythm changed.

Tink, it went. *Tink-tink*. *Tink-tink-tink*. *Tink-tink-tink-tink*. And it ran on, up to six "tinks." A pause. Then the count began again.

Another sound made him whirl. A tall man was shuffling into the room. He had on pajamas, much-wrinkled but clean. His face was greenish-gray. One hand kept patting his smudge of moustache. Peter Williams, the meter reader.

Kit made ready to grab the man and hold him again. But the twerp was no longer batty. Seeing Kit, he said, "Then it's true! I didn't dream it?"

"Dream what?"

"That somebody started an atom-bomb war? That some people dragged me into a mine shaft? That they were Red Chinese, and going to torture me? It's not so—is it?"

"No. Just wake up?"

Williams stared at the stone walls, the scattered chairs, the bridge table. "No, sir! I've been awake some time. Thinking about it all. I decided I'd gone nuts myself for a while. I'm sorry."

Kit nodded. "Whole world's gone nuts. My name's Barlow. Kit." He held out his hand.

"Williams. Pete. How long ——"

"It started just before noon, yesterday. Now, it's about six A.M., day after. Can you cook?"

Peter Williams gulped. "Yes. Why?"

"You must be hungry."

"Guess I am. But ——"

Again Kit noticed the distant tinking. Peter Williams did not hear it. Kit pointed. "First door down that passage, on your left—our kitchen. Freezers, stoves, the works. Make yourself something to eat. I gotta go on an errand—if ——"

Pete understood. "I'll be OK now."

Kit went down the lighted corridor to Ben's door, where he knocked lightly. "Yes?" Ben called.

"Kit here. Got a problem!"

Ben leaped into coveralls and went barefooted to the door and listened to Kit. "We should wake Vance," he said. "Wait! Let's try George Hyama first. He'll know if that tapping is a drippy drain or something."

With sleepy-eyed George they rushed to the hall. There was a faint scent of frying bacon outside the kitchen. George pressed his ear to a wall.

"Somebody," the Japanese youth said. "Up, maybe, in the long side passage—a passage I'm not supposed to know exists."

"Where to?" Ben asked sharply.

"We better get Mr. Farr," George answered.

It took a minute to arouse Farr and get him into the hall. He, in turn, listened to the "tinking" wall and grew white. He looked numbly from Kit to George to Ben, and said, "I suppose it's possible!" He seemed to be weighing desperate alternatives. "When we started cutting the main shaft to this place, we ran into an old, horizontal tunnel, running north. Entered, we found later, from a hidden hole in the floor of the wine cellar. The tunnel emerged under a big ledge."

Ben asked, "The slaves?"

Farr shook his head. "More recent." His eyes met the scientist's with amusement. "Dad's hobby was wines. He'd spend whole nights in his wine cellars. Even had a room in them furnished, so he could read, sleep, work. Mother beefed about that 'wasted time' to her dying day. On finding the tunnel, I realized that Dad had cut the tunnel so he could get out when he felt like it. I mean, away

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from home. On what errands, I couldn't say. But I can guess."

He looked at their faces. "I—well, a time came when I too felt I might want some privacy. I reconditioned the tunnel. When ' sold land for the developers of Candlewood Manor, I contrived a secret connection with one of the apartment houses." Vance Farr's voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Well, frankly, only one person in the buildings knew about that entry. Her name is Angelica Rosa and she has lived in a Candlewood apartment ——" He pondered. "We've got to try!"

Ben asked, "Where does the thing end, this side? Wine cellars still?"

Farr shook his head. "Ends up around the middle p.s.i. door."

All four went together.

It took them half an hour, in the furnace heat, to loosen toggles that held the first steel portal guarding the tunnel. The second responded to its motorized controls and opened like a bank vault. The third had to be cut free with oxyacetylene torches. When at last the chunk of hot steel fell into the darkness beyond, a blast of superheated air poured upon them. They raced for the elevator and sped downward to keep from being baked alive.

Farr gasped, "Have to hose it."

"And fill it with superheated steam?" Ben growled. "That tunnel's like a volcano throat!"

"How long is it?" Kit asked.

"Thousand yards." Vance wiped sweat and grime from his naked chest.

Ben spoke. "What's at the far end?"

"False door—steel this side, brick the far side. It's in a subcellar below a trunk room."

"We gotta try," Kit said fiercely. "Suppose, though, it's a lot of people besides your girl friend Angelica?"

Farr drew a shaky breath. "If a mob is still alive out there, we can't let them in. Our own chances depend on keeping the group down to sixteen, maximum."

"That means," George said quietly, "up to six more—if we can get to them. And get them back. I say," George went on calmly, "we try. If there's a crowd, we take the youngest five or six. If—well—we've got machine guns."

Kit turned to Farr. "Got any flameproof gear?"

"Of course. We've got an assortment—asbestos suits, radiation-resistant suits. Combinations, with interior oxygen supply. But that heat ——"

"I'll take a shot," Kit said.

Thirty minutes later Kit, in a cumbersome, Martian-like costume, tottered back toward a narrow landing on the stairway that bypassed the middle p.s.i. doors. The four men had been waiting there in air that was tolerable because it came in a gush through a thick hose attached to distant pumps. They saw the figure vaguely as it neared, flashlight still gripped by a massively gloved hand. As he reached them, Kit collapsed. Ben and George dragged him out of the tunnel, took off the quartz faceplate. Kit was panting as the air hose hit his face. "They got their end open, I guess. Heard 'em. Yelling. But no man'll ever make it that far."

Ben turned to George. "You produce Dry Ice here, for storage lockers, right? Got any dollies? Trucks?"

"Yeah. To move stuff. Electric."

"OK. We'll load a truck with Dry Ice. Build a sheet-asbestos face for it. That way it'll bathe a guy running behind it with cold CO_2. Give him a chance."

They carried Kit to the steel floor of the elevator and went down with him. Kit looked up from the floor where Farr was salving his burns. "Don't go in there, Ben—it's hot as the center of hell!"

"I'm a half-miler," Ben said. It wasn't true. "I'll get into another asbestos job.... George, get me all the Dry Ice you can load on a truck. I'll tie wire around my waist. If I flop, you can haul me back."

With much fast labor they put the scheme into effect. The door was wrenched open. At the head of the stairs where the hot tunnel opened up, with pumped air pressing back its temperatures, Ben, in the fire fighter's suit, aimed his contraption at the blackness ahead. The Dry Ice began filling the narrow landing with steam. Ben said, before Farr screwed on the faceplate of the suit, "If I make it, I'll yank the wire three times. No. Anyone here know Morse?"

"Me," George said.

"Sure!" Ben smiled feebly. "I'll use it, yanking on the wire." Then he went.

They stood amid the hosed-in air, peering down the tunnel. Carbon-dioxide "steam" swirled upward, so they could see Ben's light for a while and hear the wheels of his power cart. Vapor erupted from the great white lumps of Dry Ice loaded on the cart and enfolded him. Aluminum wire was payed out in shining loops as the scientist moved away.

In the hole Ben faintly felt icy touches of the vaporized CO_2. He also felt, in random places, fingers of superheated air. He flinched and gasped. His lungs seemed to be burning. He was getting oxygen from his helmet, but even so he felt he'd soon have to stop.

He'd gone the distance, surely, he told himself; but vapor obscured his view.

The Dry Ice was almost spent. His light wobbled on the endless stone path as he ran on, on, on. Then, appallingly, the improvised vehicle hit a bump, and he lost his flashlight. It smashed, went out. Ben shut his eyes in sheer horror. Stopped. Felt the added heat caused by stopping. Realized he would never be hauled that long way back, alive. Realized he would begin to be deeply burned in many places, and, soon, from head to foot—in 10 or 15 seconds.

Straight ahead through the last cool wisps, and not far away, light glowed dully. He raced forward.

He could make out a large hole, its broken edges framing a feeble gleam. He stopped the cart there, and dived through the hole.

The place was shapeless—a cave. A ladder led to a closed trap door overhead and a lantern hung from a rung. On the floor, apparently insensible, lay a man and a woman. With awkward effort Ben unscrewed his faceplate and pulled off a great glove. Felt the intense hotness of this vast chamber. Touched the motionless figures. Their hearts beat—threadily.

He grasped at the radiation counter tied to his asbestos suit. He could already have received a lethal dose of radiation. But the dial indicated only nine roentgens. He guessed that the entire apartment house might lie, as protective rubble, above this spot.

The air could barely be breathed. He put on his faceplate again, reefed in the aluminum line till it came tight, and began a series of yanks to represent dots and dashes.

What he "telegraphed" back was: "Two people. Woman. Man. Unconscious. Air exhausted. Radiation level OK. Can you fix air hose on line that I can haul through?"

Back came tuggings he had trouble deciphering: "Air conduit already up. Start hauling."

Ben thought, by the time he'd hauled the hose three quarters of the distance, that he couldn't make the last stretch. He was soaked with sweat. His breath came raw into his lungs and went out in sobs. At last he grabbed the end of the line—copper tubing!

He put the hissing tube on the floor and pulled the heads of the two unconscious people near it. He could see them breathing—slowly, but breathing. He signaled back a second time. How could he get them out?

Farr and George Hyama finally hit upon a method. They had readied another battery-propelled cart, an enclosed "cabin" in which oxygen bottles furnished an atmosphere, and around which Dry Ice cooled the double-walled top, sides and bottom.

By the time that conveyance reached Ben, the woman was sitting up, being sick; and the man—swarthy, piratical-looking—was trying to help. His name was Al; and the woman's, Angelica. And that was all Ben knew: it hurt their throats to talk.

He sent Angelica first. The man went on the second trip.

When Ben finally got back and opened the vehicle's improvised heat lock, he fainted. But he was breathing fairly well when they carried him into the hall. Valerie rushed up and kissed him on a raw cheek. Then he was in his own bunk, bandaged, and Faith was sitting at his side.

"How are they?" Ben asked.

"They're fine, considering."

"Good." He moved arms, legs. "How about me?"

She touched the exposed fingertips of his bandaged right hand. "You—you wonderful, tough hero! You've got some bad burns, but nothing that won't heal."

"Water, please." He took it through a glass tube—great draughts. He had never been so thirsty. "Who are they?"

"It's a long story."

"Shoot."

She looked at him dubiously, made her mind up, and began: "They had pretty good shelters over at Candlewood Manor—Connecticut law requires them. When the sirens went, Angelica says, she was asleep. Her brother, Alberto Rizzo—she *says* he's a brother—was staying in her apartment. He woke her. They went to the apartment-house shelter. About fifty people had reached it, *he* says, when the bombs fell. The building over their heads began to come apart. Everybody got panicky and ran out.

"Alberto was afraid to leave with that wild mob. Angelica told him there was a furnace room, deeper down, and a trunk room and, maybe, that she knew how to reach a better shelter from there. So they went."

"I'm glad they made it," Ben said.

"So is everybody," Faith said. "Except ——"

"I know. Your mother and father."

"I suppose dad told you? He's pretty humiliated."

"Oughta be."

"You see," Faith said, "mother knew about Angelica, from the very night, years ago, when dad saw her in the chorus line of *Show Me the Way*. A musical."

"Saw it myself. Nice show!"

Faith looked at the bandaged man on the bunk with surprise. "Did you? Anyhow, mother guessed. And she knew there had been other Angelicas before, whom dad had thought were safely kept secret. That hypocrisy of dad's was why mother got to drinking so much. Dad never knew the real cause. But it means nothing to you ——"

Ben sighed. "Except, I helped save the lady."

"And her chichi Latin boyfriend." She laughed rather sadly. "If dad hadn't tried so hard to hide an affair mother knew about anyhow—wives *do*—mother wouldn't have begun drinking."

Lotus Li wrote, "August," and "Saturday," in her small hand, each letter engraving-clear. Then she began to fill pages of a thick, ruled notebook:

"It is hard to believe we have been here two whole weeks! I suppose everybody feels as I do. I keep as busy as possible, and smile, and read, and do things. But in this room, at bedtime, I look in my heart and it is a great swamp of sorrow. Everything—everybody—*gone!* Poor Dad! Mother! Eleven people, in just my family, in Hong Kong, on the mainland and in the Islands.

"Each day's news from outside, skimpy as it is, keeps us in a kind of stupor. From what George and Doctor Bernman are hearing, things below the equator are in turmoil, but it's not owing to radioactivity. Just to uprisings caused by panic.

"There has been such a torrent of ionization in the atmosphere that only freaky scraps of radio broadcasting can be received—though the men have managed to get two big antennas hoisted by remote control.

"For the first time in my life I *feel* Chinese! As a child, in Hawaii, being Chinese meant nothing very special to me. And at Radcliffe, if it made a difference, the difference was fun: I was exotic, and a sought-after young woman! A lot of Harvard men dated me—or tried to, anyhow!

"Now, though, I *do* feel Chinese. Why? I must ask George Hyama if he feels Japanese. Perhaps it's because the others expect me to be more imperturbable than they are. Orientals—in fiction—are supposed to be that. And I find myself *trying* to be, trying not to show how sad I feel.

"We're all edgy, though. It shows in unexpected ways. A week ago I asked Mr. Farr—Vance—if he had stocked any diaries. He opened up a veritable stationery store. And kept apologizing for forgetting diaries!

"The arrival of Angelica Rosa and Alberto Rizzo has made a difference. Of course, Vance Farr has had an additional mental burden to carry, since Angelica and the others were saved.

"Even before she was on her feet again all of us were told, by one or another person, that Angelica had been Mr. Farr's girl friend. He changed after her rescue—from a vehement, capable leader to a sort of quiet, hangdog man who forever asks somebody—Valerie, mostly—for advice.

"Guilt, of course. Hard to imagine him using a long tunnel through a high, rock hill, to get away from a wife at night. Mrs. Farr takes it calmly, but she goes on drinking.

"Alberto Rizzo still wears bandages on his face and seems full of self-pity. We're all sure he's not Angelica's brother. They don't look alike in any way. Al's slight, about five-nine, with those dark, seeking, liquid eyes Italians have.

"As for Angelica, I like her very much. She is dazzlingly attractive. Half Spanish—South American, maybe—and half Irish. She has curly blue-black hair and the largest, bluest eyes I ever saw. I can

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understand how she drives men nutty! She's beautifully built, with absolutely lush bosoms and chorus-girl legs. She has dancing ability and talent as an actress—and sings in one of those low-down, belt-it-out voices. But her real lifework is, plainly, *man*. She doesn't seem embarrassed about her liaison with Mr. Vance Farr—in fact, she almost ignores him and concentrates on other men. Even gray-headed, sweet old Paulus Davey likes to watch her move about! And she gives George Hyama fits. Furthermore, she acts almost as if she had never even met Alberto Rizzo! I'm beginning to believe Mr. Rizzo is aiming these romantic glances at other women. *Me*, even, maybe!

"I've put the chain on my door. The feeling we have is that we must behave like monks and nuns. Partly because our world is dead. And partly because it could make all sorts of problems if people started visiting at night."

Other written records were made. Some, like Ben Bernman's, contained little about human doings within the shelter.

"This afternoon the amateur radio sender who signs himself 'Buckie,' call letters W2HL6V, sent the following message:

"'Seems we were mistaken about the air-filtration capacity of this dump. Radiation sickness appeared among us four days ago. Doctor Stannar, Mrs. Jeffry L. Teal, Mary Teal, Evelyn Bishop and Rev. Thomas C. Bullen have died since my last transmission. All those remaining alive in this shelter are ill and plainly dying. Am ill myself. List of living, now: Mr. Charles Tobin, Mrs. Perry Wigman, Genevieve Phelps, Collin M. Wetmore, plus self. Des Moines apparently still burning, as our air remains smoky. This will probably be my last trick. Buckie.'

"At Sachem's Watch Center," Ben wrote on, in his scrawling hand, "we have received parts or the whole of 15 messages like this one. One by one those amateur radio operators have gone off the air. Today the first word of conditions in the Soviet reached us, as we intercepted—and Connie Davey translated from French—part of a message from Africa. After a description of political turmoil in various African nations, the message noted that information reaching them indicated all of European and Asian Russia, Siberia included, was 'dead and motionless, mere cinders, without signs of life.'

"George and I think this report may have originated from space-station personnel or even some plane making reconnaissance over the U.S.S.R. Soviet Russia lies dead!

"The ground levels of radiation here have dropped to an average of about 150 roentgens—far higher, after a two-week period, than Federal officials had predicted.

"Any attempt at surface reconnoitering must be deferred for some weeks. In that time, I estimate, the radiation nearby will have sunk to 10 roentgens or less. However, we must not open any hole from this amazingly efficient shelter until we are sure it is safe to do so. We can survive here in comfort for a period which I still am unable to contemplate: *two years*.

"We have twice reoxygenated the recycled air in the vast caverns Farr excavated. We shall do so weekly. No outside air has been drawn upon, and the system now in use works even better, I think, than that of the latest-type nuclear submarines. It will not be necessary to draw upon external atmosphere for several months, for human use.

"About water supplies and waste-disposal facilities: These are ingenious and costly. In tanks as deep as the main hall (515 feet under the summit of Sachem's Watch) enough pure water is in storage to supply our 15 persons for more than a year. Also, pumps bring in fresh water from very deep wells. Radiation contamination in that water source should not be expected, Farr says, until next spring.

"As to sewage. This is piped to a central vent from sinks, flush toilets, etc., down almost 900 feet from here. There it disperses in an underground river.

"The diesel exhausts are expelled into a vent that was cut to the base of this hill. What ingenuity and what determination Farr has shown!"

His final entry that day read:

"It begins to appear that the subequatorial half of the planet is safe. The few broadcasts we have intercepted show safe readings at Lima, Accra, Bogotá and Rio de Janeiro: 1.5 roentgens down to a few score microcuries.

"Morale in this group remains high."

The radiation affected him quickly. Kit was already sick.

Toward the standard bedtime hour Kit saw Faith enter the library. He followed her inside. She turned to him, her face flushed. Kit seized her vehemently, kissed her and carried her to a divan. He sat her down and started to kiss her again.

"Don't."

"Damn it, Faith, we're engaged! We've been in this hole for two weeks! And I haven't had ten minutes alone with you." He could see the beginning of anger in her eyes and retreated a little. "OK! So we're all in mourning. The good old U.S.A. is gone, and the enemy too. Still, life has to go on!"

He realized he'd begun to flounder, and he made a more careful effort, raking his pale crew cut and letting a faint smile show.

To Faith, in this moment, foreseen since their entombment, Kit's temper was asinine.

"Don't make speeches," she said. "And don't bother to get out the old false faces of chivalry."

"All you need to do," Kit said, "is give your fiancé an appointment for a little tête-à-tête in some secret corner of this catacomb—your own room ——" She pulled away. His face turned red. "Look here, Faith, I ——"

"Look here, nothing! You don't own me. Yet, anyhow. And then the utter preposterousness of us."

"What's preposterous about us?"

"Twelve people," she answered. "Just twelve people—probably all those left alive for hundreds of miles, except, maybe, Ben says, military people, who won't last much longer. Us, though. We will go on. Alive. Day after day. Month after month!"

"You're losing your grip."

"My *point*, Kit. There never *was* any grip."

What she needed, he thought, was a bit of shock. A touch of the old realism.

"You leave your door unlocked tonight, and lock the one that connects with your mamma. I'll come by about midnight. And we'll take up this engagement as it ought to be conducted."

She held out her hand and opened it. The ring with the great diamond blazed on her palm. "Want it back?"

"No." He said that instantly. "It's this Bernman?"

"It's everything."

"He's a good Joe," Kit said. "Might even be interesting from a gal's standpoint. I mean, as an experiment. Well, I'm broad-minded. You know that. But remember: You're not the only alluring female in this dungeon."

"I know," she said.

"So OK, dear." He went.

Ben Bernman emerged from the communications room and sought out Vance Farr, whom he found in the machine shop.

"Vance! George and I have been tuning in bits and pieces of TV programs, broadcast from below the equator on the international repeaters."

"A plain wonder," Farr muttered, "they weren't blown to smithereens."

Ben smiled fleetingly. "They're still in orbit. And tonight, beginning at eight, there's going to be a program showing the devastation in the United States."

"Who's transmitting that?"

"San José, Costa Rica."

"That's *above* the equator!"

"Sure. But close enough to be all right. The thing is, should we tune in whatever they project? It could be pretty hideous."

"We'll have to," Farr said. "Everyone will want to see it."

Everyone did. Just before eight o'clock, they arranged themselves in two rows of chairs, facing a giant TV set. George tuned in a picture—the head and shoulders of a handsome, somber man who was talking rapidly. Headphones on a trailing wire were given to Connie Davey; only she knew much Spanish.

She immediately began to translate:

"This station has been able to gather some photographic and taped records of the American holocaust. The first sequence you will see was taken by an American photo"—Connie hesitated—"photo-reconnaissance plane. This plane was dispatched from Homestead Air Force Base, in Florida, United States, to photograph effects of the United States attack on the Soviet Union. Engine trouble forced the commander to turn back. He crossed the American coast north of Charleston, South Carolina, some three hours after the first Soviet strike. By then the plane's flight engineer had restored full power in the engines."

Now, on the TV set, came a still photograph of eight young men in the uniforms of the Air Force of the United States. They looked familiar, and yet, somehow, a little less vital and less military in bearing than most such crews.

The announcer apparently was talking over the "still" pictures, for Connie went on:

"These are the officers and enlisted men on board that plane. It occurred to them that, since their mission had been"—Connie seemed to have missed the Spanish word, then found it—"aborted, they might use their equipment to make a record of enemy damage to their homeland. You will now see Norfolk, Virginia, a great naval base, as their cameras filmed it."

Connie fell silent.

On the screen came a distant horizon and, along it, a stretch of land, in the middle of which rose a cloud of smoke that intermittently broke into what seemed mile-high surges of flame. The screen went blank.

Connie spoke: "The next views are of Richmond, Virginia."

The city was on fire from scattered suburbs to its center, but not yet in the single pyre of fire storm. The jumbled mass of unidentifiable objects that had once been homes, apartments, stores, skyscrapers, hospitals, police stations and movie theaters lay in ruins, eaten by 10,000 fires.

Connie said shakily, "Now Washington, D.C., the national capital."

There was not much to see. Towering walls of fire intervened everywhere. A new angle of the camera caused Farr to gasp, "Good God! That's twenty miles

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TRIUMPH

up the Potomac! And look! Not a house standing even *there!*"

Connie translated more comment: "The plane is now skirting the fire storm. The Washington-Baltimore area has been obliterated. In a moment a longer shot will show you the wall of fire, rising two miles wide or more, over Baltimore, and the continuous reach of fire between the two cities."

They saw that: a reach of sky-licking and continuous combustion 50 miles in length.

Now, huskily, Connie said, "New York!"

New York existed as a far greater fire storm than Washington, on a screen that showed, in the distance, a mountain range of moving fire stretching from edge to edge.

The scene changed back to the studio in San José. The Costa Rican narrator stood in front of a large map of North America. He held a pointer: "The officers and men who took these remarkable pictures heard some signals from what they thought to be a military base in Texas, so they headed that way." He traced the plane's course. "All the way south they found the same conditions prevailed in all major cities. St. Louis and Dallas were burning. The base they sought was a great hole, like a volcano crater.

"The commander realized that the only possible method of escape left was to fly on south. They elected our largest field, on the outskirts of San José, as their last hope."

Now they saw the plane come hurtling onto the great field, between two mountain ranges.

The scene changed to the portrait of the eight men and their airplane, in a weedy corner of the landing field. The announcer spoke again, and again Connie's voice echoed his mournfulness:

"This picture was taken from a long distance with a telephoto lens. The plane itself, having flown so far through such immensely radioactive atmosphere, could not be approached safely. The men themselves knew that they had received fatal doses of radiation.

"They were washed at a distance by hoses, and then taken to an improvised hospital, in spite of their protests of the danger even of touching them. All of them died within thirty-six hours. They were very brave men, those *norteamericanos!*"

The announcer came again, and now he stood before a different map of North America, one where, from southern Canada into Mexico, the entire continent had been shaded, and in that shaded region, which included all of the United States, were some thousand or more black crosses.

"This map," Connie translated, "shows, in the shaded portion, where the very high sodium fallout had an intensity of at least ten thousand roentgens for at least a six-hour period. The crosses show where, to the best of our information, bombs of five to one hundred megatons struck. As you see, the United States of America was burned to death, then smothered the same night in a death blanket of radioactivity. There *is* no United States, as this map discloses."

Farr shouted, "For the love of God, George! Cut it off!"

For the next several days the deep-dwelling survivors went about their tasks of housekeeping, cooking and machine maintenance in a withdrawn manner. The dramatic display of how half the world had perished left them stunned.

One afternoon—for they still kept track of outside time—Vance Farr walked into the machine shop where Ben and George were operating a drill press, assisted by a grease-smeared Lodi Li.

"Something," Vance said, "has got to be done to stop this blue funk. Whole gang of us acting like pallbearers."

"We sort of are," Lodi Li said in her small voice. "Pallbearers for half the earth. The last to weep ——"

"Not quite!" Ben spoke sharply. "I haven't said anything before. But the seismographs have been showing individual missile hits—bomb bursts—here and there over the United States, and lots more in the U.S.S.R. and China."

Vance stared at the scientist. "How do you explain it?"

"Here in the United States—and to some extent, over there—they must have had quite a few very hard missile bases that were under orders not to reply to early strikes. I suppose those bases waited for orders, until their margin of security ran out—then they just shot."

Vance looked thoughtful. "We've got to stop brooding—and hating. What we need now is—well, some fun."

Ben nodded. "See what you mean. Maybe ——"

"Maybe what?"

"Well, Angelica is a dancer and Connie wanted to be one, and they've given some exhibitions. What about a class?"

After dinner all the furniture in the main chamber was swept to its walls. The rugs were rolled up. A recording began to boom from a loudspeaker—a waltz. And Vance, accompanied by Ben and George, produced the evening's awaited "surprise." When Faith saw it, she gave a whoop of delight. "Roller skates!" she shouted.

George, among the first on the floor, swung expertly in reversing circles.

"Haven't skated," Angelica yelled, "since I was sixteen! But here I come!"

Vance and Valerie crossed hands and were soon skate-waltzing so expertly that Ben, arms pinwheeling to maintain balance, shouted, "You've done this before!"

"Only on ice," Valerie called back. "When we were first married."

Looking at her, feeling the rhythm of their singing skates, Vance said, "Honestly, Val, there was never a lovelier female, anywhere, than you!"

She pulled close to him. "We are, after all, married, Vance."

"Thank the Lord!"

"So, do we have to go on living in two bedrooms?" She turned a skate sideways, stopped them both, kissed him. "I'll—I'll *try*, Vance, to drink less, if you and I ——"

Vance grinned. "We *are* married. As for giving other people ideas, they already have 'em. *Look*."

George, the expert, was skating with Lodi Li, the beginner. He was giving her closer support than the lesson required. And the Chinese girl's face was radiant.

A little later Vance Farr slipped away to the communications room. It was a place where he could be alone for a while to do some thinking.

Afterward he went back to the hall to see whether Valerie was playing bridge, sewing, reading—or drunk. She was soberly waiting for him—smiling softly and trembling a little. Hand-in-hand they said good night to the others.

Another pairing-off was becoming manifest. Ben learned of it from Lodi and George one afternoon while they started tests of the rotary spark-gap equipment they were building in the hope of transmitting radio messages. When he shut off the apparatus, his assistants were giggling.

"Joke?" Ben smiled.

George chuckled. "Connie. She just went by with Pete in tow, as usual."

"Connie? And Pete? As usual?" Ben pictured the lithe, lovely colored girl, and the tall shy meter reader.

George said, "Haven't you noticed? Connie gives all her spare time to Pete. She teaches him—five freshman college courses. He only went through high school. We've got plenty of books, as you know."

"But," Lodi said, "it's not merely that Pete wants to be educated. They're nuts about each other!"

After that Ben realized it was true. At mealtime, he saw, Connie and Pete usually sat together. They had arranged the housekeeping schedule, which was shared by all, so as to work together. And Connie, black hair tied in a ponytail, could often be seen in the library, quietly delivering a lecture to the tall youth with the smudge of moustache.

And so the days passed. Forty-two days, at last.

The random, intermittent bombing had stopped. In the shelter Ben and his aides had their spark set almost ready for trial sending.

And under the mountain ranges of the U.S.S.R. in certain caverns, and in two undersea living spaces, tens of thousands of the Soviet elite were readying Phase Three of the long-planned program for dominion of the world—or, of its surviving half.

Thus, at the end of the planned 42-day wait, and after reports were in from drone planes that photographed all of Europe and the United States—in their stricken and often still-smoldering ruins—the many thousand Red people stirred. The mountain caverns opened tentatively. When exit time approached in the submarine refuges—when the shielded boats were prepared for launching, when the many motors to be used outside were given test runs—a long, dark shape, deep beneath the Kara Sea, drifted to a stop. The United States nuclear submarine *Tiger Shark*, one of four still cruising the world's seas, had detected distant sounds of submarine origin.

Now, with listening devices far more sensitive than anything known to Soviet scientists, the *Tiger Shark* began to move again, gathering speed, a hostile vessel still armed with mighty H-weapons and crewed by 180 Americans dedicated to revenge.

The skipper of the submarine *Tiger Shark* was Cmdr. Hugo Denton. He was a fairly tall man, with piercing gray eyes. His officers and men called him "Dingo"—a nickname dating from Annapolis days.

Dingo Denton eased the *Tiger Shark* south beneath the Kara Sea, a deep gulf in the Arctic Ocean, north of Siberia, protected from the Scandinavian Peninsula by an island that is almost a peninsula and is called Novaya Zemlya. The skipper found it difficult to believe what his outreaching wave detectors were reporting: the existence, under waters off the Siberian shore, of about two miles of installations, from which came increasing evidence of people and machines in vigorous activity.

He whispered a question to his exec, Lt. Cmdr. "Bunch" Cunningham. The exec, almost white-haired from birth, with a long, rubicund face, studied the data being gathered. "Even if it's as broad as it is long," he said, "we could pop one Amanda-B rocket in its middle and bust the works!"

"Thought of that! But, *look*. Suppose there are more hideouts? In other seas? Under the mountains? Suppose enough of them, and enough thermonuclear stuff, so they could come out and take over what's left?"

"We can pop it, and go look for the others."

"And warn 'em—so, maybe, not locate them? And maybe get sunk?"

Bunch Cunningham nodded. "Maybe we better stick our nose out and break radio silence."

"Maybe." The skipper turned to the chief. "Tell 'em to back away, maintaining the screen, and using the silent propulsion gear."

"Aye, aye, sir."

After many hours of northing, just before the fall of the lengthening arctic night, the *Tiger Shark*'s periscope emerged between the ice cakes of a broken floe. After a careful 360-degree search, her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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conning tower rose, scattering ice chunks with a roar. Men in radiation-shielding arctic clothing charged on deck and began to paint the upper works of the boat white. When the sun again rose for its brief curve across these wastes of polar ice, the risen part of the boat was invisible.

Meantime, Kim Daley, the communications officer, gathered in hundreds of messages. In the morning, on orders, he wakened his skipper. Dingo said, "Anything from the U.S.S.R.?"

"Plenty! All brief signals in code. But definitely Russian alphabet. Besides——"

"You got fixes?"

Daley nodded: "The enemy is talking from three spots down in the Caucasus area, under the mountains. From made caves, I'd think. Three more in the Urals. One in the Baikal area. And one in the Sea of Okhotsk, inside Kamchatka. A job like the one we located yesterday, we assume. And just before the sun rose, our lads tuned in on *our* little Soviet submarine city, loud and clear."

"We've got nine of the hideouts staked! So what we do first——"

"Break radio silence?"

Dingo ignored that. "—— is get on down below the equator, for new bearings on the ratholes, and *then* let out a peep, to see if anybody else can join what, I hope before God, will be a really total massacre."

Daley responded with a hard smile. "Almost forgot to tell you. We got a message, in plain Morse code, from the New England area, where a handful of American civilians are still holed up."

"Yeah?"

"Thought you'd like to know that. Twelve adults. Asking 'anybody' to answer. Giving their exterior radiation level at sixty-three roentgens. And other data. The poor so-and-so's!"

The "poor so-and-so's" had been sending their dispatches over the radio set Ben had designed to employ available antennas. After some weeks they ceased to flash forth their regular announcement of the group's location and status.

Because no one had replied.

They had listened to countless stations that seemed able to reply. But nobody did. What could be inferred from that silence?

After lunch, on the 61st day underground, Farr suggested an explanation. "The answer is," he said, "they're scared to reply to our signals. Ben is sure that we've been heard—in Africa, Latin America, Central America, probably even Australia. Why are they scared to respond, then?"

"There could only be one reason," Ben said slowly. "They still fear some sort of Soviet retaliation. Which means they must suspect that the Reds still have the power to hurt, and hurt bad."

The hall heaved, the floor shook, the passages vibrated. An alarm bell rang in Passage C—a bell that meant something had stopped one of the diesels.

Dust and bits of stone fell from the ceiling. Then the deep-buried labyrinth began to shudder under an interminable but diminishing series of temblors.

Ben rushed for the seismographs. George was on his heels. The instruments showed a wave of titanic explosions that moved westward from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific. A computer had spilled out a string of figures and letters. Ben translated it to the entire group standing in the passageway. "It looks," he said hoarsely, "like this: About three hundred bombs, approximately one megaton each, exploded in five or six bursts per cluster, near the ground, starting here. Soon after each burst of near-the-ground warheads, there was a real monster of a blast in the atmosphere far above. Say, about sixty high bursts of maybe fifty megatons each."

"It's insane!" Vance Farr cried from the passage.

Ben leaped to his feet. "The radiation counters!" he shouted.

Assisted by George and Lodi, he listened with earphones to a roar of "clicks." Then he switched dials that computed outside radiation levels at various distances around the top of Sachem's Watch.

For weeks those dials had shown a steady drop in the outside count. Now they were quivering up and up until they reached limits. Ben and George switched to systems registering in thousands of roentgens. And those big-scale dials moved up and up, past two thousand, four, five and continued climbing.

Farr cursed softly. "But why, at this late date, in the merciful name of heaven?" he asked.

Ben tried to answer calmly. "As the counters made plain, the low-level bursts were very dirty. Very radioactive. H-bombs with cobalt jackets, maybe. Cesium. Strontium."

"But man, *why?*" Vance's voice was tortured.

"I suppose," Ben said, "because the enemy figured that around now, any remaining, safely sheltered Americans—civilian or military—would have about used up their facilities for holding out in shelters or caves or military 'hard' bases. Three weeks was the civil-defense idea of a time limit for safe coming-out. Plainly, the enemy wanted to make *sure* of killing everybody. So the United States got one more general lathering of hot isotopes. And it will *stay* hot for a long stretch."

"Like *how* long and *how* hot?" Vance asked.

Ben shrugged. "If it's cobalt, the half-life could be several years. Oh, hell, Vance! We'll simply have to wait and watch the radiation count."

As the days passed, the new radiation level fell very slowly. Ben concluded that the nation, this third time, had been "salted" with radioactive isotopes of cobalt. In that case, much of the continent would remain too "hot" even to step on, for years.

This third assault added a new kind of anger to their depression: an infuriated feeling that the Soviet leaders had thought of humanity as a kind of bug.

The ensuing days were marked by the scrambling of TV and radio signals. For a time they were out of touch with the voice of surviving humanity. Gradually, however, the messages began to come in clearly.

They learned that the Costa Ricans and others to the north of them now had suffered. "The hideous crime perpetrated by automatic action in a dead U.S.S.R.," as San José put it, "caused new millions to take all precautions against poison clouds that are repeatedly circling the globe, with ever-widening menace."

When a frozen turkey was served for Thanksgiving in the Sachem's Watch caverns, the survivors had less to be thankful for than they had expected some weeks earlier. Except for one thing: Valerie Farr, secure in her husband's love, had stopped drinking.

A few days before Christmas Farr came into the shop where Ben and his assistants were fabricating parts for a newly designed transmitter. Farr motioned Ben outside.

"I've just been checking the oxygen tanks," he said. "We'll have to start feeding the diesels outside air in two months."

Ben felt somewhat relieved. "I know. But I'm not sure what the outside radiation level is now. Your outside gauges took a beating before they were poked out. Besides, I believe it has rained like hell, all through October and November."

"Why?"

Ben grinned. "You ever climb down the shaft, to the underground river where our sewage is discharged? I have. Today that water course is pretty hot—maybe two hundred roentgens. And the flow has tripled. I deduce it's been raining beyond any past records."

Vance nodded. Frowned. "Maybe I'm dumb, but——"

"The matter of air intake." Ben pulled from a shelf a volume of mechanical and geological maps and drawings. "This shows the five potential air intakes you drilled. They're blocked, mighty thoroughly! All five near the summit at

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"I don't believe Ashley is quite ready for marriage."

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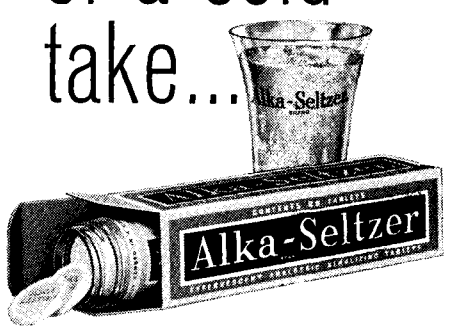

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TRIUMPH

Sachem's Watch. Now. I expect that rounded summit is burned bare. With the rains we've had, these three possible openings"—Ben pointed to each—"would likely have been washed pretty clean."

"Meaning, we might get fairly low-level air from one of those tunnels?"

"Yeah. We should start blasting through tomorrow."

"Great!" Vance whacked Ben on the back. "I'll rally a crew!"

After dinner that evening Vance told the assembled group about the need of an outside, filtered air supply for the diesels and the plan to open up one of the long, concrete-plugged ducts.

"We'll enter the prebored shaft from a room made airtight," Farr explained. "In it, and up the working shaft, we'll maintain a positive air pressure. When we finally hole through to the outdoors, air will blow from us to the outside, until we determine if it's safe to bring air *in* through our filtration-diffusion plant to supply the motors."

Vance went on. "The job will take time and hard labor. There's a steep, sloping stretch—the shaft's not much bigger than a manhole. *Then* we encounter one hundred feet of solid concrete.

"We can blast through a lot of that—say, half. But for safety's sake, Ben and I agree we'll merely drill a six-inch test hole the last fifty feet. Miniaturized gauges, which George will design, will be pushed through. If it then proves practicable, we'll draw air. For so big a job, I need volunteers. It'll be dangerous, dirty labor in a confined place."

To Ben's surprise, the first hand up was Alberto's. "My old man," he said, "was a coal miner. So count me in!"

Vance was surprised. "Great!" He saw Pete's hand up. "Fine!"

"And me," Kit nodded. "Heavy work, that's *my* meat!"

Davey's hand was up too. "I'm not any feeble old cane-needing man, Mr. Farr."

"Right. Thanks, Paulus. Well, the five of us will start at nine A.M. tomorrow. That leaves the housework to the ladies."

"We'll manage," Valerie said dryly. "Haven't we, for maybe a million years?"

Ben headed for the drawing boards in the shop. He had sketched out miniature gauges and other instruments to be thrust through the proposed six-inch bore; now he thought of putting together TV Iconoscopes which would slide through a six-inch hole.

When he entered the shop doorway, he saw George Hyama with Lotus Li in his arms. She was saying, "You know, George, the Chinese have always detested you Japanese."

"Yes, I do, Lodi." George sounded shy.

"In Hawaii even, many Chinese people used to loathe Japanese."

She fell silent. Then: "But many Japanese boys and Chinese girls fell in love."

They were kissing, kissing ardently, the lovely Lotus on her toes, head back, dark hair showering over George's hands. They broke apart suddenly and came toward the passage, hand in hand almost transfigured, Ben thought, as they saw him in the doorway. Lotus Li was unabashed. It was George who flushed.

"It was none of your business, Ben," he said coldly.

"No, George, it wasn't. You kids beat it. I want to make a few sketches."

On the day after Christmas the mining squad went to work. Steel baffles on the lower end of the manhole-sized tunnel had been removed. The rest now waited while, in turns, one man would creep up the endless, slanting tube, to the face of the concrete plug at its end. There, braced against driven steel steps, the lone man, sweating, dust-strangled, half-crazed by claustrophobia and the fear of some fatal crash of a loosened chunk of ragged concrete, would operate a chattering drill. A bare electric bulb, metal-shaded, would be his only light—until his utmost will and strength gave out. Then he would slide the long way back to the air lock, where the next in order would climb a ladder and vanish upward into the dimly lighted infinite-seeming hole.

Alberto, to everybody's surprise, could endure such shifts three times longer than any of the others. And Kit was not able even to try the drilling job: Far up the tunnel there was a narrowed place where his athlete's shoulders would not pass. So he had said. Ben was skeptical of Faith's fiancé. He felt sure Kit's trouble was extreme claustrophobia.

Meantime, in the machine shop, Lodi, George and Ben built what they called the "package," which would be extruded from the final bore, if radiation levels in the outside air allowed. They were checking the perfected device—a tubular, man-high assembly of glassware, circuits, transistors, aluminum and electronic gadgets—when one afternoon Vance Farr burst in, dust-caked. "Hey! Everybody! We're busting through!"

Listening attentively from their wait areas under two seas and three mountainous regions, the Reds heard the world below the equator talk—but never a sound or signal that could be attributed to an enemy vessel, no hostile sound in the United States—or Europe, Canada or Japan.

In time the first Soviet men emerged from the mighty portals of their tremendous forts—emerged wearing radiation-shielding garments and riding radiation-shielded vehicles.

Little by little the Soviet work parties made ready some of the rockets buried before the war in unlikely spots, and uncovered now at great cost in labor and life. These rockets carried H-bombs as warheads; they could track any rocket aimed at the U.S.S.R., lock on its source, and destroy its point-of-launch.

The Reds knew nothing about the U.S. Navy's "Operation Last Ditch," or of its units. One such unit was the submarine *Tiger Shark*.

One night the *Tiger Shark* surfaced cautiously in the Indian Ocean. At exactly 23 minutes past midnight a powerful radio transmitted three dashes. At once the *Tiger Shark* dived and cruised rapidly away.

The next night, at another predetermined position, and at a different, prearranged time, she sent one dash. On a third night the position and signals were again different.

Ten nights of taut effort and 10 days of hiding. Twelve.

On the night of their 12th vigil, Dingo, swinging the periscope, suddenly went stone-rigid. In the moonlit night he'd seen an object. Cautiously, he ordered the *Tiger Shark* to close. Then: "Take her up!"

It was the *White Shark*.

In darkness, with muffled flashlights, the skipper of the *White Shark*, his exec and three submarine chiefs rowed across the starlit sea to the *Tiger Shark*. They were welcomed aboard with whoops of joy. But exultation faded when the arrivals went below and could be seen clearly. They were gaunt and sick-looking. Their captain, Randy Bleek, told the story in one word: "Starving."

"Lord!" Dingo was amazed. "We're not even halfway through our stores."

Bleek sat down on a handy bench in the control room. "We ran across a carrier—oh—long ago. She was out of grub. The *Conner*. Nuclear."

"Know her!" Dingo grinned. "Skippered by a really tough admiral." His men were already bringing coffee and sandwiches, with mountains of food on the way.

The *White Shark's* captain talked as he ate: "The *Conner* hardly got in the war. Afterward, she tried to put in at Melbourne, but the Australians refused to let the *Conner* even approach. When we met the carrier, we gave her two thirds of our grub. Over a thousand guys aboard her, after all. And that's about it." He grabbed another sandwich.

Ten days later the officers and crew of the *White Shark* were rapidly gaining weight and strength, as both boats followed the 24-hour pattern of assembly, signaling and hurried departure—along with new night work: fishing to fill their freezers. A third "mast" hove into dim view, at the preestablished point of reconnaissance, that 10th night. The *Leopard Shark* had arrived, all hands in good shape, ample stores, weapons in A-one condition.

The three skippers decided to give it another week, inasmuch as they were now sending a coded signal of their rally.

The *Whale Shark* nosed up on the next-to-last night. Her crew was woefully shorthanded and those still living aboard were barely able to operate the submarine. The reason was appalling: while surfacing, in a routine "war watch" off the eastern coast of the United States, mines of great power had exploded inshore. Before the *Whale Shark* could dive, enough radioactive sodium had been hurled aboard to sicken all hands, with fatal results for most.

Running clear of the contamination, ventilating the whole boat repeatedly had not been enough to save men from death, or, at best, weeks of terrible illness. Great blotches of subdermal hemorrhage had appeared on their bodies. Every man had lost his hair.

Her skipper said, "Radiationwise we're a 'clean' ship now. But a few men are sure as hell still going to knock off." The pallid, drawn ruin of what had been an Olympic athlete bared yellowed teeth in what he thought was a smile.

The three able crews were swiftly raided for manpower. The ill were given improved care. And all four submarine skippers decided that they might profitably wait yet a little longer, though they grew daily more anxious about the possibility of an enemy fix on their changing signals or their shifting rendezvous.

The anxious delay paid off.

One night the stupendous silhouette of the United States aircraft carrier *Conner* hove into murky view. With a full crew, with all weapons systems intact, this great ship was the answer prayed for by the submariners.

Vice Admiral Sydnor, the captain of the *Conner*, a man of 51, tall, broad, black-haired and beetle-browed, revealed a hiding place: "A Pacific island where deep water intrudes the land. It's uninhabited and densely jungle-covered. We were there, camouflaged with palms and tree ferns when we got your first signal. Meantime, we'd orbited a satellite." Seeing the submariners' amazement, the admiral chuckled. "Yes, we can do it! And from it we've figured exactly where the enemy is, and what he's doing." He dropped his deep voice to a growl. "I think, gentlemen, we're on the winning side."

The moment when their first monitor was extruded through a six-inch bore arrived about two hours after Vance had summoned Ben and his aides to the pressure chamber.

As telescoped aluminum rods elevated a gauge aboveground, all eyes watched the dials recording the level of atmospheric radiation. They read 418 roentgens. The gauge was elevated another 10 feet. Down went the reading to 96

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sounds like they've got an elephant in there."

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roentgens. With another 10-foot elevation, it dropped to 41.

Vance said quietly, "I suspect, if we shove the dingus as high as we can—fifty feet—we'll reach air the filters can make safely breathable, for people, not just motors!"

In the next moment, when the guess proved correct, Ben whispered, "Thank God!"

Now they knew that 50 feet above the scarred dome of Sachem's Watch there was air clean enough for their diesels, even clean enough for breathing.

By late afternoon, in what they were coming to call "Outdoor Time," they had an air intake drawing, and on top of that a TV Iconoscope.

George brought the TV screen back into the hall. Ben checked the elevated instruments. Everyone in the shelter gathered, nervous but silent, as the screen showed what the TV scanner saw above ground.

No sign remained of the many-level buildings that had been the Farr mansion. Just bare, cracked rock ledges. To the east, south and west a ground fog was driving along in the valley. That, Ben mused, explained the swift changes in levels of radiation: the first monitor had been poked into very radioactive fog.

But before the sun set, Connecticut's seaward slopes could be seen. There was not much to look at. Just a somber-hued rubble, once Fenwich, and other ruined towns, on a great, rolling, ash-tinted slope that gradually flattened at the edge of Long Island Sound.

For the next four days Ben was occupied in analyzing the air sampled at the upraised intake. He summed up his findings one evening while the others sat about the hall.

"You'll want to know first, I'm sure, how long it will be before it's safe for a person to go out there and walk around. Well, for an unprotected person, it will be several years. The ground is loaded with radioactive cobalt."

He saw their dismay. "But that's not utterly discouraging! Right now, *properly protected*, a person on stilts, so to speak, or on a raised platform, could get along for hours, if he were careful to wash afterward.

"In a year, if the rains grow cleaner at the rate I'd expect, it should be safe, say, to stroll around the bare *summit* of Sachem's Watch—oh, for an hour.

"But what then?" he asked rhetorically. "Downslope, on all lower-level lands, the count will still be very high even in ten years. It may be *twenty* years before a man could plow and plant out there—even much longer. Any questions?"

Hands went up. Ben said, "Angelica?"

She stood, like a schoolgirl. "Then *we* can't survive?"

Ben smiled. "We can survive all right, since we can get usable air. In a year, eighteen months, I'd *hope*, we'll have made contact with people below the equator who might come up north in a ship and somehow take us away."

A groan came from Kit. "Eighteen months!" He was staring hungrily at Faith.

Nocturnal assemblies in the vast, void midst of the Indian Ocean were made as few and as secure as possible. They took place on one or another of the submarines, the boat used thus being crowded with skippers and technical experts. The men gathered nightly while the three other submarines dived and scattered, and the *Conner* zigzagged until near dawn and "pickup time."

First, it was decided—from the data furnished by the satellite the carrier had launched—that the Soviets, in their many emegence points, did not constitute an immediate threat.

Some nations were intercommunicating in the tacit belief that the United States, the U.S.S.R., most of China, Japan and other North Temperate Zone regions had been depopulated.

A peculiar circumstance was the silence of Australia and New Zealand. Satellite information showed that subcontinent and island complex to be physically unharmed. Its people were going about their affairs with seeming vigor.

"They are probably," Dingo Denton said, "getting set in case of invasion later on, by *anybody* in the Southern Hemisphere. We know their industries are going full blast. Making, I bet, the best possible conventional weapons. If they hadn't been so damned peace-minded, they could now get up a sky spy like ours and learn the Reds are still after them, and the world."

In a final conference Vice Admiral Sydnor, the carrier's skipper, summed up the American plan for a truly last-ditch effort: "We're agreed, then, that my ship will head south and return to the island where we originally hid her." His brilliant eyes looked from face to face. "You sub skippers will join me, at the intervals arranged, first rendezvous to occur ninety days hence. It will be hard on your men. You will have to depend more and more"—he grinned—"on our night work. Thank God, the *Conner's* freezers are again full of *something*, even if it's only tuna! Night fishing here, by all hands, Denton, was a hell of a bright idea!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Now," the admiral said, "let's get on with it! In ninety days, on the carrier, we'll have new warheads ready for the missiles on all four *Sharks*. You will enter our hideout in the manner described. The rearming of your missiles will be done as planned. We shall then conduct the mission as per orders you know. That, I believe, is all. I'm damned anxious to get my ship away from this area. It's too dangerous, in several ways." He shook 20 hands.

Immediately after he was piped aboard, the *Conner* headed south at tremendous speed. The *Shark*-class submarines took back the officers and specialists who had attended that final conference. Then they submerged and at maximum cruising depth scattered in four directions.

The *Tiger Shark*, shorthanded now, headed west. In the next 90 days she was expected to round Africa and voyage up the Atlantic, going on beneath the north polar ice into the Pacific, and south. South and, at last, west for her rendezvous with the carrier.

On the second leg of the vast journey there came a period of great strain and fear. The *Tiger Shark* was well clear of the Aleutian Islands when a chief brought a message to the skipper's cabin. "We've made a distant contact that could be an enemy sub."

Dingo hit the deck and, shoeless, shot up the ladders to the conning tower. The *Tiger Shark* shifted to a slower but far more silent propulsion system, moving a hundred fathoms down and sliding deeper, with every man on board at his battle station.

Even the first problem was great: Was it a whale they could now dimly sense? Or an echo from a convection current? Some unknown shape and sound of a sea-life that merely suggested another sub?

When they finally knew a submarine lay ahead, at about their depth, the problem changed: enemy? Or some American submarine, not part of the "Last Ditch" program, but still in service?

During the next hours of chase and retreat the patient analysis of incoming data gave an answer: They had come upon a Soviet nuclear submarine. Other data made Dingo whisper to his sweat-drenched exec, "She's stalking us too!"

If either ship fired, the other would reply. Both carried torpedoes with multi-kiloton warheads that would home on the enemy vessel, however she tried to evade.

The Soviet boat suddenly went dead.

Bunch Cunningham whispered in horror, "They're going to shoot!" Sweat dripped from his forehead to the chart beneath his eye.

The chart showed that far below them the sea floor rose in hummocks with sharp cliffs. At the moment the *Tiger Shark* lay above a deep valley. Dingo perceived as much, and acted. His orders were whispered to the death-pale chief "talker" and went, electrically, to men in the control room and the torpedo compartments.

The *Tiger Shark* burst into life, heedless, then, of noise, her men aware of an appalling fact: The enemy had fired.

From the *Tiger's* bow tubes, two homing nuclear torpedoes surged toward the soundless, motionless foe, miles away. From her stern tubes another object was ejected. Upon clearing the boat it expanded, as mechanical arms swiftly opened a vast, tight-packed bundle that became a submarine-shaped, sub-sized framework of wire. Self-propelled, it began to back away. The *Tiger Shark*, decks sloping steeply, was plunging under full power toward the walled valley below.

The clifflike sides of the submarine mountains shielded the *Tiger Shark* from enemy torpedoes so that their pursuit devices began to home on the great, wire, shadow sub.

But the tremendous shocks of the *Tiger Shark's* two hits on the Red sub were felt. In spite of the cliff's protection, the deep-running *Tiger* was mauled. Lights went out. One nuclear reactor ceased supplying power. A second blow, from the detonation of the decoyed Soviet torpedo, wrenched the *Tiger Shark* anew.

In the chaotic dark, shouted reports poured in to Dingo. His boat was leaking in a hundred places. There was a rise of radiation in chambers near one reactor. The helm gave only sluggish response. His command to bring the boat up was answered with volleys of "*Aye, aye*, sir!" But the *Tiger Shark* was hurt. She did not surface for another hour.

Vance Farr came into the communications room and watched George and Ben, who were trying on various frequencies to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TRIUMPH

reach somebody, anybody, who might reply: "This message is coming from 12 persons, alive and well, in an air-raid shelter in Connecticut in the U.S.A." Exact latitude and longitude followed. Then came a description of the outdoor radiation levels and a listing of the people in the shelter.

"We appeal to the people of the world for help. Our survival time in this area is uncertain. Please reply. We hear you loud and clear up here. We hear Rio de Janeiro, Capetown, Colombo." A long list of cities, nations and single-sending stations followed. Then: "Hello, Australia and New Zealand! Hello! Why don't you transmit? Please communicate, our station. Somebody. Anybody."

Vance eased into a chair. The look of weariness which he'd worn in the first months of their immuration had gone. The reason for that, everyone knew: Valerie. A new Valerie, sober, had become a tower of strength. Ben said, "Anything on your mind?"

"Just four more days to our anniversary down here," Farr said.

The Japanese dragged up a chair. "A birthday party?"

Vance Farr smiled. "I've got some reserve games. Tennis. Badminton."

Suddenly Connie stood in the doorway. Her face was intense and her dark hair disarrayed. "May I come in a minute?"

George brought another chair. Connie sat down, cleared her throat. "What are the chances of our ever getting out of here?"

Vance said, "Good." He always did.

She regarded the men one by one. "You think I've been useful to Pete Williams?"

"If it hadn't been for you," Vance said, "he probably wouldn't have made it."

"He's white," she said. That seemed cryptic to Vance.

But Ben understood. "You gave up white men long ago. You're thinking of changing that?"

Connie shrugged. "If I knew we'd be here for good—die here. Pete wants me. I want him. Down here I could even become his wife. But if we ever get back to humanity, it wouldn't go on working—for Pete. *Or* me. So I must start weaning Pete of wanting me. I'll need help, right?" She started out. Stopped as a thought struck her. "I might get some—from Angelica."

"Angelica?" Farr didn't understand.

"She's mighty bored with Kit," Connie answered. "Haven't you noticed?"

In the timeless dark of arctic night, as the November fringe of pack ice crept southward, the *Tiger Shark* heaved up, cold and dripping, into an open place.

During the next slow passing hours, precise checks were made of the location and drift of the boat. With the drift, small alterations were made in the "brains" of the missiles. Half of the missile tubes, after inspection, were reclosed for diving. Half the missiles remained ready, aimed at the stars, their silhouettes vague, huge, portentous.

The last stage of countdown began. Dingo spoke, with no emotion, the words these men had lived so long to hear:

". . . four, three, two, one, fire!"

From the *Tiger Shark* eight mighty rockets lifted, burying the hull in golden fire. They came out of the cylinders slowly, slowly heaved higher and at length rushed with violence into the black, star-pricked sky.

The *Tiger Shark* submerged, cruised 50 miles, surfaced, and prepared to launch another eight rockets.

The rockets found their targets. The mouths of three vast warrens east of the Urals were invaded by the gigantic fireballs of 20-megaton H-bombs. Within those labyrinthian workshops, storage places and habitation areas, all that was alive died, and all that was fusible melted.

The same fate overtook the undersea city and the port structures rising around its shore. A first missile burst imploded the ceilings of thousands of caissons on the people inside, let in the frigid sea, and swept the near land bare of life with blast and a following tidal wave.

Soviet retaliation rockets, zeroed in by radar warning and by computer calculation, had already lifted off, however. Before the H-blasts knocked the region to hot gas and flinders, they were beyond damage.

As the *Tiger Shark* reemerged, officers and men could plainly see, 50 miles away, the glowing sky-fudge of the first enemy reply. Grimly they discharged their final salvo. Heat had jammed two launch tubes, and some minutes were required to close them. The *Tiger Shark* then submerged a second time.

But her luck had run out.

From distant Soviet areas electronic instruments had tracked this second volley to its point of origin. As the *Tiger Shark* slid beneath the ink-black Arctic, a great light burst above still-spreading ripples she had left. The submarine, with its officers, men, and their every trace, vanished in a mushroom cloud.

The *White Shark* met the same fate, in the Gulf of Alaska, after she had erased colonies of Red people in the Sea of Okhotsk and those near Lake Baikal. The *Leopard Shark*, in an effort to run the Bosporus submerged, struck a Soviet nuclear mine. Her sister ship, the *Whale Shark*, on duty as standby in the Persian Gulf, launched her double series and died in a fireball.

Shortly afterward the *Conner* launched planes and swarms of missiles, directed at all targets. Then the carrier also disappeared, in a nuclear fireball five times her length. But Operation "Last Ditch" was a triumph. The doctrines of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, Merov and Grovsky were finally undone—at the cost of half a world and of the vast majority of people who once called themselves free and civilized.

That November day seismographs in the caverns under Sachem's Watch showed incredible explosions at nine different sites in the U.S.S.R., and many beyond it.

The living world flickered with radioed questions: What was it? Where? Who did it? Why?

In subsequent weeks, as the world's weather brought the atmospheric debris from the U.S.S.R. across North America, Ben and his assistants shut down the air intake that had supplied the diesels, switching over to filtered air, highly compressed, stored lately in the emptied oxygen tanks.

Under a notation of the year, day and date Lotus Li wrote in her journal: "April. *Another* April! Twenty-one months underground without a glimpse of sky (except by our TV). And no answer to our requests for help!

"Some of the men, dressed in weird-looking suits, have been outside. They have carried their explorations to something like 500 yards (in some directions). But it is always dangerous, and the routine they go through to decontaminate themselves before they rejoin us takes hours!

"Where bare rock has been exposed to the rains, the level of radioactivity is not bad. But if you come to a crack in the rock that contains a little dirt, look out! Hot isotopes will have collected in such spots.

"Poor old Paulus Davey now has completely white hair and he is calmly getting prepared to 'meet his Maker.'

"The most restless one is Kit. He roams around like a caged tiger, day and night, unless Angelica is free. Then you don't see either one.

"I'd say Vance Farr and Ben Bernman are the men—with Pete Williams and my George—who are steadiest these days. Peter became a quiet, strong, grown-up man, entirely because of Connie's effort and affection. But something went wrong. They are friendly, but not loving anymore.

"Valerie leads the females, in calm, in continued interest in everyday activities—in *character*.

"Someone ran past my door a moment ago, so there must be some excitement. I'll close for now."

Lodi soon ran down her passage to the hall, where others were staring at the empty elevator shaft. Someone had gone up into the night.

"What's wrong?" Lodi asked.

Pete answered. "We don't know. The elevator went up an hour ago. Ben and George, I think, to make some night observations. Then someone sent it back here—I was in the kitchen, thought nothing of it. But it ascended again, and I began to wonder. Nobody but Ben and George were listed for night duty. I tried phoning. No answer. Then I got Connie, and we started knocking on doors. Now it seems Kit's missing!"

What had happened was an act of madness. Ben and George, in shielding garb, were standing on a light steel tower measuring radiation levels of a soft, southerly breeze, in moonlight, when they heard the elevator rumbling down.

"Maybe," George said, "something's wrong below. And someone's coming up to tell us."

"They'd phone!" Ben answered. But even as he spoke, the elevator began to rise far below.

When its vast floor was level with the rock surface, George and Ben saw in the moonlight, with horror, a lone figure, in sports clothes. It was Kit, without a shielding garment, and bareheaded.

Ben yelled, "You idiot! Go back!"

Kit's voice was smooth, almost amiable. "Lovely night!" They could hear him chuckle.

George started down the ladder, calling to Ben, "Off his rocker!" Ben swarmed down behind George.

But when they reached the rock, Kit was not there. He was loping down the rocky ledges of Sachem's Watch.

Ben bellowed, "You fool! Come back! In a hundred yards, dressed the way you are, you'll get a serious dose of radiation!"

Kit stopped and turned. His voice was loud enough to carry clearly.

"I don't believe it! What about those birds we saw yesterday? Alive and peppy."

"Damn it," Ben shouted, "they were migrating from South America—won't last a week here."

Kit jeered. "I think you and your scientist pals have a conspiracy! To keep us buried till we die! Jew, Chinese woman, Jap kid. You're taking a revenge on the white race. I'm fed up with those caves.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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So I'm going on a moonlight stroll as a test! When I get back, and the gang sees how you've betrayed all of us, you'll be slaughtered, Mr. Jew Doctor Benvenuto Cellini Bernman and young George Hyama! Then we white people will all come out, and your crazy plot will be foiled!"

He laughed and began running like a deer.

George lunged toward Kit. Ben grabbed him. "Keep your head! Look at the speed he's making! Could you catch up? And suppose you did, a mile or two down the valley, your shielding clothes all ripped from falls and skids, leaking?"

"We gotta try for him, Ben!"

The scientist stared into the lucent haze where Kit's figure was merging with shadow.

"No, George! That was not the real Kit talking, but a man gone crazy."

From far away they heard mocking laughter. After calling repeatedly they at last descended, unlatched the elevator, went down to a decontamination chamber above the middle set of p.s.i. doors, carefully followed the wash-off drill, and took the elevator again to break the terrible news to the people below.

It was received in silence by all save Angelica, who ran, sobbing hysterically, to her room. Faith sat quietly, pale, making no comment. Somebody served coffee.

Fresh sets of lightweight shielding garments were brought out. A watch was posted on the tower—George first, then Vance, Pete next and Ben for the daybreak period.

Just after the sun had risen above the bleak, flattened landscape, Ben saw a figure approaching slowly, from a mile away, near the rubble acreage that had been Fenwich.

Kit was plainly exhausted. And doubtless, Ben surmised, already sick.

Ben surveyed a path toward the reeling man, considered the resistance of the garment he was wearing, added up theoretical roentgens, multiplied assumed minutes, and presently rang the phone.

In the hall Vance answered.

"He's coming back!" Ben said. "Get two men in the heaviest suits we have and bring them up. Prepare to flush off the elevator after we take him to decontamination. It's going to be nasty."

Farr said, "Right! And you stay where you are!"

Ben said, "Check!" making it sound sincere.

Then he started out over the sloping ledges until at last he came up to Kit.

The man's eyes were glazed. Tremors racked him. He recognized Ben, however, and grinned sheepishly. "Apologize, my friend," he said.

Ben wrapped a supporting arm around him. Waited, while Kit vomited. Half-carried the heavy man back toward the bare, less-radioactive rock where, presently, others emerged to help.

All that day, behind a lead-brick screen in his room, Kit lay unconscious, his fever rising. Paroxysms occasionally seized his muscles.

The women, in heavy shielding suits, took turns sitting outside the lead-block wall, against the chance Kit might become conscious enough to ask for water, or speak a name, or need some other attention. That never happened. Limp, shriveled-seeming, he died before the outdoors darkened again.

Ben became sick three hours later. He, too, was feverish, weak and nauseated.

It had been possible, however, to wash from Ben such radioactive material as had entered the rips in his shielding clothes. After some days his symptoms grew less severe. One morning a week later he opened his eyes and saw Faith. Ben smiled weakly. Was kissed.

"You wonderful, crazy person!" Faith said.

Ben held up a hand weakly. "What's the diagnosis?"

"We've given you six transfusions. You'll be OK."

Ben stared with feeble amazement. "How come?"

Faith laughed happily. "Dad played doctor. Did it from books."

"Oh?" He drifted off. Opened his eyes again. "Allowed—allowed—any water?"

She held the glass, put the sipper between his cracked lips, raised his body. He drank thirstily.

When June came, he was entirely well.

The second anniversary of the descent to the shelter was not celebrated. Everybody knew the date of the first cataclysm, but no one spoke of it.

The day was spent in a careful inventory of remaining stocks. There was enough fuel oil to run the diesels for six more months. The water would last about that long, in a drinkable state.

But the air-cleaning plant, with its filters and gaseous-diffusion elements, was now showing signs of unreliability. The myriad "screens" were clogging up with hot material. In 10 weeks air let into the labyrinth would contain fractions of radioactive substance, minute at first, but constantly increasing.

They might survive to about the 30th month beyond the commencement of troglodytic existence. *Might*. No longer. Those facts, kept secret from no one, had led to a steady lowering of morale, to zombilike behavior, to silences and to fits of tears.

One September afternoon, when Ben and Faith were playing a desultory game of table tennis, she suddenly dropped her paddle, sat down and beckoned to Ben.

"This is a mess," she said.

He nodded. "Shame too. After all your father's effort. Ingenuity. How much did this marvel cost him?"

"About ten million."

Ben wasn't startled. Vance Farr had a fortune large enough to permit that immense outlay—for a refuge that had now been proved inadequate, owing to conditions no man could have predicted.

Another thought made Ben grin. "If the civil-defense people ever *had* taken a realistic view of a third war, they'd have foreseen what your father did, and realized it would cost about a million bucks a person to shelter any part of the U. S. population for the at-least-conceivable period of two years. And *that* would have proved too short a time."

"Ben."

He turned abruptly. "Right here, Faith. On hand."

"You always loved me. And I always loved you."

"Don't be absurd. What about Kit?"

"Kit," she repeated. "Why get engaged? Because mother wanted it? No. Because, Ben, I was afraid you *didn't* love me then. Or maybe afraid that the society I'd lived in wouldn't take kindly to a Faith Farr becoming Mrs. Dr. Benjamin Benvenuto Cellini Bernman." She laughed. "I love you, Ben. And I want you to quit being noble and admit you feel the same."

He answered dully, "All right. Admission made."

"Then kiss me. Kiss me now, here, immediately!"

That was how George Hyama found them.

George, sweating, almost unable to speak, his face a pale, lemony hue. "We need you, please!"

Ben stood up. "Trouble?"

"It's ——" George's voice broke and he tried again. "Australia! At last."

Faith and Ben raced behind him.

All the others were gathered in the communications room. Farr sat beside a glittering instrument panel. On the table before him, a mike. ". . . And we wonder if there's any hope of rescuing us, here?"

Back through a loud-tuned speaker came the response, clipped, cheery. "We'll get to that in a sec. First, why we haven't responded to your signals sooner. Our apologies. We knew that the Russkies were denned up like snakes, ready to emerge eventually and take charge of the world. So we blanked out all radio and television sending, down under. New Zealand joined in. The next thing to do was to pick up where we'd left off. We'd stripped ourselves of H-weapons, you know."

Vance's hoarse voice filled a pause. "Yes. We know."

Ben whispered incredulously, "When did this ——"

George almost smiled. "Just out of the blue they came in, loud and clear."

Ben felt Faith's shoulder touch his; he put his arm around her. The Australian went on: "Anyhow, our technical chaps soon had us rearming. Then, almost a year ago, the Russkies did come out, and your people blasted them to bits. When Australia and New Zealand knew that all the H-bombs in existence belonged to us, which was very recently determined, we could plan something for you people."

Vance said unevenly, "Thanks! We are ——"

"Our parliaments are creating a world outfit. Everybody's coming in—the Latins, the African nations, Indonesia. International government, of course. The H-weapons we made will be kept in our deserts till the world government's strong enough to take charge of them, as a perpetual guarantee that nobody, ever, will try to set up any new tyranny of whatever sort. Meaning—men are to become free and equal, from now on. Without race differences. Took the extermination of half a world to bring it about."

Vance said wryly into the mike before him, "Some price!"

"Righto. Northern part of the white race *in toto*, save for us cousins down under. Slavs, Japanese—gone. Most Chinese. Quite a high fee for liberty and individual equality. Paid, though. Now, about your rescue."

The people in the room walled with electronic gear shifted positions. Farr said, "We can hold out, sir, for many weeks."

The response came: laughter! "My name's Jenkins. Oliver. Sorry I'd not said. See here. No wait necessary, to speak of, Mr. Farr. You haven't taken a bearing on this station, I gather?"

Farr gasped. "We assumed Australia."

"I'm on the *Capricorn Queen*," Jenkins responded, "in the Atlantic, three hundred miles south of Long Island. We'll leave her in shielded helicopters with the first light, tomorrow."

Vance tried to interrupt, to express gratitude. The Australian did not allow it. "That's the packet. We'll be landing on top of Sachem's Watch around 0800 tomorrow. All clear?"

In twos and threes they moved to the hall. Ben found himself thinking that Faith deserved an offer of release from her commitment. She read his thought. "Don't say it!" she whispered. "Don't *ever* say it! My husband is going to be sure of my love!"

Lodi and George stood face to face, smiling, not even touching hands. Valerie sat shiny-eyed beside Vance Farr, and Ben saw that Vance, his purpose fulfilled, his brave, imaginative mission completed, looked gray and aged.

A murmur came from Paulus Davey. The white-grizzled ex-butler spoke softly: "'. . . Maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . . He restoreth my soul. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death ——'" Paulus choked up.

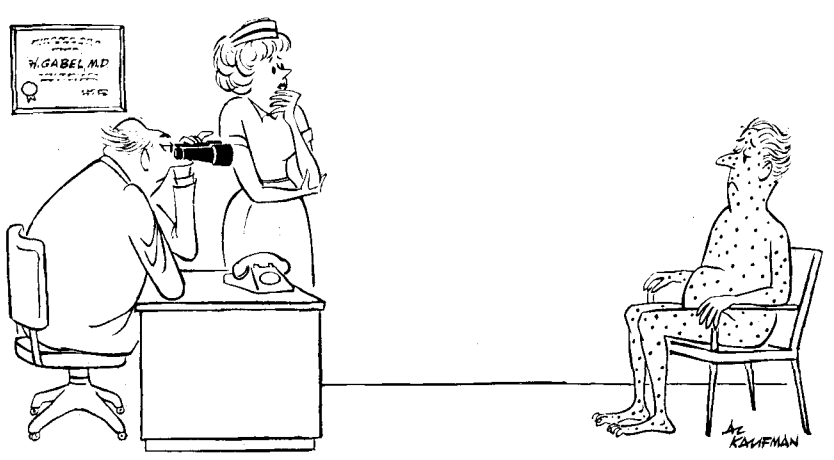
The leading helicopter of the rescue party swung over Long Island Sound. Its pilot looked down on Greater New York, a black-and-gray tumble of indecipherable ruins. The Hudson had a slightly altered course where a vast reach of the Palisades had pitched into its waters.

His mind went westward, envisioning what he had learned was there: The blackness of burned forests over the Appalachians. The malformations of shoreline in the Great Lakes. The naked ash of prairie that here and there was being reclaimed by mutated weeds and grasses. Farther beyond, the trampled, burned, jagged insanity of cities, of San Francisco, Los Angeles and the rest, buried in the death of isotopes.

The pilot saw a rising smoke signal and, soon, the upturned faces of 11 persons standing in the morning light on their elevator, with little packages and cases at their feet. They were Yanks. Americans. Specifically, North Americans. Citizens of the United States. All who remained alive in that enormous nation.

The helicopters would take all 11 away. They would leave the United States of America forever.

And when they had gone, the place would have no name. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It hurts to run

Jim Beatty's greatest foes are fear, fatigue, agony.

Americans talk a good mile.

Much of the curious circus of events grouped under the general title of "track and field" intrigues only that intense and passionate breed called track nuts. But not the mile. Housewives in Shreveport, bartenders in Brockton, cabbies in Albuquerque, bookmakers in Brooklyn, all know what the mile run is. They know that 3:58 is good time, that 4:05 is disappointing. They have some understanding of pace and length of stride. Everywhere Americans talk a mile so glibly that they are inclined to overlook one point. By the ferocious standards of international track, Americans have not *run* the mile very well.

No American has held the world mile record for the last 25 years. No American ran a four-minute mile until 1957, three years after Roger Bannister of England cracked the barrier. No American has won an Olympic 1,500-meter race—the so-called metric mile—since 1908. We've been fast but seldom fast enough, seldom as sure with our legs as with our mouths.

A small but thick-chested California insurance man named James Tully Beatty talks a most eloquent mile. What differentiates Jim Beatty (rhymes with "eighty") from most of his countrymen is this: He runs a mile as well as he talks it. Beatty is the fastest American miler ever. He seems to be getting still faster. He may become the fastest miler in the world. With the booming sport of indoor track now in its most ambitious season, Beatty is the American runner to watch.

What will you see following Jim Beatty around the splintered tracks that lead to nowhere? A five-foot six-inch 128-pounder who runs with choppy strides and little grace. What you cannot see is unquestionably more important. Beatty is conditioned by a staggering program that lasts 363 days a year. (He does not work out on Christmas or on Easter.) He is driven by a determination that has transformed him from an undistinguished college runner for the University of North Carolina to the significant figure he is at 28.

In a two-week stretch last summer Beatty broke five American national records while shuttling about on a tour of Europe. In London he ran a mile in 3:56.5 and said, "I can go faster." Soon afterward at Helsinki he ran a mile in 3:56.3. On the same tour he set a world record for the two-mile run, but the record that he wanted most eluded him. That record was and is 3:54.4, the world mile mark set by Peter Snell of New Zealand.

Watching Beatty on gray boards or cinder paths one can sense, but never see, the condition, the determination, the dedication. Nor can a casual track fan understand just how it feels to run a record race.

"Have you ever had to carry an armful of groceries so long your arms began to ache?" Beatty asks rhetorically. "Have you ever had to run so hard up a long flight of stairs that your thighs began to hurt?" Pure physical pain is only part of the feeling. "Maybe," Beatty continues, "you're exhausted or sick or scared and you think how easy it would be just to fall off the track and pretend that you're sicker than you are. Maybe you see how much there is to go and you say to yourself, 'This is gonna hurt,' and wish you could trip or fall or get a cramp or something that would give you an excuse to stop." When a fast mile race is over, Beatty's reaction comes down to one brief phrase. *Thank God* is what our greatest miler thinks, breasting the tape.

It's never been much fun to run a mile. It wasn't much fun in the great days of Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, who ran while checking a stopwatch and who, according to the late John Lardner, could count the house while racing at full speed. Still, in Nurmi's time, a 4:12 mile was fast. Then in the 1930's and '40's mile records lowered slowly toward the supposedly impregnable barrier of four minutes.

In 1954 Bannister, an English medical student, shattered the barrier. Since then 36 others have run miles in less than four minutes. In all, 95 sub-four-minute miles have been run. The four-minute mile is all but passé. It is no longer possible for a good miler to race while holding a stopwatch, and, since amateur standards have stiffened, it is no longer worthwhile to count the crowd.

What is worthwhile—in fact, indispensable—is dedication akin to fanaticism. Men don't run sub-four-minute miles these days because the human body has evolved suddenly in the four decades since Nurmi. Men make Nurmi's old records seem ludicrous because they are willing to drive their bodies fanatically and to extract from their own spirits a final anguished, agonizing effort.

Jim Beatty's day begins at five A.M. In the hushed loneliness of dawn he starts to run at a deserted high-school track near his home in West Los Angeles. As the sun climbs he leaves for work at an insurance office in Pasadena. His job consumes nine hours. Then at dusk he returns to the high-school track.

He runs 100 miles every week

Dawn and dusk, every day, he runs, jogs, sprints (but never walks) distances of from five to ten miles for from one to three hours. This is the schedule devised by Beatty and his coach, a Hungarian refugee named Mihaly Igloi. It is devised to draw a bit more from Beatty's small body every day, devised to increase his speed a fraction of a second at a time. In all it totals about 100 miles of running every week—but at some cost. During the last three years Beatty has suffered one back injury, one strained heel ligament and three pulled or torn leg muscles. "Maybe I'm crazy," Beatty says in his soft Carolina drawl. "Maybe you have to be a little crazy in something like this. I mean, it hurts like hell."

Because he lives in California, Beatty is able to train outdoors 12 months a year, and his routine is as monotonous as it is painful. It is also consistently hectic. At home, washing, dressing or eating, Beatty is always in a hurry. He finds time for a pause only in the evening, when he reads or watches television for an hour before retiring. He has those 60 minutes because he sleeps seven rather than eight hours a night.

Beatty's wife, the former Barbara Harmon, is also bound by the rigidity of dedication. She cooks, keeps house, works as a secretary and follows her husband's career. The Beattys' social life, of course, is sharply restricted. They know little of Hollywood nightclubs. Their world consists of the apartment, the practice track and miscellaneous arenas and stadiums.

According to Beatty, Barbara suffers with him every step of every race. "Yes," she says. "I see the suffering and pain and sickness, even when he ends up smiling, and no one else sees it, and it makes me feel just awful, real sad, because there isn't anything I can do about it and because I know he has to do it, because he's worked so hard so long to get in a position to do it."

Jim Beatty has "done it," but not in a predictable manner. As a miler Beatty was made, not born. He entered the world through the gateway of Brooklyn, New York, joining a small family of modest means, which presently moved to Charlotte, North Carolina. Beatty was a fair high-school athlete, though small, and made the track team at North Carolina University. He knew no great success. "I didn't know what it meant to train, to really train," he says. "What a waste."

After an Army hitch Beatty went to work, slipped from shape and dropped out of racing competition. That seemed to be the end of Jim Beatty, runner. The business world is filled with men who ran in college days, won sweaters and major letters and forever after have tried to tell themselves that somehow the sweaters shrank.

What kept Beatty's sweater trim and changed his mind was the thrilling U.S.-Soviet track meet staged at Philadelphia in 1959. Beatty, who had not run in more than a year, watched the international competition and concluded that he'd rather run than watch. Fired by some wondrous spark, he pulled up stakes, moved to California and put his dreams into the hands of Mihaly Igloi.

Igloi is a physics professor and amateur psychologist who enjoyed remarkable success developing Hungarian runners. He is strong-willed, opinionated, but armored by results. Daily for 25 years Igloi has been jotting down notes on every effort by each of his runners. The notes cover almost all possible mental and physical factors affecting the runner's performance. Igloi keeps these notes in a little black book which soon becomes a ponderous black book. Using these observations he plots a detailed training program, different for every runner, which, hopefully, brings the man to his full potential. Supposedly Igloi can predict within split seconds the exact time one of his runners will post on a given day as much as a year away.

Whatever Igloi secretly predicted for Beatty, his program worked rapidly. In 1960 Beatty upset Dryol Burleson, then regarded as the best American miler, at Madison Square Garden.

Beatty made the trip to Rome with the U.S. Olympic team that year but wasn't ready. He failed to make the finals in the 5,000-meter race.

What can Americans expect from Beatty during the remaining weeks of this indoor track

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by Bill Libby

season, now that he is ready? A few, but not many, miles run in less than four minutes. An indoor mile tends to be slower than an outdoor mile. Board tracks usually run 11 laps to the mile, which means 22 turns per race. Outdoor tracks run four laps, or eight turns. There had been a total of 72 sub-four-minute miles outdoors before Beatty gave us the first one indoors, a 3:58.9 effort at Los Angeles last February.

What can we expect during outdoor seasons and in the Olympics to come at Tokyo in 1964? Beatty himself isn't sure. "I'll try longer races," he says. "If there are five or six men who can run as fast as me at 1,500 meters, and only one or two at some longer distance, I may go for the longer distance and shorter odds. The idea is to win a gold medal."

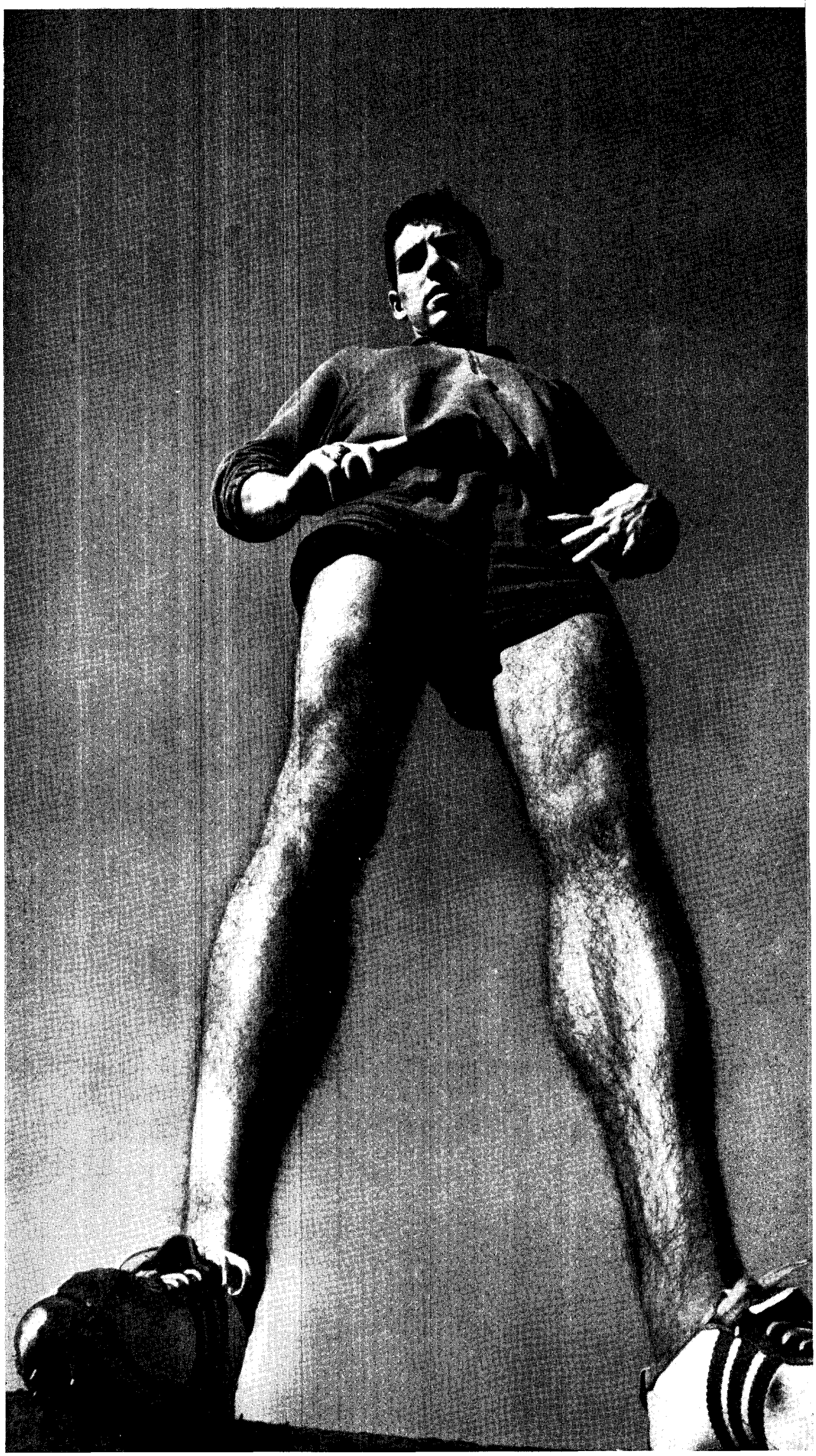
Talking about gold medals and the future, Beatty drops the small jokes about his sanity and somehow neglects to mention pain. Talking of medals and the future, Beatty emerges as what he is—a wholly remarkable athlete, a wholly dedicated man, a wholly convincing illustration of pure pursuit of excellence.

Do Americans lack stamina?

There is word abroad in the world about America. There is word that American runners lack staying power, that Americans can win the sprints with a swift, short burst but that the demanding longer races are, and always will be, beyond us. In the struggle for men's minds, sports may be only one minor battleground, but minor or not that battleground is dramatic. These are some of the things that Beatty knows. He wants to demonstrate to all the world that Americans are indeed willing to sacrifice sufficiently to attain international class in distance races.

"Oh it's a thrill, particularly at the indoor races," Beatty says, "particularly at Madison Square Garden, to stand there and think of all the great sporting events that have been held right where you're standing and to be an important part of one. I love rolling off a curve and turning it on down a short straightaway. I love hearing the people right on top of me, being able to see their faces and hearing that tremendous crowd noise."

But its more than personal thrill that makes Jim Beatty rise at five and train 363 days a year. Ultimately it is a sense of purpose. "I sort of like knowing it doesn't come easy," he says. "How many would do what I do? Damned few. Knowing that makes me feel good in a curious sort of way. Sometimes I wish I could stop. I get tired of rushing around. I just want to sit down and have a banana split. I want to take an hour off, a day off, a week, and do nothing, nothing at all. Sometimes I feel like a prisoner, and like I'm keeping Barbara prisoner too. But in my heart I know I really don't want to stop, and I thank God Barbara doesn't ask me to. I know when I'm done I'll find something else, some new goals. I'll always find something else to run after. It's just the way I am." **THE END**



Beatty's powerful legs are exaggerated here to show him as the giant he often seems to competitors. But most of them tower over the five-foot-six-inch distance runner.

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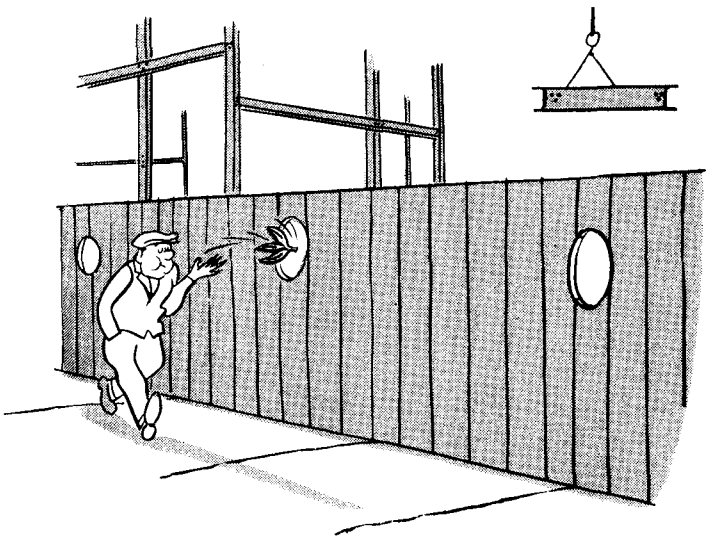
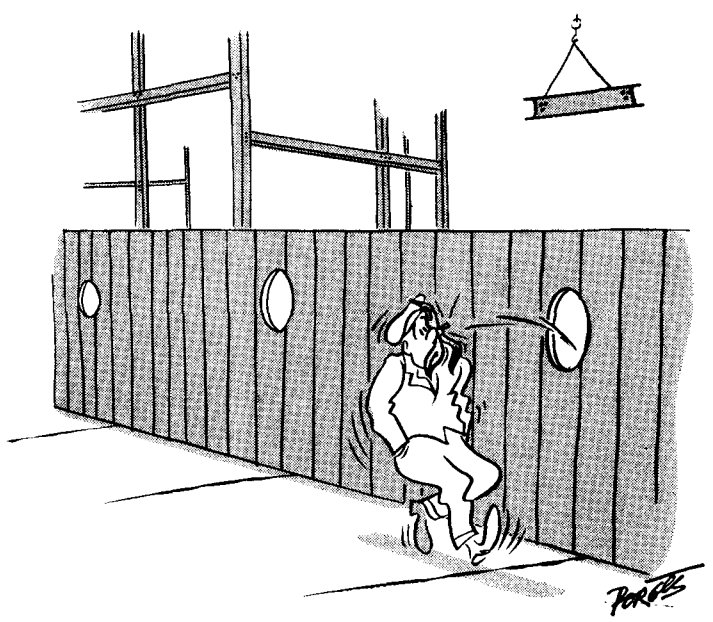
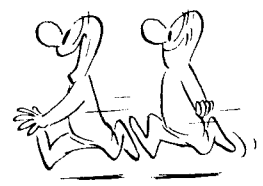
post scripts



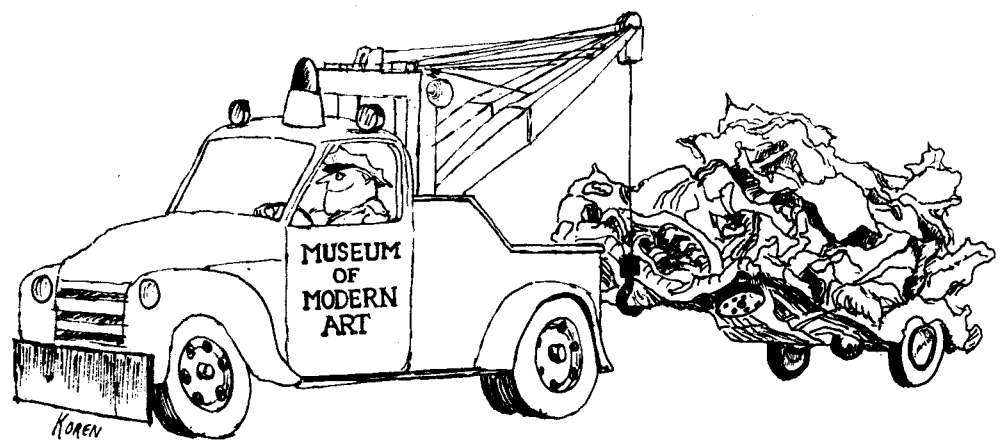


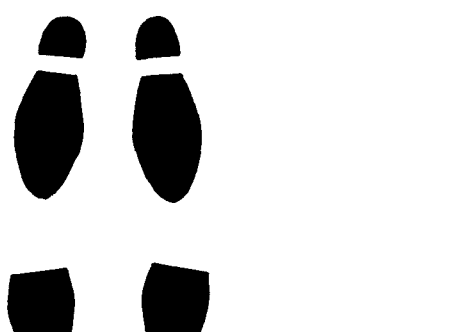


CREATION

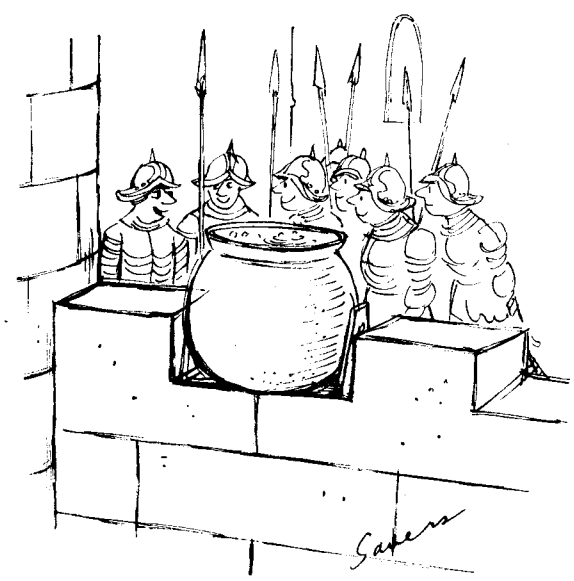
Twinkle, twinkle movie star,
How I wonder what you are;
Created by publicity
From such a multiplicity
Of little lies, and big ones, too,
That even you're not sure you're you!

JAMES DUNAWAY





"I'd like to report that the elevator is out of order."



"Who's pouring?"

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MARCH 31, 1962...

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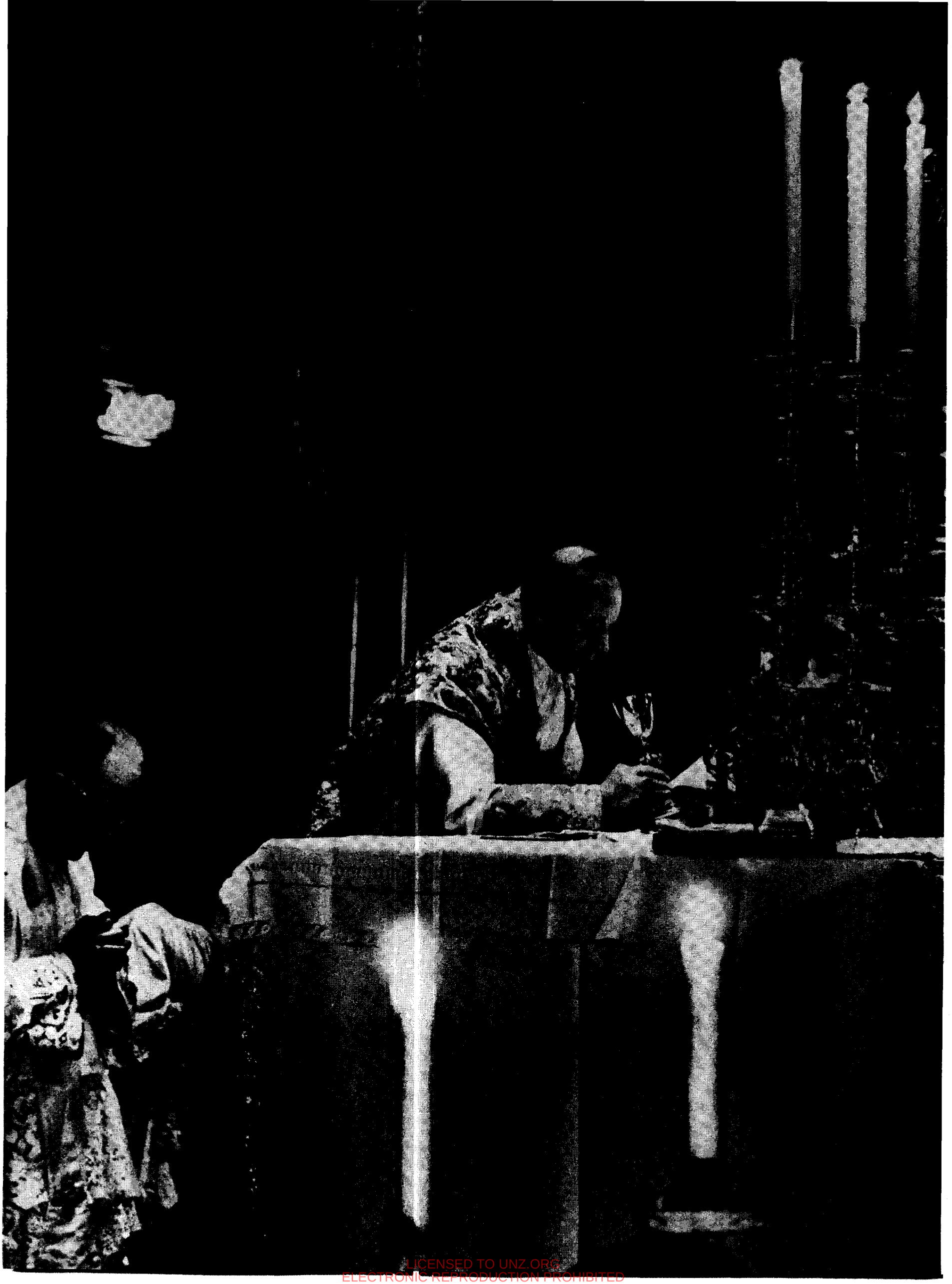

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"Ask Americans to pray for us"

In an exclusive interview Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski tells of his newest conflicts with Poland's Communist rulers, his efforts to avert bloodshed, his struggle to uphold religious freedom.

by CHRISTINE HOTCHKISS

"We form the most powerful body of dissent in the Soviet Empire," said the tall, elegant man in the black cassock and scarlet skullcap, "and the struggle we are engaged in is affecting the balance of the cold war. . . . So far we are holding the line, but the pace of the onslaught is quickening. Our existence is a shattering proof of the failure of the Communist doctrine."

As he spoke, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski looked out the window of his book-lined study and watched the winter wind tear a cluster of leaves from the row of trees along the Tiber. He was soon to leave this haven at the Ecclesiastical Institute in Rome, for the Ecumenical Council was ending its session, and duty called him back to his post in Warsaw. It is a unique post, and a dangerous one. As the primate of Communist-ruled but solidly Catholic Poland, Cardinal Wyszynski is the spiritual leader of 30,000,000 people; he is the embodiment of their fervent faith. And he has used this faith as a moral weapon to win more religious freedom than is permitted in any other Communist country. But because the Cardinal knows there are limits to what neighboring Russia will allow, because he is determined to spare his people the fate of the Hungarians, he has thrown aside the rule-book and built a precarious alliance with Communist leader Wladyslaw Gomulka. In exchange for Gomulka's promises of limited religious freedoms, he has even campaigned for a Communist victory at the polls. Out of this strange alliance has come a kind of semi-independence for Poland, and the United States has supported it with special trade arrangements and millions of dollars in aid. But Cardinal Wyszynski knows that he can count on no permanent victory, that his struggle goes on continuously.

"Forty-five years ago, when the Russian Revolution was born, Lenin vowed that Communism would eradicate all religion," the Cardinal reflects. "But today there is a religious revival in Russia. As for Poland, the churches throughout the country are bursting, though according to *their* calculations, religion should have been growing weaker, not stronger . . . 'Is there something wrong with the Communist doctrine?' some may ask. No, say the Communist Party leaders, the doctrine can never be wrong, but the witness of failure has to go. Let us speed up the destruction of the Church . . . Mass arrests? No, that's a quick way to create martyrs . . . No, there are more efficient ways to attack us. . . ."

The Cardinal is accustomed to pressure, and hardship, and even prison. He has experienced them all. Unlike many of Poland's prewar bishops, who were often criticized for being out of touch with the people, Cardinal Wyszynski was born in modest circumstances. He was one of five children of a schoolteacher and village organist in the little town of Zuzela, in central Poland. As a young priest, he wrote several books on unemployment and became well known as an authority on labor problems. I remember, in the days of my childhood, hearing my father mention him as one of the most brilliant specialists on the subject. As a very young girl, I even met him one day when he came to visit a neighboring country house in western Poland. But I remember very little of him at that time. Many years passed before we met again in a changed world.

World War II started with the division of Poland between Nazis and Soviets, and Wyszynski soon began underground work in Warsaw. The Nazis imprisoned 40 percent of Poland's Catholic priests, and half of their prisoners died, but Wyszynski survived to become Bishop of Lublin in 1946 and Primate of Poland in 1948—just as the Communists were taking over the country. He had never wanted to be a diplomat, still less a politician, but he was soon to learn the necessity of being both.

In a systematic campaign of terrorism, the Communists began closing churches, arresting priests and practically abolishing public worship. On Friday, September 25, 1953, Cardinal Wyszynski held his regular evening service in the Church of Saint Anne in Warsaw. In the gathering dusk, he walked a few blocks to his residence in Miodowa Street. He saw his courtyard filled with armed secret police. A huge tank guarded the entrance. The Cardinal's 80-year-old father, two nuns and several visiting priests were ordered to face the wall or be shot.

"The Lord be praised," the Cardinal greeted the police. They raised their guns in reply. At this moment the Cardinal's Alsatian dog Baca ran out into the courtyard. Barking furiously, it bit the hand of the policeman who stood nearest to its master. The bite was not serious, but the Cardinal insisted on personally bandaging the policeman's hand. That night the police took the Cardinal to a monastery in Polish Silesia, the first of four places where he lived under detention during the next three years. The Communists did not dare disclose his arrest for three days. Nor did they dare mistreat him, but they kept him under constant surveillance, with microphones in his room. The Cardinal calmly spent his days writing, studying history and economics and the works of Marx and Lenin. "I am better versed in Communist dialectics than any of the Polish Politburo members," he likes to remark. "I get the better of them in a discussion any time." Several times the Communists offered to release him if he would give up his post as primate. He could still be a bishop, say Mass and preach. "I prefer to pray for you gentlemen here," said Wyszynski coolly as he returned to his studies.

As the empire tottered

Then came the upheavals of 1956. Nikita Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin had unloosed a force that Khrushchev himself could not control. In Poznan, armies of Polish workers openly demonstrated with placards calling for "bread and freedom." That October the Polish Communist leaders themselves rebelled against the years of Russian domination. In a sudden coup, they ousted Soviet Marshal Rokossovsky as defense minister, brought in the long-imprisoned "Titoist" Gomulka as Communist Party chairman. And that same week Hungary was rising in revolt. In this moment of near chaos, Gomulka sent an emissary to the isolated monastery in the Carpathian foothills where Cardinal Wyszynski was imprisoned. He offered immediate release, but the Cardinal now dictated his own terms. He demanded that the teaching of religion be reinstated in schools, that all imprisoned priests and monks be freed, that all "nationalized" church property be restored, that the church regain freedom of religion in hospitals, army posts, factories and universities. Gomulka promised everything the Cardinal asked. In return, the Cardinal undertook to prevent any bloodshed and even to support the Gomulka regime.

How is this bizarre "concordat" working today? When I called on Cardinal Wyszynski in Warsaw in 1957 and again last fall, I sensed his increasing dissatisfaction with the way Gomulka had carried out their agreement. I asked him whether he would be willing to express his dissatisfaction publicly, and he finally agreed to receive me in Rome during the Ecumenical Council meeting. "I'll talk with you after my early morning Mass," he said.

It was still dark outside and the Roman streets were asleep when I arrived at the Ecclesiastical Institute on the Via Pietro Cavallini, a stone's throw from the Vatican. I was shown to a small private chapel, where a religious service was in progress. An hour later the Cardinal received me in his study.

I found him as impressive as ever. At 58, he moves with quick, vigorous gestures. His tall, austere figure, clothed in a simple black cassock, radiates vitality and strength. Somehow there is none of the conventional manner of a cleric about him. His voice is vibrant. He talks crisply. His smile is pleasant and quick. Still, there is an extraordinary repose in his face, as if years of reflection had given him an inner serenity that no outside force could break. And he is firm in his determination to maintain his church's role in the life of the Polish people.

"The agreement that I negotiated with Gomulka six years ago last October has been ignored," he said. "Hardly any of the promises have been kept. Instead, a powerful administrative apparatus has

Cardinal Wyszynski celebrates Mass during his stay in Rome.

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been mobilized to fight us. Its tentacles spread everywhere."

To Americans, who have never experienced state control over everyday affairs, the extent of Communist bureaucratic interference is hard to understand. "A recent decree," Cardinal Wyszynski explained, "compels every employee of the state to refer every matter concerning a clergyman, church organization or religious order to a special government agency called the Office for Religious Beliefs. It makes no difference whether this involves an application for a building permit, a driving license for the local priest or an allotment of coal for a convent. . . . The policy of the Office for Religious Beliefs is quite simple—'no' to every request.

"Then there is the financial pressure through taxes. . . . The government 'calculated' . . ." The Cardinal stopped talking and his face took on a look of wry amusement. "I'll show you the exact figures," he said, picking up a sheaf of papers.

"The government 'calculated' that the revenue of the Church comes to 2,500,000,000 zlotys a year (about $100,000,000). It fixed taxes on this revenue at 800,000,000 zlotys (roughly one third). This absurd estimate was made to provide a so-called 'legal basis' for the exorbitant levies that are now being extorted from us. There is no money to pay it, for the Church's real income amounts to less than one sixth of the government's estimate (which would make the tax twice as high as the income).

Collecting "back taxes"

"But the government is relentless. In one parish the furniture of the village priest has been seized in payment for so-called 'back taxes' due from the collection plates last year. In another, a priest's bicycle and his wristwatch were confiscated when internal-revenue agents were unable to locate the preposterously high sums of money they demanded. According to a recent regulation, all religious schools, seminaries and convents are classified as 'luxury hotels' and thus subject to exorbitant taxation. Our clergy lives in constant fear of eviction. For the state confiscates everything—buildings, furniture, livestock, farm produce. . . . The students in a seminary in central Poland recently found themselves sleeping in drawers used to store clerical vestments. Every other piece of furniture had been seized by the tax collector."

The Cardinal saw the expression of amazement on my face. "Yes, they *are* brutal," he said. "They hope to discourage young people from joining the ranks of the clergy. Some, of course, do succumb through sheer physical exhaustion. I can't blame them. . . . But these are all flagrant violations of Gomulka's agreement in 1956."

Apart from economic disputes, Cardinal Wyszynski also charges that Gomulka's commissars are trying to harass the church by hampering its publications. "Strict censorship," he told me, "is applied to all circulars, pamphlets and church publications essential for the dissemination of faith and the routine functioning of church administrative bodies. It involves endless delays and expense. Take the case of books, for example. The Communist censor requires that a copy which is bound and ready for sale be submitted to him. He then proceeds to blank out parts of it, making it necessary to reprint and rebind the entire book. The allocation of paper is also in the government's hands and we are entirely dependent on their whim. Yes, we have traveled a long way from the heady days of October, 1956—unhappily in the wrong direction!"

Perhaps the bitterest church-state conflict arises from the struggle for the minds of the coming generation. When Gomulka returned to power in 1956, he promised Cardinal Wyszynski to permit religious education in the public schools. Ever since, however, he has been weakening that guarantee with new restrictions.

"In its effort to create an atheistic society in Poland," Cardinal Wyszynski said, "the government has suspended religious teaching in schools. This has been the most serious violation of the 1956 agreement. Poland is 95 percent Catholic, and close to 90 percent of the parents have gone on record demanding that religion be a required subject in schools. But today the state tries to prevent even the teaching of catechism to children. Complicated permits are needed to open a 'meeting point' after school. The refusal is never direct, but the building is declared 'unsafe in case of fire,' or some other technical flaw is discovered. . . . This defers the matter *ad aeternum*.

"Over the last six years the tension has indeed been great," the Cardinal continued, rising from his armchair and pacing the marble floor in his study, "but the climacteric was not reached. Neither I nor Gomulka will allow it. *They* know that we will not compromise in some matters; I know that the prestige of the party has to be saved. I have never, for example, asked the state to make religious education compulsory for all—it is a demand that Gomulka could not possibly defend before his fellow Communists and consequently could not grant. I have never yet told them 'all or nothing.'

"At times I am forced to make big tactical concessions, like withdrawing a nomination for a bishop, or substituting one name for another. But I can't risk having all my bishops arrested. The administration of the Church would collapse, and worship would be seriously interfered with. If the worst comes, it is better to preserve a flicker than to extinguish the flame altogether.

"It is all part of the balancing act that Gomulka and I are engaged in. We understand each other thoroughly, though our meetings are rather infrequent. It has been almost two years since I last talked to him, but predictions of a rupture between us are unfounded. We both firmly believe that an explosion has to be prevented at all costs. Poland is a very young country; almost half of its people are under 30 years of age and they are inflammable, like timber. . . . To most of them Catholicism and patriotism are one. Imagine what would happen if a popular revolt were to break out! The Russian armies which encircle us on all sides would march in. An ocean of blood would flow. Our youth would be lost. No! I will not allow Poland to suffer the fate of Hungary. There *must* be peace."

Despite this passionate desire for peace, Cardinal Wyszynski feels just as passionately that he must fight for what he considers religious issues. "The fierce battle I am engaged in just now is to prevent a mass biological suicide of a nation," he said as he stopped before his window, a look of intense concentration on his face. By now the sun was shining on the jewel-encrusted cross hanging on a gold chain from his neck.

"The government has enacted a new law which legalizes abortions. It is enough for a woman to declare that she wishes to interrupt pregnancy, and the hospital or the doctor are legally compelled to oblige her. . . . This is the exact opposite of what is happening in Russia, where abortion is punishable by imprisonment. . . . To a Catholic, of course, abortion is a mortal sin, but it is difficult for me to condemn Polish women for desiring to take advantage of the law. In their desperately overcrowded living quarters, the arrival of a new child often means almost insurmountable new problems. . . . But if abortions continue at the present fast-growing rate, the population of our country will be drastically reduced within the next 20 years. There is no economic necessity for this. Even with the present food shortages, mostly due to inefficient Communist management, the present territory of Poland can easily support a population of 50,000,000 people or more. I have publicly denounced this vicious, inhuman measure and will spare no efforts to combat it. It is a crime aimed at the existence of Poland, and I shall fight it! The biological defense of the nation is as important to me as religion!"

The Cardinal is aware, however, of the need for maintaining the balance between the people's religious feelings and their Communist rulers. "I frequently take one line of defense, knowing that I may have to withdraw to the next," he remarked. "I don't mind it. Our survival depends on our knowledge of the changing Communist tactics. One has to foresee their moves and try to match them. It is not always wise to denounce immediately a new hostile law, for example. These laws change and often cancel each other after a time. I remain inflexible only in matters of faith. . . .

"My life's purpose is to be with my people—no matter what the cost. I prefer to remain in prison in my own country rather than to be free in exile or have a high ecclesiastical office abroad. . . . I am rather in a hurry to get back, for the pressure is on us again in full force."

When clerics were kings

By now, this imperious but shrewdly diplomatic Cardinal is back at his post in the same three-story, yellow-tinged palace that the primates of Poland have occupied since the 18th century, when they served as interim kings during any vacancy in the monarchy. Every day, the Cardinal rises at five A.M., says Mass, then begins his audiences with the priests and delegations who come flocking to the rectangular courtyard of the palace. He lives austerely with his private chaplain and two priest secretaries, receives the visitors in his office. It is a small, sunny room with a high Florentine ceiling, red-and-gold armchairs, and French windows overlooking the formal Italian garden behind the palace. And every few days he is apt to set off in his old Ford to ride over Poland's bumpy country roads to check on conditions in his 24 dioceses.

Is he aware of any danger to his life, this symbol of freedom behind the Iron Curtain?

"I never think of it," the Cardinal said with great emphasis. "It is true that I get thousands of letters every day begging me not to travel at night, or to use armed guards in the palace. I would not think of it for a moment. Why, I never even lock my door at night in my bedroom! I know I am under the protection of our Lord and of the Holy Mary, His mother. That is the best guarantee for my safety.

"You ask me, what does the future hold? I don't know. But I know that the Church in Poland will survive, and with it a degree of freedom for our people.

"Bless you, my child," he concluded, making the sign of the cross over me. "You may tell the people in the United States all I have told you. And ask them to pray for us, for we need it." **THE END**

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday Evenings

"Hard day at the office?" THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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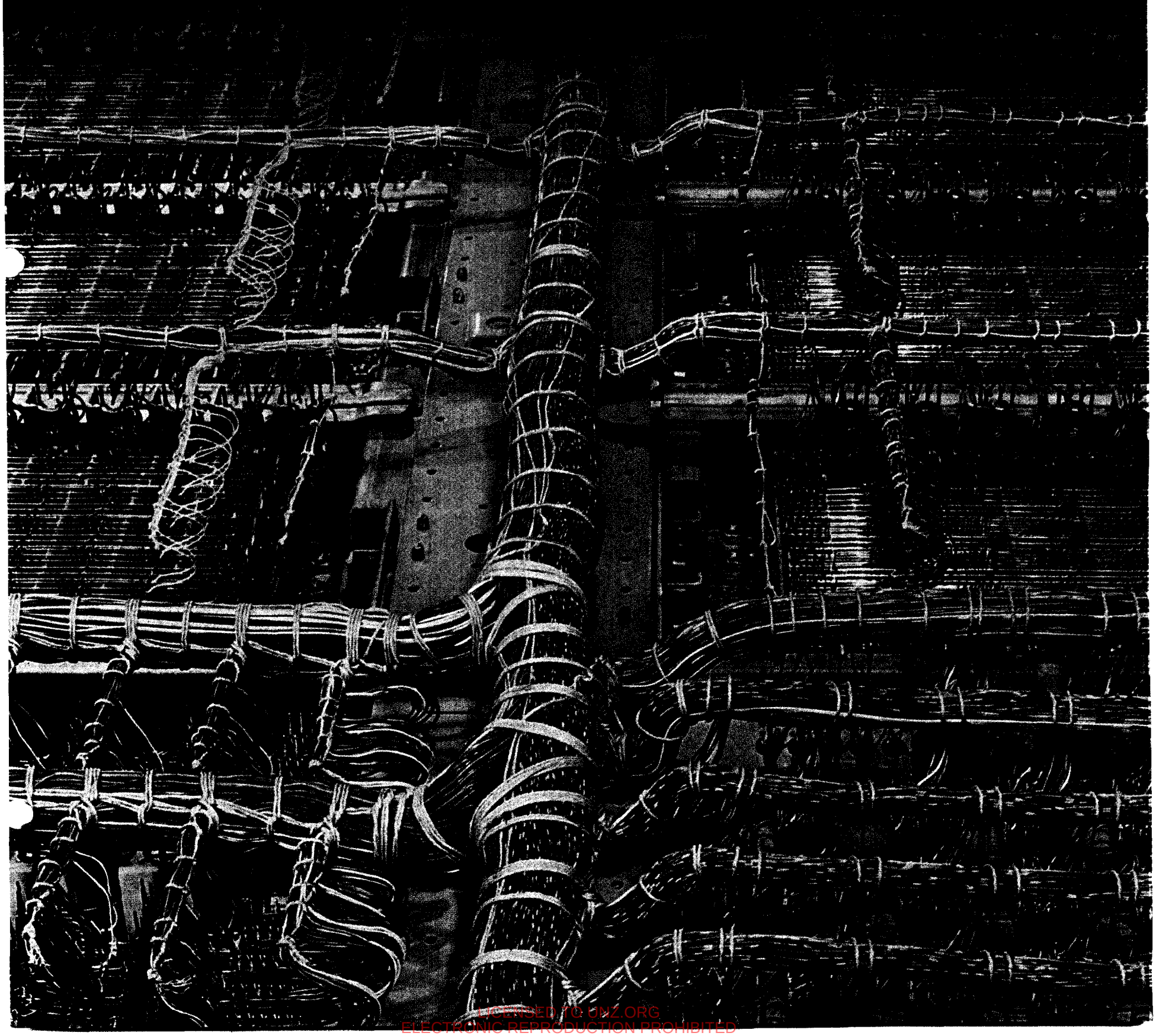

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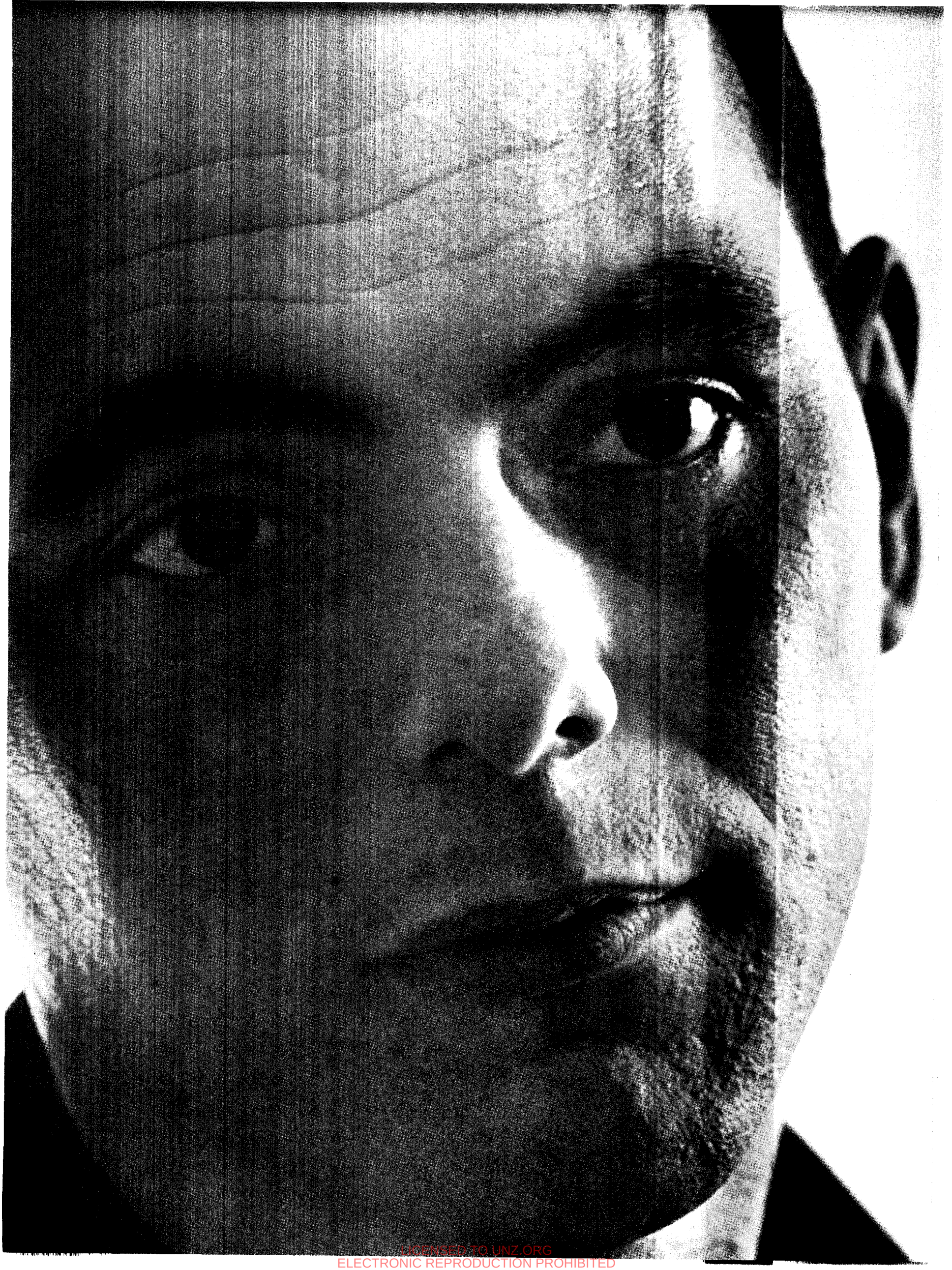

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Innocent's Grim Ordeal

Air Force investigators thought they found a murderer. Now, almost a year later, it is obvious that they simply picked a victim.

by JAMES R. PHELAN

Last spring a brutal double murder sent a shock wave of revulsion and fear through the little town of Mountain Home, Idaho, 44 miles southeast of Boise. On the night of April 9 someone stabbed and slashed to death Nancy Johnson, the pretty young wife of Airman Alec Johnson, and their two-year-old son Danny. The bodies were found in the kitchen of the modest Johnson home by Alec Johnson early in the morning of April 10, when he returned home from Mountain Home Air Force Base, 10 miles from the town. What heightened the fear and outrage of Mountain Home was that the double murder seemed wanton and pointless. Nancy had been stabbed viciously more than a dozen times, once with such force that one of her ribs was broken, and her small son's throat had been cut. Police examination showed that the little home had been ransacked of some odds and ends of almost no value—a saw, a hatchet, a hammer, the base of an old lamp and two of Nancy's purses containing less than two dollars. Police immediately surmised that the burglary had been a hasty afterthought of the killer and not his motive for the crime. Nancy Johnson's reputation deepened the mystery. She was a pleasant girl without any known enemies, a good wife to Alec Johnson, and highly unlikely to strike up any clandestine affair that might erupt into a crime of passion.

There were few clues at the murder scene. What proved to be the most important single piece of evidence was not a clue but the absence of one. There was no murder weapon. Whatever instrument the killer had used, he apparently had taken it with him when he fled.

Mountain Home is a raw little "bedroom city" for the huge Strategic Air Command base. Growth of the air base in recent years has spawned acres of trailer homes in the town, pushing its population from 1,887 in 1950 to more than 11,000. Most of these new thousands are the lonely wives and children of men at the air base. News of the murders sent terror coursing through the trailer camps of Mountain Home and stirred anxiety among the men at the base. The tension also put pressure on the law authorities to solve the two hideous killings.

In less than 48 hours the civil authorities came up with a suspect. When his identity was made public a week later, he rank and file at the air base was stunned. He was a fellow airman and a friend and neighbor of the Johnsons—a slight, gaunt-faced, 25-year-old Californian, Airman 1/C Gerald Martin Anderson. Anderson and his attractive young wife Jane had three children, and the Andersons and Johnsons frequently baby-sat for each other and picnicked and fished together. The rented home of the Andersons was scarcely 100 yards from the Johnson residence, where Nancy and little Danny had been killed.

Airman Anderson came under suspicion through some tenuous evidence, if it can be called evidence at all. In fairness to the law officers, Anderson was certainly a proper subject for questioning. He was the last person known to have seen Nancy and Danny Johnson alive, and his details of this event were essential to a proper investigation of the crime.

The time of the murders was estimated roughly between eight P.M. and eleven P.M. At approximately eight P.M. Airman Anderson had left his home to drive to a nearby dairy for two gallons of milk, one for his family and one for the Johnsons. By his account, he had walked over to the Johnson home first and picked up an empty milk jar from Nancy. He had found her alone with Danny, getting the child ready for bed; Airman Johnson was out at the air base, celebrating the news of his impending transfer to Spain. Anderson said he was in the Johnson home only a couple of minutes, that he had bummed a cigarette from Nancy and that he was still smoking it when he got the jars filled at the dairy, approximately two blocks away. He said that he had then delivered the milk to Nancy and talked briefly to her. She had given him two cans of condensed milk that she owed his wife, Anderson said, and he had then gone home. He fixed his return to his own home firmly at 8:25 P.M. because he recalled in detail the windup of the television program *M-Squad*, which finished at 8:30. Anderson said that he and Jane had then watched the two-hour Academy Award show and had gone to bed at about 10:45 without leaving the house again.

At one A.M. they were awakened by Airman Johnson pounding frantically on their window. They let him in and he cried, "Nancy's over there all cut up and dead, and I can't find Danny. Get the police." Later it turned out that in his anguish he overlooked the body of his son, lying alongside that of his wife, half concealed by their washing machine.

Anderson threw on some clothes and drove to the police station, where the woman dispatcher summoned a squad car. Anderson rode with the police to the Johnson home.

Then occurred the first of the series of events that soon were to weave a monstrous web around Airman Anderson. He knew that there was only one usable entrance to the Johnson house—the rear door to the kitchen. The front door was nailed shut. Anderson insists that he said something to the effect, "Around in back." The officers, reconstructing the conversation later, reported that he said, "The bodies are around in back."

The day after the murders Airman Anderson foolishly wove a few more strands of the web of suspicion around himself. He stayed home from the base, and shortly before noon he went downtown and got drunk. Anderson is strictly a beer drinker, with a limited capacity, and after a few beers he began to talk almost compulsively about the murders. "The murders were big news," he said later. "Since I was the guy who called the police and all, I figured I'd be the center of attention."

Airman Anderson became the center of attention in a way he had not expected. He talked at length at the Cozy Bar to a married couple. They told the police later that they had driven Airman Anderson home from the bar and that a peculiar conversation had occurred between Anderson and his wife Jane upon his arrival. They said that Anderson had broken down and sobbed, "I didn't want to do it, but I had to," and that Jane had comforted him and replied, "Shhhh, don't say another word."

"Heck, I was just talking about going into town and getting beered up," Anderson says now. "Jane doesn't like for me to drink, and I went under false pretenses, telling her I was going to get some Pepsi. And I bawled because when we drove up I looked over at the Johnson home and I got thinking about those terrible murders. I felt sorry for Nancy and Danny, and I thought how it might easily have been Jane and my kids."

A touch out of Kafka

But when this ambiguous statement—"I didn't want to do it, but I had to"—was relayed to Mountain Home officials, they decided Airman Anderson had better be questioned. They asked air-base officials to question him, because he was a military man. It is apparent from what ensued that no one at this time considered Airman Anderson a serious suspect. The Air Police merely called into town and left word for him to drop around the next day when he reported for duty at the base. Anderson dutifully showed up at the Air Police office the following day, April 11. In an ironic touch straight out of Kafka, Airman Anderson walked into the murder interrogation expecting, with considerable apprehension, to get "chewed out" over having allowed the insurance on his car to lapse.

Instead, the Air Police began questioning him about his movements the night of the Johnson murder. The questioning went on through the day and into the evening; as it ground on and on, Anderson's apprehension began to mount. Then at nine P.M. the Air Police summoned two plainclothes agents of the Office of Special Investigations. They took him outside while they carried out a thorough, silent shakedown of his car, even carefully sweeping up the dirt from the floor into envelopes and turning an ultraviolet light on the upholstery.

"There's a spot of blood on the upholstery," one of the agents said to Anderson. "How did it get there?"

With that question, Airman Anderson panicked. Long before, he had been out with his wife and in an argument had slapped her, starting a nosebleed. He was ashamed of what he had done and saw no reason why he had to disclose a private family quarrel to the OSI agents. "It's an old spot," he told the agent truthfully. "How did it get there?" the agent persisted.

"It was there when I got the car," Anderson said. This was a lie with a simple motive that could be easily explained and easily understood, but it was to swell to nightmare proportions in the days to come.

"Come with us," the agents said. They took him across the base to the OSI headquarters and into their crude, bare-looking interrogation room. It was a deceptive little room, because it actually was well equipped for its purpose. Hidden in the wall was a microphone, leading to a tape recorder in an adjoining room. On the wall was what appeared to be a mirror. It was actually a one-way window, from which a hidden agent in the tape-recording room could look out unseen upon what was said and done in the interrogation room.

Thus began the ordeal of Airman Gerald Martin Anderson. In the next five days he was grilled for more than 40 hours by relays of OSI agents until finally, exhausted, confused and his will broken, he signed a statement that he had killed Nancy Johnson. It is a statement that was not written by Airman Anderson nor even dictated by him. It is a statement that left the murder of little Danny Johnson totally unexplained. It embodies incriminating statements that Anderson consistently denied up to the moment of signature and that he promptly repudiated when he got out of the hands of the OSI. It is a confession that is bare of many vital details of the crime and is almost totally lacking in corroboration by the physical evidence. And finally, it is a confession that failed to convince one of the interrogating OSI agents that Airman Anderson had actually committed the crime.

Gaunt face of Airman Anderson shows effects of his inquisition.

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"You're violent. You're a sick man. Are you proud of what you are?"

After helping force Anderson's confession, OSI agent Robert Jent (right) asked to be excused from interrogation: "I felt . . . he wasn't the man."

The interrogation of a crime suspect, if conducted with proper responsibility, is a delicate art. Guilty persons do not usually sit down with an officer and say, "All right, I did it, and here's the story." They are brought to that point by a variety of psychological pressures. These pressures have been developed over the years in thousands of interrogations and have been reduced to a technique that can be taught in a classroom, like basket weaving or any other special skill.

Haunting every interrogation of a suspect is the danger of inducing a "confession" of guilt from an innocent person. Free societies accordingly have always hedged the interrogation process with restraints. These include limitations on the length of time a man may be questioned before he is charged with a crime, the right of access to legal counsel and the prohibition against requiring a person to testify against himself.

This last prohibition, embodied in the Fifth Amendment, is tacit concession to a profound truth—that given unrestrained access to a suspect, skilled inquisitors can eventually get him to admit almost anything.

For an interrogation to produce a false confession does not require that the interrogators set out deliberately to railroad an innocent man. Justice can miscarry in a much more subtle fashion. Law officers can become convinced that a subject is guilty and then set about breaking down his defenses; in the belief that they are cracking a strong-willed person who is guilty they may unwittingly crumple the inadequate defenses of a weaker person who is innocent.

Anderson was grilled by four agents working in shifts. Three were from the regular OSI force at the base; the fourth, Joe Townsend, was a lie-detector operator flown in from Lowry AFB in Denver, regional headquarters of the OSI.

The first inquisitor was William Welsch, head of the Mountain Home OSI detachment. He began the questioning in a friendly, relaxed manner. He read Anderson Article 31 of the Military Code—the counterpart of the Fifth Amendment. "This is the routine we go through," he told the airman. "Generally what it means is that you don't have to make any statement, and any statement made by you can be used in evidence against you."

"Anything I would say wouldn't hurt me?" Anderson asked him. Welsch avoided answering the question and moved easily into his questioning. With the hidden tape machine recording every word, he told Anderson, "You understand that everything we say here is between you and me. In other words, the only thing, I just want to shoot the bull and get a little background from you . . . ."

They talked about Anderson's early life, his parents, his schooling, his religion, how he joined the service, his marriage.

In this easygoing little chat, the OSI picked up four pieces of information. Anderson told Welsch the truth about the blood on his car, that it was from Jane's nosebleed when he slapped her. He related that he had been in trouble as a juvenile and had been sent to a reform school. He told the agent that he had once got into a fight with his wife's stepfather, who had moved in on them without paying his own way. And he volunteered that when he was a boy he had fallen at a skating rink, struck his head, and had blacked out from the blow. When he mentioned the juvenile trouble that had sent him to the reform school, he told Welsch that he would rather not talk about it because "it's all past and done with, and I'd just as soon not bring it up."

Welsch, all geniality, replied, "Surely," and passed over the incident. But he promptly relayed it to the next interrogator for his own use against Anderson.

Welsch led Anderson around to the day of the murders. By now the airman, who already had related his account to the Air Police, was groggy with fatigue, but he ran through his story again in detail. When he finished, he let out a big sigh. "Whew!" he said to the agent. "When are we going to call it quits there, podner? Boy, I tell you, I'm getting sleepy."

This complaint revealed much about Airman Gerald Anderson. Legally he was not in custody and could have got up and walked out of the interrogation room without asking the agent's permission. But Anderson has a passive personality and an awesome respect for authority. The transcript shows, too, that at this point he was eager to assist the OSI; he repeatedly stated that he wanted "to help you fellows."

Welsch ignored his complaint of fatigue and led him again over the events after he had left the Johnson home after delivering the milk to Nancy. Then without warning Welsch threw a frightening question at the young airman.

"Why did you get rid of those two people?" the agent demanded.

"I beg your pardon?" Anderson said.

"I said," repeated Welsch, "Why did you get rid of those two people?"

"Get rid of what two people?" Anderson asked.

"Nancy and Danny."

"You're out of your mind!" said Airman Anderson.

Welsch withdrew from the questioning and was replaced by another agent, Robert Jent. He started up where Welsch left off, with the unexplained and unsupported assumption that Anderson was guilty of the two killings.

One of the basic techniques of procuring confessions is to give the suspect a way to admit guilt and still save face. The agent began opening a path for Anderson to confess the hideous killings and still save some remnant of self-respect.

The agent told Anderson that "due to environment, due to illnesses, due to many reasons, people don't follow the straight and narrow path. . . . Sometimes we can't help what we do. Sometimes we do things in a moment of passion, a moment of anger and maybe because things just aren't clicking off right up here in our head. Normal human beings want to get things straightened out, where we know we have done wrong. Whether there are circumstances that drove you to this, I don't know."

His composure cracked

When Anderson clung to his insistence that he had done nothing to the Johnsons, the agent turned the questioning to the juvenile incident that Welsch had graciously passed over. He demanded to know what kind of "trouble" Anderson had been in. Anderson resisted him, insisting that it had nothing to do with the investigation.

When the agent continued to press him relentlessly, Anderson's composure cracked slightly for the first time.

"Can't I have somebody in here with me?" he asked the agent.

The legally correct answer to this question was "Yes." Under Article 31 of the Military Code, Anderson was entitled to the advice of a lawyer, either a civilian attorney, if he wanted to pay for one, or free counsel from the air base legal office. This office, ironically, was next door to the interrogation room.

"You've got to stand on your own two feet," the agent told him. "You're a man. Everything is going to come out. Something like this there is no stopping. This investigation can go on for years and years. . . . We're going to check out everything, every stinking thing that happened to you. . . . We're going to stop nowhere until this matter is solved."

Reluctantly, Anderson told him that he had been involved in a minor sex offense. It had stemmed from adolescent curiosity; the girl had not been harmed; the offense had never been repeated, and Anderson said he had felt an enduring sense of guilt and shame about it ever since.

The agent told Anderson that some of the people at the base had been saying for a year that he was "mentally off" on certain things, psychologically speaking.

Anderson bristled at this accusation. "Like what?" he challenged the agent.

"Well, I'm not going to sit here and —— you and tell you exactly, because I don't know exactly. I just know that . . . it's all putting you in a bad light."

He worked over Anderson on the incident when he had returned home from the Cozy Bar the day after the murders and had broken down when he met his wife. Then he went back to Anderson's "lie" about the blood on his car and began upbraiding the airman.

"I think you're a psychopathic liar," the OSI man told Jerry Anderson. "That's what I think you are. I think you're sick. You're sick whether you admit it to yourself or not. You're sick in the head. When are you going to admit that you need help? . . . The only way you are going to get help is by coming clean and asking for forgiveness for what you've done, and you're never going to do it by sitting there telling me little piddly —— —— lies. . . . You have told lies when the truth would have served the same purpose. Why? What are you trying to hide?"

"I've told you the truth."

"You have lied to me, and now you're sitting there telling me another lie by telling me you told the truth. . . .You're a sick man. . . . You are a man of violence. You know you are. Will you say it to yourself? Will you admit to yourself that you aren't quite right? Huh?"

"There isn't anything wrong," Anderson insisted.

"There you go again," snapped the agent. "You're a sick man that took the life of that young mother and little boy. It could happen again. It could happen to your own family. . . . Where is it going to lead? Where is the next bit of violence going to be?"

"Sir," said Airman Anderson, "I didn't do it."

"You don't know you didn't do it because you don't know what the truth is. We have already established that you don't know what the truth is. . . . Is your conscience something that left you many years ago, huh? . . ."

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Rookie Agent David Mangold, 23, had 10 weeks' training, only 18 months' service with the OSI.

Agent William Welsch, head of the local OSI detachment, was first interrogator in the case.

Lie-detector expert Townsend broke Anderson down by telling him he had "failed" examination.

"Please leave me alone," Anderson pleaded. "I didn't do it, I tell you."

"I'm not going to leave you alone until I get the truth out of you. . . . Now we will stay here until tomorrow night at this time . . . until I get the truth. . . . You're a sick man. You're sick. Did you ever think about that? You're sick. You're a twisted up, violent, sick man. That's what you are. Look at yourself. Inspect your heart, inspect your mind, look at your brain. . . . Are you proud of what you are, huh?"

Throughout this sustained assault on his personality, Airman Anderson responded with unbroken denials. Early in the morning the agent gave up. Between the Air Police and the OSI, Anderson had been under interrogation for over 5 hours. Now they moved in a fresh agent, a smooth-cheeked, boyish fellow, David Mangold, with a soft voice and a sympathetic manner. Mangold was only 23 and looked five years younger. He was a "veteran" of 18 months with the OSI, and his total training in criminal investigation consisted of a 10-week course at the OSI school in Washington. He had never before investigated a homicide.

One of the established techniques of interrogation is the "good guy and bad guy" ploy. This consists of alternating harsh, aggressive, hostile agents with a gentle and sympathetic one. The psychology is to build up bitter resentment of the "bad guy" agent and then give the suspect an understanding audience in the form of a "good guy" agent. Suspects on the verge of confessing often pour out their admissions to the "good guy" just to "show up" the inadequacies of the "bad guys" as interrogators.

"Now I don't know what your trouble has been with Mr. Welsch or Mr. Jent, and I don't care," he said. "All I'm interested in is what you're going to tell me, and I'd like to hear it, hear your story of what happened. Would you like to tell me, Jerry?"

"No more," mumbled the exhausted Anderson. "No more."

"Just one more, huh?" Mangold wheedled.

In a remarkable display of endurance, the exhausted airman outlasted the fresh young agent. Near dawn Anderson was stubbornly maintaining his innocence, and the exasperated Mangold suddenly broke and abandoned his assigned role of the sympathetic "good guy."

"If you're afraid of getting in any deeper, you needn't have any worries," he told Anderson, "because you're at the bottom of the well, man, and they're getting ready to put the plug in over you. . . . I want you to get it off your chest, and don't give me any of this —— —— because I've had it. You know the answers. . . . If a man had nothing to hide, he'd come out with these answers. . . . You are the type of man that hits his own wife. I don't hold with any man who hits a woman at all. Frankly, I think he's the lowest son of a bitch on the face of the earth."

At dawn they led Anderson over to the detention facility and let him go to bed. Although he was under no detaining order and had been charged with no crime, he did not question their right to lock him up. He turned in just as everyone else was getting up for the new day. "They were banging around, going in and out, cleaning the place, with the radio going," Anderson recalls. "I didn't get much sleep."

A specialist on lying

The next day they brought in Joe Townsend and his lie detector. The OSI built up Townsend and his "lie box" in advance to Airman Anderson, conditioning him to the belief that the machine was infallible. "This man's a specialist," Agent Welsch told Anderson. "I have never known him to be wrong, and if a man is lying he can tell it." Before Townsend strapped him to the machine, he explained how it worked and told him, "If a person tells me the truth, I know it. If he doesn't tell me the truth, I know it."

"Well, I'm pretty sure I'll pass it," Anderson said.

"No, there is no pretty sure about it," Townsend told him. "You know right now whether you will or not . . . because you know right now whether you did commit this act. If you didn't, there is no way in the world that I'm going to show that you did."

This is a gross misstatement of the capabilities of the polygraph machine. The lie detector is a useful tool, but it is not an omniscient judge. The readings obtained from it are not admissible in court as evidence of guilt. Capable operators readily concede that reactions on the "box" require human interpretation, that there are guilty suspects who can "beat the box" and that there are circumstances where innocent people will yield readings that indicate guilt.

Townsend ran two long series of tests on Airman Anderson. By his own account, he got a completely contradictory set of readings. The first tests produced reactions that Townsend interpreted as guilty knowledge of the murders and of the murder weapon. He then tested Anderson specifically on the nature of the weapon and what he had done with it, because at this time the weapon—a major piece of evidence—was still missing.

Townsend got a complete negative from Airman Anderson, both on the weapon and its whereabouts. Baffled, the lie-detector operator ran *five tests* on the airman. All showed no knowledge of what was used to kill the Johnsons or what had been done with the weapon.

In the face of these contradictory readings and despite clear indication that Anderson showed negative on key aspects of the crime, Townsend informed the airman that he had failed the lie test. Abandoning his role as polygraph technician, Townsend took over as interrogator, and in the next three days he grilled Anderson for 27 hours.

The transcript of the grilling shows that the lie-detector test had a profound effect on the young airman. To his continued protests of his innocence, Townsend simply insisted, "We've already crossed that bridge, and there's no going back. . . . We both know it happened, and you and I are the only two that know for certain it happened." Townsend now began pressing Anderson for the motive. He suggested to Anderson repeatedly that perhaps he was insane, or that he had blacked out and killed the Johnsons without knowing it. "You can say that you were completely off your rocker," Townsend told him. "Neither myself nor anybody could prove that you weren't momentarily insane for a period of ten minutes."

"I swear to God I didn't do it," Anderson replied, but by now his protestations were becoming more and more uncertain. He began to discuss with the agent, on a "just suppose" basis, that maybe he had blacked out. Under the hammering of accusation his memory of the night of April 9 began to fade. On the fourth day of interrogation, for the first time, he told the inquisitors that now he could not clearly recall his actions after delivering the milk to Nancy Johnson. "I can't remember leaving her house," he said. The agents seized on this and began pushing the idea that he had killed the mother and son without his conscious mind admitting that he had done so. Anderson began to entertain this frightful possibility.

"The first couple of days there was no doubt in my mind," he told the agents. "And then I started talking to you people and your questioning me, and I began to wonder myself, because nothing is impossible. I could have blacked out, and I can't remember doing it. . . ."

On April 16, in the middle of the night after five days of interrogation, Airman Anderson's will finally broke. What broke it, by his account, was a statement by OSI Agent Joe Townsend. Townsend told him that his wife Jane had been interrogated and had incriminated him in the crime. Jane Anderson bitterly denies having made this statement. In an interview with the Los Angeles *Times* she stated, "There couldn't be anything of the sort. I don't know what Townsend was talking about."

Anderson frantically pleaded with the OSI men to let him talk to his wife. Shaken by the lie-detector tests and the constant suggestions that he had killed in a "blackout," his belief in his innocence began to crack at its foundation with the claim that his wife thought him guilty.

The final shove over the brink, Anderson says, came when Townsend threatened to name Anderson's wife as an accessory. "And when I do that, I put those three young kids in a reformatory or an orphanage," the agent said.

The "confession" of Airman Anderson is surely one of the most peculiar documents in modern criminology. At no point in the marathon interrogation did he state that he had killed either Nancy or Danny Johnson. When his will to resist shattered, he asked the OSI agent to tell him what his motive could have been, if he had killed them. Townsend unhesitatingly reconstructed the crime for him, and it is Townsend's version of the murders that is set forth in Anderson's confession. After explaining to Airman Anderson how he might have killed Nancy, and why, Townsend summoned young Mangold and began dictating a confession as if it were being made by Anderson.

"Townsend did all the talking, Mangold did all the writing, and I did all the listening," Anderson says. The tape recorder clearly shows that Townsend spoke to Anderson only sporadically throughout the dictation, to check a few minor details. On the key passages that relate the murder, Anderson sat silent while Townsend and Mangold composed his "confession."

The statement sets forth that when Anderson brought the milk jar back from the dairy, he made a verbal pass at Nancy, and she rebuffed him with a slighting reference to his manhood. "This

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Another man confessed his guilt 7 months later.

Theodore Dickie, already under arrest for another murder, admitted the brutal slayings, giving details only the real killer could know.

remark of Nancy's enraged me," Townsend dictated. "I immediately became violent. . . . We scuffled shortly, and I possibly knocked her down; however, I am not certain. I recall seeing some blood on the floor and know that I did stab her, but I do not know what knife or instrument I used to stab her, and I have no idea where the instrument is now. During this short period it seemed to me that I blacked out, and I do not recall seeing or doing any harm to Johnson's son Danny."

The tape recording carries a revealing dialogue between Townsend, Anderson and Mangold near the end of the dictation:

TOWNSEND: "My wife and I remained awake [early in the morning after the murders] and discussed the—what—incident—or?"

ANDERSON: "Whatever you want to call it."

TOWNSEND: "The murder or stabbing?"

MANGOLD: "Call it the murder or stabbing."

TOWNSEND: "Happenings at Johnson's home. We'll just let them draw their own cotton-picking conclusions."

In dictating Anderson's "confession," Townsend changed the time that the airman said he had returned to his own home. The statement puts the time at 8:35 P.M. Throughout the interrogation, Anderson had clung stubbornly to one fact—that he had arrived home *before* 8:30, in time to watch the conclusion of *M-Squad*, which he recalled vividly and in detail. One can only speculate at the reason for this alteration in time, but Townsend's reconstruction of the crime gives a clue. Independent testimony had placed Anderson at the dairy after eight P.M. The murder scene was violently splashed with blood. With Anderson leaving the dairy after eight P.M., it would have been virtually impossible for him to have driven to the Johnson home, delivered the milk, talked to Nancy, become enraged, killed her and the boy, washed up the blood on him, looted the house, and disposed of the murder weapon in time to get home and sit down to a television program by 8:25. The statement presented to Anderson for signature conveniently gave him an extra 10 minutes to get all this done.

When Mangold finished his writing, the agents swore in Anderson and presented him with the document they had prepared. In a final burst of resistance, he threw down the pen and refused to sign it. "I want to know one thing, Joe," he appealed to Townsend. "Did my wife really say I did it? . . . I'm so mixed up I don't know what I want to do. . . . My wife really said I did it, huh?"

Townsend assured him that this was the truth, they swore him in again, and this time he affixed his name to the OSI's version of the death of Nancy Johnson. They had him initial each page and each of Mangold's corrections in the manuscript. When the tape recording of the event is timed, from the moment he began initialing the six pages until he signed the last one, only 45 seconds elapsed. "Well, that's it," said Joe Townsend. "I thank you for your cooperation."

When they led Airman Gerald Anderson off, he asked what proved to be a prescient question. "What happens to a guy," he said, "when he confesses to something he didn't do—and then they find out that someone else did it?"

Even then the ordeal of interrogation was not over. The civil authorities in Mountain Home examined his "confession" and pointed out a glaring inadequacy. The autopsy of Nancy Johnson had shown that she had been sexually violated. The statement dictated by OSI agent Townsend had not touched upon this aspect of the murder. The OSI agents hauled Airman Anderson back in and tried to plug this gap in another long inquisition. But by now Airman Anderson was through cooperating. He fought off every suggestion that, in addition to killing his friend and neighbor, he also had raped her. It was during this last interrogation that OSI agent Jent sickened with the affair and asked to be relieved of questioning Anderson further. "I felt in my mind," he said later, "that he wasn't the man."

Murder weapon is found

The Air Force turned Anderson over to the civilian authorities early in the morning of April 18, just nine days after the murders in Mountain Home. Later in the same day, searchers found the weapon that had killed Nancy and Danny Johnson. It was discovered on the roadside more than a mile from the murder scene, a fact that ripped a hole right through Joe Townsend's tight time schedule for the murder of Nancy Johnson. But by now the OSI had finished its job, and there were other investigations to be pursued. No one bothered trying to fit the task of disposing of the knife, with a two-mile round trip, into Airman Anderson's "confession."

Seven months later, with Anderson sitting in the Elmore County Jail, charged with the murder of Nancy Johnson, the case blew wide open. In the middle of November a 21-year-old civilian named Theodore Dickie confessed to the killings.

Unlike Airman Anderson, Dickie confessed of his own volition, with no interrogation, reconstruction or suggestions from anyone. Unlike Airman Anderson, he supplied details of the murder that not even the OSI or the Idaho law officials knew.

When he admitted the murders, Dickie was being held in Ada County Jail in Boise for the slaying of a 10-year-old girl, to which he had already confessed. The civilian officials, aware of the danger that Dickie, facing one murder charge, might falsely confess another crime, put Dickie's account to the severest possible test.

They found an impressing array of corroboration in the accumulated evidence in the Johnson murders. The most damning point of verification, virtually riveting Dickie to the crime, concerned the murder weapon. Dickie stated that he had killed the Johnsons with an old hunting knife and that the blade had broken when he stabbed Nancy. In the autopsy of Nancy Johnson, a moon-shaped piece of a knife blade was found inside her chest. When the murder weapon was found at the roadside—the weapon Townsend's "lie box" showed Airman Anderson had no knowledge of—the blade had a moon-shaped gap in it. FBI tests proved that the piece in Nancy's body came from Dickie's knife. Dickie not only told officers where he had discarded the knife, he also told them something they didn't know—where the knife had come from. He said he had stolen it shortly before the murder from a trading post in Mountain Home.

Queried by officers after Dickie's confession, the owner of the knife confirmed that it had been stolen from him, described it accurately and, when shown the weapon, identified it as stolen from his store in April. Dickie named the articles he had stolen from the Johnson home, accurately described the two purses and their contents and told where he had thrown them. He described the interior of the Johnson home in detail, down to the location of a shotgun shell on the top of the television set, and the position of a baseball bat on the rear porch. He described how Nancy Johnson was dressed and stated that he had had sex relations with her. He stated that shortly before going to the Johnson house his car stalled in Mountain Home and he had got a push from a resident. The man and his wife both verified this. He supplied a motive for the crime; he said that he had got into a violent argument with Nancy Johnson, and she had rushed into the kitchen and got a knife, and that he had knocked her down and stabbed her, and then killed Danny when the child came in and began crying.

When the last lead in Dickie's story had been checked and verified, the Idaho civilian authorities moved swiftly to rectify Airman Anderson's plight. The prosecuting attorney of Elmore County moved to dismiss the murder charge against Anderson, declaring that "evidence has now been discovered which completely exonerates the defendant" and informing the court that "an investigation of the facts has revealed physical evidence in full corroboration of the confession . . . of Theodore Thomas Dickie."

In a highly unusual action, the district judge entered an order that Anderson was "adjudged and decreed . . . not guilty" of the Johnson murder and that the prosecution be dropped and Anderson released.

With a known slayer confessing the Johnson crime and a court finding that Anderson was guiltless, the young airman assumed that his long agony had come to an end. After seven months of sitting in a cell for a murder another had now confessed, Anderson was released and reunited with his wife. He told newsmen that "it's wonderful, just wonderful. I knew I didn't commit this crime, and I just waited, hoped and prayed for some break."

The Air Force's ordeal

What seemed a storybook ending to a tragedy of errors was shattered within 24 hours. While Airman Anderson celebrated the end of his ordeal, the Air Force was suffering through an ordeal of its own. To drop the charge against Anderson would be public admission that the OSI had obtained a fraudulent confession.

To resolve this dilemma, the Air Force flew in a legal expert from March Air Force Base in California. It announced that Anderson would be held in custody for 24 hours, while the expert reviewed the entire case and recommended a course of action. On the basis of his one-day examination of the long, involved case—the transcript of the OSI interrogation alone runs more than 300 pages—the Air Force on November 27 charged Airman Anderson with the murders of both Nancy and Danny Johnson. Back went Airman Anderson behind military bars.

The announcement set a storm of controversy swirling around Mountain Home Air Force Base. Idaho newspapers raised a cry that the military was flouting the civilian courts. The *Idaho Statesman* charged that the Air Force was operating under a law of its own. Senator Thomas Kuchel of Anderson's home state of California requested an inquiry by Congress. Investigations of the case were begun by the Department of Justice, the Inspector General's Office, the Defense

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Department and the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights.

Amid the uproar a select team of OSI agents came swarming into Mountain Home and Boise. Early in December the Air Force convened an "Article 32" hearing—the military equivalent of a grand jury—to determine whether Airman Anderson should be sent to court-martial or cleared of the killings. A week-long hearing, conducted by Maj. James Goddard of the Judge Advocate's Office at Biggs AFB in Texas, produced new sensations in the case.

Under bitter cross-examination by Anderson's civilian attorney, Robert McLaughlin, and by his military attorney, Maj. Peter McKinney, testimony was produced that:

1. OSI agents, on learning that Dickie had confessed to the crime their men had pinned on Anderson, had subjected Dickie to a lengthy interrogation. Although he told them from the outset that he had killed the Johnsons, OSI agents had continued to interrogate him until he gave them an oral repudiation of his confession.

(As soon as the OSI agents left town again, Dickie called in newsmen and said, "I just gave the OSI a big old spiel. I knew what they wanted—to tie Anderson into that crime, and I told them what they wanted to hear." He then reaffirmed his original confession.)

2. The OSI agents who obtained Anderson's "confession" ignored his requests for legal counsel and neglected to enter these requests in their records, in violation of OSI regulations.

3. Townsend, the agent who threatened to name Anderson's wife as an accessory and put his children in an orphanage, swore that he did not consider this "coercion."

4. Townsend also stated his belief that accusing a suspect of murder, suggesting to him that he was mentally unsound and might have killed in a blackout, and then running a lie-detector test on him would not affect the polygraph readings.

5. Laboratory tests of the material "shaken down" from Anderson's car had shown no connection with the crime.

6. Male skin and hair samples scraped from Nancy Johnson's fingernails and body had already proved, under analysis, not to be Airman Anderson's.

At the conclusion of the hearings, Major Goddard announced that he would study the entire record and then recommend to the commander of the 15th Air Force either the release or the court-martialing of Airman Anderson.

On January 9 Theodore Dickie shattered the remnants of the OSI's case against Anderson when he gave a detailed confession—his sixth—to OSI agents and then took, and passed, their lie-detector test.

At this writing, the Air Force does not expect to make a final decision until February 7. And so Airman Anderson still sits in his cell at Mountain Home Air Force Base, waiting for the red tape to unwind. While his ordeal is not yet over, it has toughened and matured him and restored his faith in ultimate justice.

After nine months behind bars he still can say, "The Air Force is a good outfit to be in. It's got some good people and I won't run it down."

Then he turns his memory back to the long nights he spent in the bare little interrogation room.

"Just one thing," says Airman Gerald Anderson. "What I say about the Air Force doesn't go for the OSI." **THE END**

Airman Anderson's wife Jane waits at home with their three children, her bitter nightmare not yet over. At this writing her husband remains in his cell at Mountain Home Air Force Base, awaiting final verdict.

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EDITORIALS

The Republicans and the South

Back in 1957 the Republican National Committee, inspired by Dwight Eisenhower's success in cracking the "solid" South, launched a major effort to expand its southern beachhead. The committee named its assault Operation Dixie and appointed I. Lee Potter, a former Virginia state chairman, its commander in chief. Potter had scarcely taken to the field when the dispatch of Federal troops to Little Rock made "Republican" a dirty word down south once again. Gradually, however, Operation Dixie began to move forward, culminating in the capture last fall of 11 southern congressional seats by the Republicans.

Shortly after the election a group of liberal Republicans who run a magazine called *Advance* in Washington, D.C., fired a major blast at Mr. Potter's strategy. In an open letter to the Republican National Committee they charged that efforts to elect southern segregationists would "desecrate the Lincolnian traditions of the party, embarrass Republicans in the North and alienate the annually growing Negro vote in the South."

Republican National Chairman William Miller leaped to Potter's defense. "Do not be misled or dismayed by those who are trying to give the northern Republicans a guilt complex over our southern inroads," he told a meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington. "Our successes in the South need no apology. They are the product of hard and intelligent effort on the part of people dedicated to the Republican principles of freedom and sound government."

On the face of it, the Republican capture of 10 percent of the Confederate House seats is a notable achievement, but from a national standpoint the value is highly dubious. The Republicans recently elected in the South, by and large, are men who equate every measure of progress with "socialism" and believe that civil rights should be left to the states, which in places like Alabama and Mississippi means doing nothing at all. It is beside the point to argue that these Republicans are no worse than their Democratic opponents. The Democratic Party for many years has been afflicted with a pernicious schizophrenia. Northern Democratic liberals propose civil rights, and southern Democrats dispose of them by filibuster. This does not mean that the party of Lincoln must develop the same affliction.

Both morally and politically the southern strategy of the Republican Party is wrong. Richard Nixon proved the point in 1960. He began his campaign with a great reservoir of goodwill among Negroes. But he threw away this advantage. When Martin Luther King, the Negro popular hero, was jailed in Georgia, Mr. Nixon was presented with a golden opportunity. The Justice Department prepared, and forwarded to Mr. Nixon's campaign headquarters for his approval, a statement supporting an application for Doctor King's release. Jackie Robinson, the popular Negro sports figure, who had been campaigning across the country for Nixon, threatened to quit the campaign unless the candidate took a firm stand. Mr. Nixon did nothing. Meanwhile Senator Kennedy placed his historic long-distance call to Mrs. Martin Luther King, expressing his sympathy and offering his help. The impact upon Negroes was enormous. Doctor King's father, who earlier had endorsed Mr. Nixon, publicly announced that he was switching to Senator Kennedy, and many other Negro leaders followed suit. Mr. Nixon carried only three Confederate states, as against the five for President Eisenhower in 1956.

The Republican National Committee attitude toward the Negro vote is defeatist, conceding that for economic reasons this vote is irrevocably wedded to the Democratic Party. Yet the election of 1960 was actually lost in the great urban centers of the North, where the Negro vote cannot be overlooked. As the young men of *Advance* say, "It is vital that the party nationally make a policy decision now to concentrate on the metropolitan North, Midwest and West, and to orient its southern campaign—which certainly must continue—toward responsible southern progress, rather than toward southern prejudice and reaction." Instead of ignoring these bright young men, the Republican National Committee should listen to them.

In Time of Need

Was the payment of ransom to Castro for the Bay of Pigs prisoners a betrayal of basic American principles? We think not. Distasteful as it is for our country to render any form of tribute to the Cuban dictator, we believe that the transaction showed we value people more than material substances, whereas Castro is ready to trade human beings for tractors, medical supplies, food or what-have-you. It should be remembered also that the supplies sent to Cuba were drugs, surgical equipment, and food for Cuban infants.

There can be no disagreement on one aspect of the transaction. The supply operation itself was a remarkable achievement that shows what the free-enterprise system is capable of doing in an emergency. The drug manufacturers, medical- and surgical-equipment companies, food industries, transportation people, American Red Cross—all those who had a part—deserve great credit.

A committee of private lawyers working in the Justice Department cleared away the legal obstacles, contacted the manufacturers and solicited specific contributions from them. The Internal Revenue Service ruled that the supplies were deductible as charitable contributions, which meant that contributing companies could deduct up to 5 percent of their taxable income for 1962 and carry the tax credit over for two more years. The cost in time, energy and extra hours expended in gathering up the supplies for shipment was something that could not be calculated.

The logistical job fell to the American Red Cross working side by side with the transportation industry. Within 10 days 5,000,000 pounds of supplies had been assembled from all across the country and were in Florida or en route there. In Florida the supplies were loaded on the freighter *African Pilot*, donated by the Committee of American Steamship Lines, or loaded on Pan American cargo planes. The *African Pilot* arrived in Havana around noon on Sunday, December 23. By that time the Pan Am DC-6's were flying in supplies.

That afternoon Castro let the prisoner airlift begin. A major snag developed the next morning when the Beard halted the flights and demanded $2,900,000 for the return of 60 ailing prisoners who had been released earlier in the year. Attorney General Robert Kennedy called Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, sponsor and adviser of the Cuban Families Committee, who guaranteed that he would raise $1,000,000. General Lucius Clay, who headed a citizens' committee advising relatives of the prisoners, raised $1,900,000 on his personal pledge, then contacted major industrial firms across the country to help pay off the bank loan. The general called industry's response "amazing and tremendous." That afternoon the airlift resumed, and by nine P.M. on Christmas Eve all 1,113 Cuban Bay of Pigs prisoners were back in the United States. It was an operation that the whole country could be proud of, a dramatic demonstration of the way a free society can move to help the cause of freedom in time of need.

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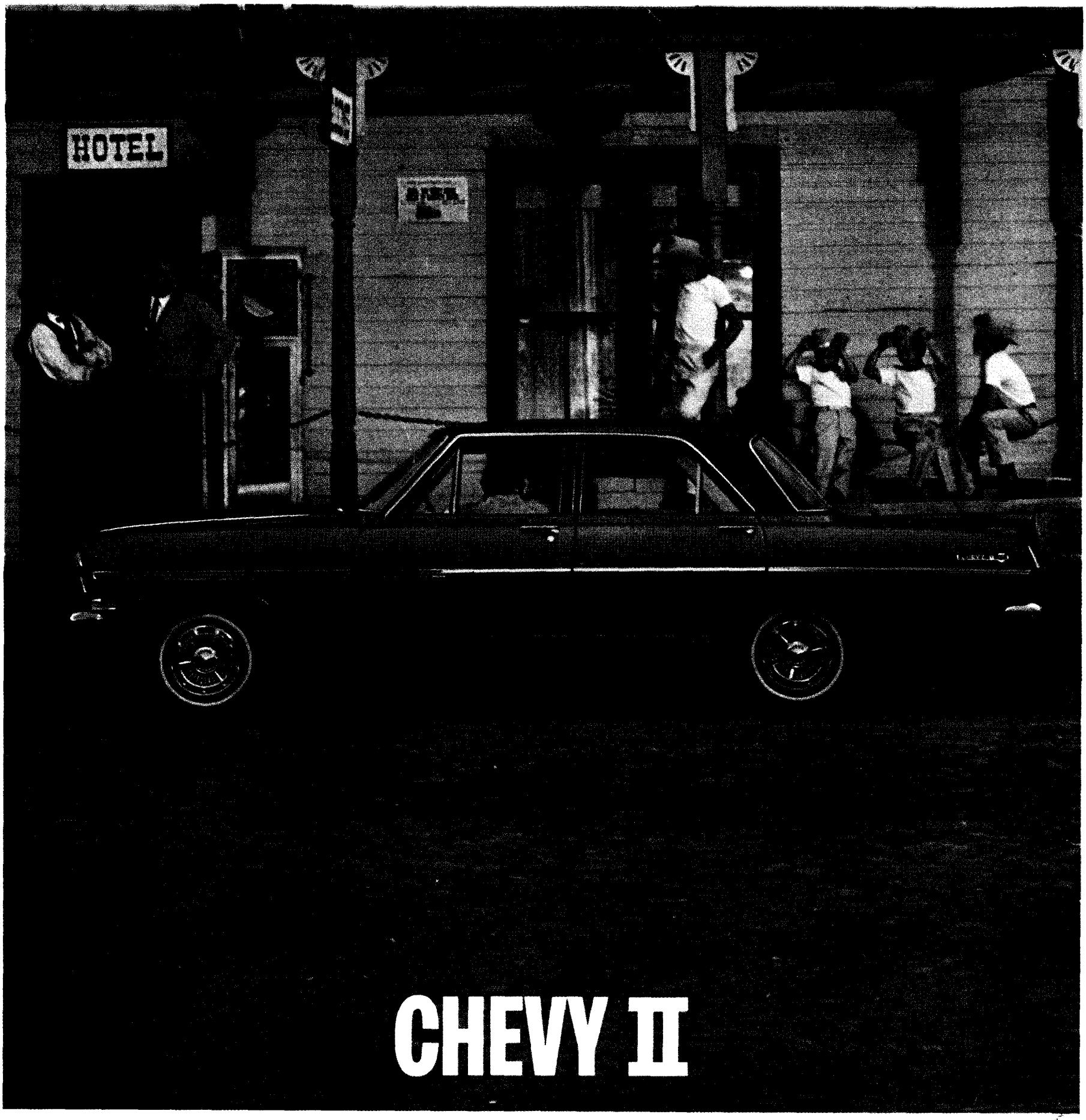

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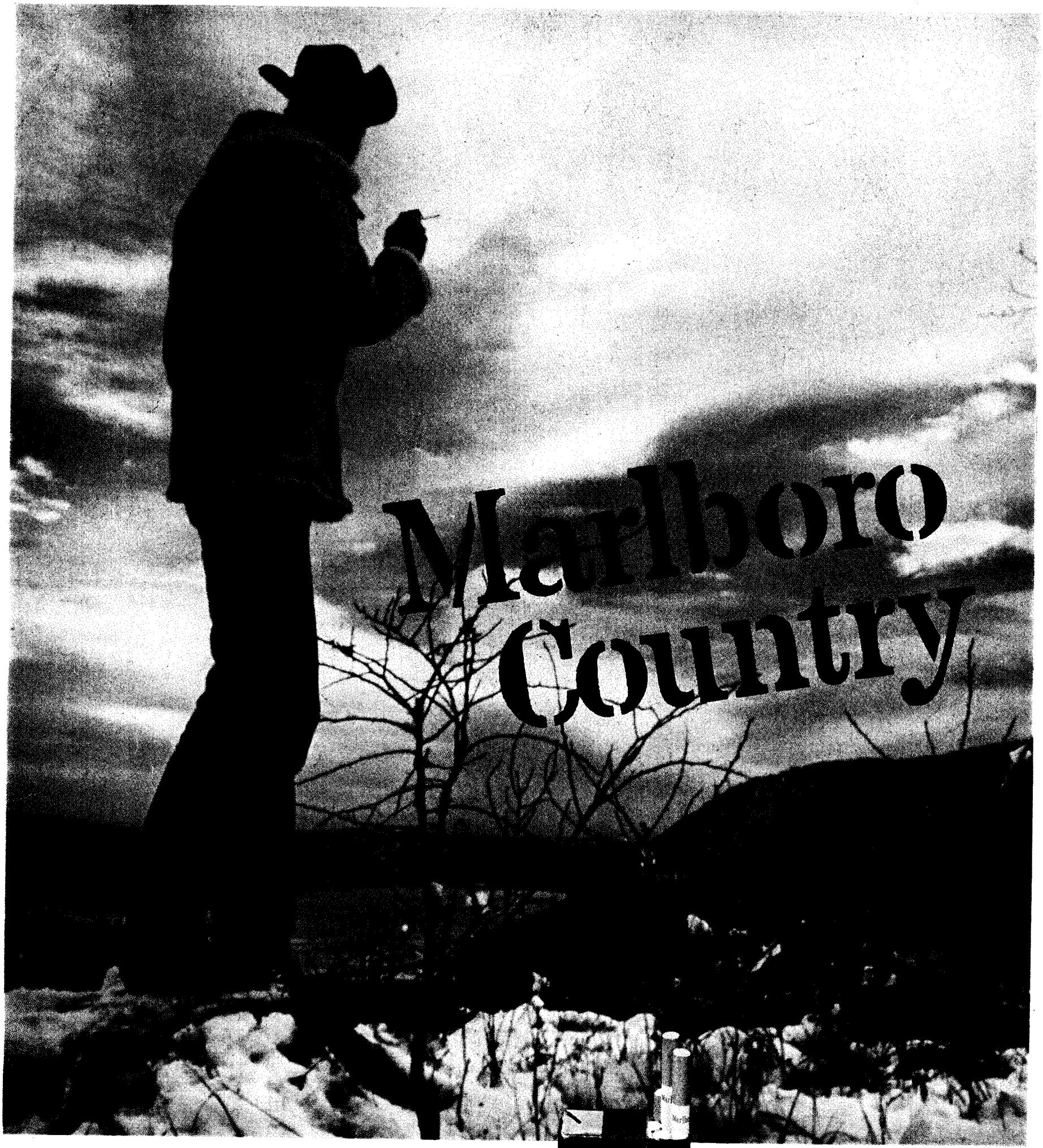

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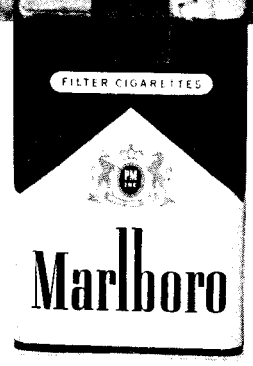

The filter cigarette with the un-filtered taste

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